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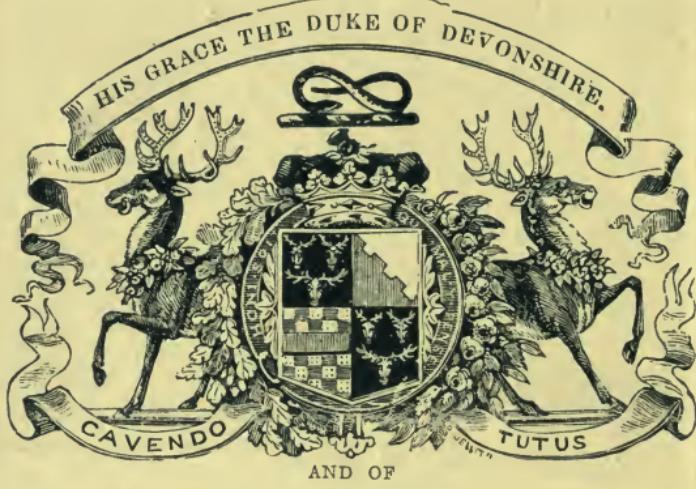


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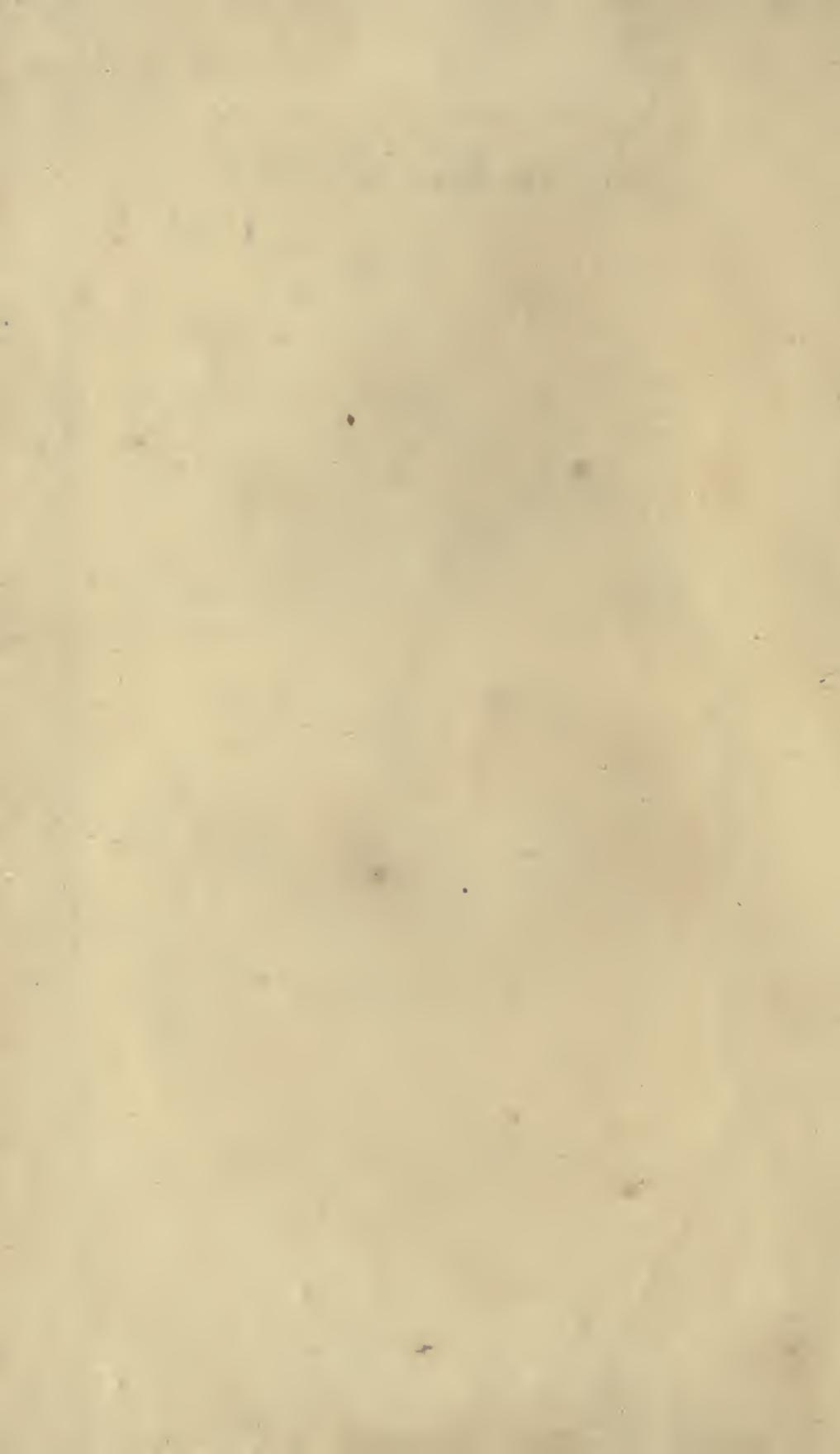
UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF



CENTRE MUSEUM,
MATLOCK-BATH.

J. VALLANCE, PROPRIETOR.

Arthur Shuster
from A. W.



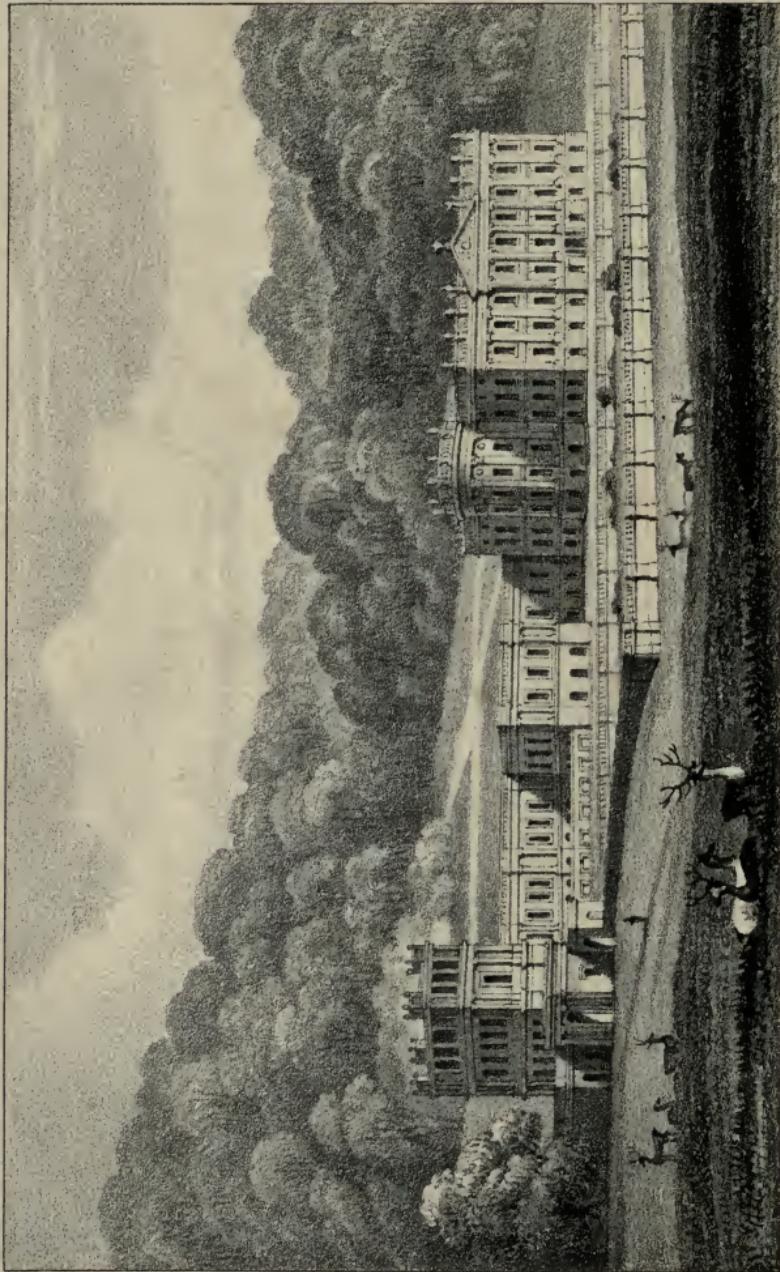


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CHATSWORTH

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E C Falstaff

THE
DERBYSHIRE TOURIST'S
GUIDE

AND TRAVELLING COMPANION:

INCLUDING

An Account of the various Places generally visited by Strangers

IN THE COUNTY OF DERBY:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE DETAIL OF AN EXCURSION

FROM DOVE-DALE TO ILAM HALL, AND ALTON TOWERS,

BY E. RHODES,

AUTHOR OF "PEAK SCENERY," &c.

LONDON:

R. GROOMBRIDGE, PANYER ALLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND RIDGE AND JACKSON, SHEFFIELD;

SOLD ALSO BY MRS. MAWE AND MR. VALLANCE, MATLOCK; MR.
MOORE AND MESSRS. BRIGHT AND SONS, BUXTON; MR.
GOODWIN, BAKEWELL; MR. HOON, ASHBOURN;
AND BY THE AUTHOR.

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D43R5

TO

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R. A.

THE COMPANION OF MANY OF MY DERBYSHIRE EXCURSIONS,

AND A NATIVE OF THE COUNTY,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, AS A TOKEN OF

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BY

THE AUTHOR.



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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

THE present unpretending volume is offered to the Derbyshire Traveller, as a medium between those more elaborate works, which have for their object the entire history and topography of this interesting part of the kingdom, and the many minor productions, that are professedly confined to the illustration of one particular district only. The plan appeared to offer some advantages, of which the author hopes he has not neglected to avail himself. In preparing the following pages for publication, it has been his endeavour to compress into a small compass, sufficient information to guide the Tourist to the most interesting places and objects that the northern division of Derbyshire contains. In doing this, he has occasionally borrowed a passage from his more voluminous work on the same subject, whenever it appeared appropriate; but he has rarely resorted to other aid. He has farther to observe, that in his account of the various places introduced into this volume, he has preferred the humble character of a mere Tourist to that of an historian.

In his perambulations, which have been partly pedestrian, he has generally been accompanied by one or

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more companions ; a circumstance only necessary to mention, for the purpose of accounting for the frequent use of a less offensive pronoun than the egotistical letter *I* ; to which, nevertheless, he has been constrained occasionally to resort, particularly when expressing an individual opinion.

The author takes this opportunity of noticing a very unceremonious piece of plagiarism committed on a former publication of his, to which he respectfully requests the present volume may not be subjected. In 1826, he published an octavo edition of "Peak Scenery," to which was prefixed a series of graphic Road Sketches, an entirely new feature in such a work. These were copied into a Guide Book, published shortly afterwards by a Rev. Gentleman of Matlock, who availed himself of them without either acknowledgment or apology ; a proceeding consonant neither with law nor good manners.

With these few remarks the author commits this volume to the press.

Sheffield, May 24, 1837.

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ROAD SKETCHES.

THE Road Sketches prefixed to this Volume are intended to supply the place of a Map, and it is hoped that they will be found equally useful. They have been prepared, at different intervals, for the Author's friends, as instructions for their Excursions in Derbyshire; and having, on many occasions, proved extremely serviceable, they are here introduced for the convenience of others. They chiefly commence at Sheffield: this, however, cannot lessen their utility; because, the information they contain, if intelligible and valuable, will be equally so to the Traveller whether he begin his journey at Sheffield, Buxton, or Matlock.

SHEFFIELD TO MATLOCK.

From Sheffield to Baslow	12	Miles.
Edensor	14	do.
Matlock.....	24	do.
By Bakewell (4 Miles from Baslow)	26	do.

INNS AND LODGING HOUSES AT MATLOCK.

*The Old Bath—Cumming's	Smith's Lodging House
*The New Bath—Saxton's	Derbyshire's do.
The Temple—Evans's	Britland's do.
Walker's Hotel—Walker	Smedley's do.
Museum Hotel—Hodgkinson	Robinson's do.
Devonshire Arms—Smedley	Neal's do.
King's Head—Bennet	Pearson's do.
	Shore's do.

OBSERVATIONS.—The woody scenery on the road from Sheffield to Matlock, through Abbey-Dale to Totley, has often excited the

* Posting Houses.

admiration of strangers. Beyond Totley, a moorland waste succeeds. Approaching Baslow, the rocks and hills assume a wild and savage character, but only for a short distance: Chatsworth Park and the sweet vale of the Derwent come suddenly into the prospect. From Edensor, pass through Chatsworth Park, and, by Beeley and Darley-Dale, to Matlock.

FROM BAKEWELL TO MATLOCK.

From Bakewell to Haddon Hall	2 Miles.
Rowsley	3 do.
Matlock Bridge	8½ do.
Matlock Bath	10 do.

Rowsley is a very pleasant place for anglers and artists; and the Peacock Inn is an excellent house for tourists. In Darley Church-yard, about two miles farther, there is an old yew tree of uncommon dimensions: the girth of the trunk is about thirty-three feet.

FROM MATLOCK BATH TO DOVE-DALE, ILAM HALL, AND ALTON TOWERS.

From Matlock Bath to Via Gellia	2 Miles.
Grange Mill	5 do.
Bradburn Mill	8 do.
Tissington	10 do.
Dove-Dale	13 Miles.
Ilam Hall	14 do.
Alton Towers	21 do.

N. B. When Dove-Dale and Ilam are not included in the excursion, the best road to Alton Towers is from Bradburn Mill to Ashbourn, five miles: Ellastone, four miles: one mile farther turn to the right, and along the Earl of Shrewsbury's drive to Alton Towers.

OBSERVATIONS.—From Matlock proceed by Cromford and Bonsal-Dale to Via Gellia; and when the road from Wirksworth crosses the Dale, turn into the dell on the right to Grange Mill:

here leave the Buxton road, pass through the toll-gate on the left, and forward to Bradburn Mill. At this place, ford the rivulet on the right, and through the meadows to Tissington. Pass the front of Sir Henry Fitzherbert's house, cross the road at his park-gate into Spen-lane, where there is a guide-post—"Ilam Hall, three miles." One mile and a half farther is the Dog and Partridge public house: leave it on the left, and forward through Thorpe to the Isaac Walton Hotel. The Church at Ilam contains one of Sir F. Chantrey's finest works; and the gardens and grounds are well worth a visit. From Ilam to Alton Towers, cross the bridge in the village, and up the hill to the Cheadle road, and forward to Orrel's Hotel, at Farley.

FROM BAKEWELL TO DOVE-DALE, BY
WINSTER.

From Bakewell to Haddon Hall	2 Miles.
Winster.....	6 do.
Grange Mill	8 do.
Bradburn Mill	11 do.
Tissington.....	13 do.
Dove-Dale.....	16 do.

OBSERVATIONS.—Haddon Hall is a fine old baronial mansion, belonging to the Duke of Rutland, and richly worth a visit. Half a mile farther, leave the Matlock road by a sharp turn on the right, and forward through the bottom of Stanton Wood. On the left of the road, about a mile farther, are Birchover, and the Row Tor Rocks; and on the right is Robin Hood's Stride. Opposite Bradburn Mill, cross the rivulet on the right to Tissington, and, by Spen Lane to Dove-Dale.

There is another road from Bakewell to Dove-Dale, by Conksbury Bridge, Newhaven Inn, and Tissington. The distance is the same, but the road is hilly, and not pleasant for carriages.

FROM SHEFFIELD TO BUXTON, BY STONEY
MIDDLETON,
THE MOST PICTURESQUE ROUTE.

From Sheffield to Dore Moor	5 Miles;
Fox House	8 do.
Stoney Middleton	12 do.
Wardlow Miers.....	15 do.
Tideswell	18 do.
Miller's Dale.....	20 do.
Topley Pike	23 do.
Buxton	27 do.

HOTELS AND INNS AT BUXTON.

* Great Hotel	* The Shakspeare
* St. Ann's Hotel	* The Eagle
* The Hall	The King's Head (Coach Inn)
* The George	The Queen's Head
* The Grove	The Rising Sun
* The Angel	The Cheshire Cheese

OBSERVATIONS.—At Fox House, take the road on the left, leaving Longshaw, a favourite shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland's, and the Sheffield Company's plantations on the right, and forward by Froggat Edge to Middleton. From this road, some of the finest scenery in Derbyshire is presented. Near Froggat, Stoke Hall, embosomed in trees, is seen in the valley. The Derwent is here a beautiful stream. Entering Stoney Middleton, the first mansion on the right is Lord Denman's, a retired place, where his Lordship occasionally resides. Passing through the village, Middleton-Dale succeeds. It is about two miles long, and terminates near Wardlow Miers. Travellers wishing to visit Eyam in this excursion, may leave Middleton-Dale about half a mile from the village, by a sharp turn on the right. Eyam is about half a mile farther. Pass through the village in front of the Church, and forward by Foolow to Tideswell, a small market town, with a comfortable inn, where post chaises may be had. Turn

* Posting Houses.

down the street on the left, and through Tideswell-Dale. Descending the hill, into Miller's-Dale, the scenery is peculiarly fine. On the rise of the hill, over the bridge, pause to look at the banks of the Wye, in the direction of Chee-Tor and Wormhill. Blackwell-Dale, and a long hill succeed. Within about a mile of Topley Pike, join the Buxton and Bakewell road, and forward to the margin of the river Wye. The road then passes through Great-Rocks-Dale, Wye-Dale, and Ashwood-Dale, to Buxton, amidst a succession of romantic scenery.

FROM SHEFFIELD TO BUXTON, BY BAKEWELL.

From Sheffield to Baslow	12	Miles.
Bakewell	16	do.
Ashford	18	do.
Taddington	22	do.
Topley Pike	24	do.
Buxton	28	do.

OBSERVATIONS.—Bakewell is a pleasant little town, delightfully situated on the banks of the river Wye, a beautiful trout stream, which in Summer is the favourite resort of anglers. The Rutland Arms, an excellent posting house, is one of the best inns in the kingdom. Ashford in the Water, a sweet retired village, succeeds: the brilliant stream of the Wye runs through it, and the country around is highly picturesque. At the west end of the village are the Marble Mills; and one mile farther, on the right, is the first opening into Monsal-Dale. Here Taddington-Dale, through which the road to Buxton passes, commences. Topley Pike is five miles farther.

FROM SHEFFIELD TO BUXTON, BY CASTLETON.

From Sheffield to Fox House	8	Miles.
Hathersage	10	do.
Hope	14	do.
Castleton	16	do.

From Sheffield to Perry Foot.....	19 Miles.
Barmour Clough	22 do.
Fairfield.....	26 do.
Buxton	27 do.

OBSERVATIONS.—About midway between Fox House and Hathersage, from under the eminence called Millstone Edge, and thence forward to the village, the views are strikingly beautiful; and, in the direction of Leam and Froggat Edge, are of a rich sylvan character. Hope-Dale is a pleasant tranquil scene; and, at Castleton, the Peak Cavern and Speedwell Mine are objects of particular attraction. The Castle Inn is the only posting house in the place. Ascending the hill under Mam-Tor, an extensive tract of country, every where bounded by lofty hills and rocky ramparts, presents a landscape of uncommon beauty. About a mile and a half from Perry Foot, on the left of the road, and near the village of Peak Forest, is Eldon Hole, one of the reputed wonders of Derbyshire; and a mile and a half farther is the Ebbing and Flowing Well. At Barmour Clough, leave the Chapel-en-le-Frith road, by a turn through the toll-gate on the left, and forward to Buxton.

FROM BUXTON TO DOVE-DALE.

From Buxton to Newhaven Inn	11 Miles.
Tissington	16 do.
Thorpe.....	18 do.
Dove-Dale	19 do.

OBSERVATIONS.—From Buxton to Newhaven, the road is extremely uninteresting. Approaching Tissington Hall, the residence of Sir H. Fitzherbert, the country greatly improves, and assumes a more sylvan character. Opposite the Park gates, turn to the right, and down Spen-lane, to Thorpe. Here take the road to Ilam, and forward to the Isaac Walton Hotel, and from thence into Dove-Dale.

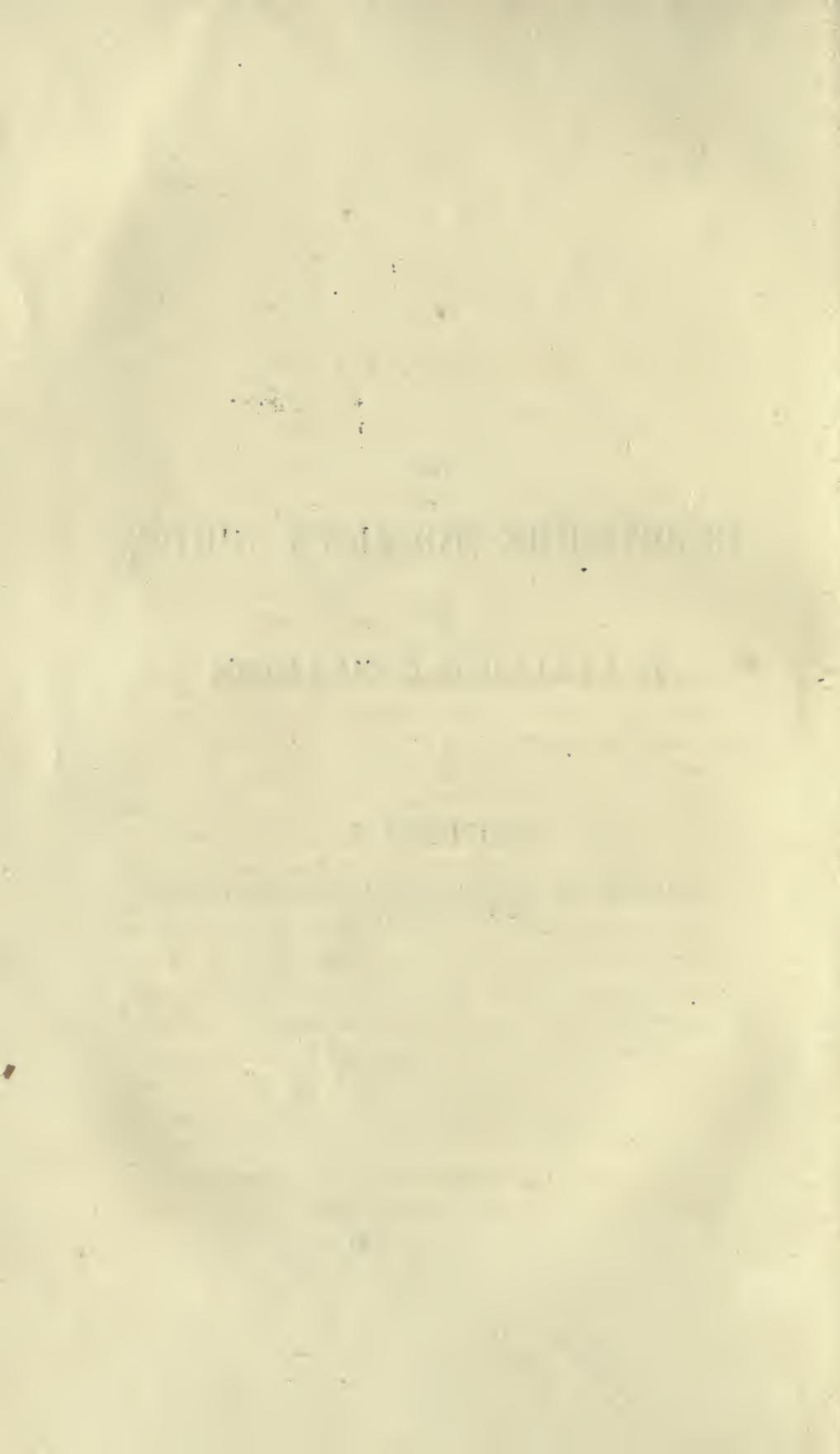
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In Section 3, page 136, for Bow-Cross, read Ball-Cross.

THE
DERBYSHIRE TOURIST'S GUIDE,
AND
TRAVELLING COMPANION.

SECTION I.

MATLOCK—CROMFORD—SOUTH WINGFIELD—AND
HARDWICK HALL.



MATLOCK BATH.

142 MILES FROM LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTH APPROACH TO MATLOCK—ENTRANCE INTO THE DALE—
HOTELS—INNS AND LODGING HOUSES.

THIS delightful spot has long been celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, the salubrity of the air, and the invigorating properties of its baths. The houses that constitute this part of Matlock are situated in a deep valley, by the side of the river Derwent, amidst rocks, and hills, and luxuriant foliage. The cold winds of the North and the East spend their violence on the huge hills around, and but rarely sweep through the valley ; hence it is that, during the colder parts of the year, the temperature of Matlock is comparatively mild, which renders it so desirable a winter residence for invalids. Even winter here seems shorn of its terrors ; the frosts are embued with an exhilarating spirit, and the snows, undisturbed by currents of air, fall softly, like descending doves, into the bosom of the vale, and feather the trees with beauty.

The principal road from the South to Matlock, passes from Derby, a distance of sixteen miles, through Duf-

field, Millford, and Belper, amidst a succession of some of the most delightful scenery in the kingdom ; but by far the richest part of this beautiful road is from Hot Stanwell Bridge to Matlock, where hill, and dale, and wood, and water, present frequent combinations of forms and objects replete with picturesque beauty. The river, sometimes gliding smoothly along, and sometimes hurrying rapidly between its thickly-foliaged banks, is a lovely feature in the scene ; and the hills and woods about Alderwasley on the left, and Lea Mills and Holloway on the right, are bold in form, and broad and ample in dimensions.

The entrance into Matlock Dale at Cromford, is through a deep and narrow excavation in Scarthing Rock ; immediately on passing this chasm, the glorious scenery of the dale first bursts upon the eye. The rocky wood-crowned eminence on the left—Willersley Castle, backed with magnificent foliage on the right, and the busy, brilliant stream of the Derwent, flowing rapidly between, amongst verdant slopes and perpendicular cliffs, present a picture not often equalled even in the most romantic parts of the county of Derby.

“ Here rocks on rocks, on forests, forests rise,
Spurn the low earth, and mingle with the skies ;—
Great nature, slumbering by fair Derwent’s stream,
Conceived these Giant Mountains in a dream.”

J. MONTGOMERY.

Near the toll-gate, about half a mile from Scarthing Rock, an ascending road on the left, leads to SAXTON’S HOTEL, the first excellent house of entertainment at which travellers from the South arrive. This hotel is

situated on a plot of level ground, considerably elevated above the carriage road, and of sufficient capacity to admit of an ample garden, and a verdant lawn in front, which is surrounded with a terrace-walk, that commands a very lovely view of Matlock Dale. Looking South from this pleasant lawn, the landscape is eminently beautiful ; luxuriant foliage and intervening rock compose the foreground—the hills beyond, from the margin of the Derwent to the pine-crowned rocks of Stonnis, and the woods of Alderwasley, swell into mountains—in the opposite direction, hills, and rocks, and trees, interspersed with various residences fill up the bosom of the dale. The gardens belonging to Saxton's Hotel form a delightful promenade ; seats are placed at intervals along the walks, and always so situated as to admit a view of some peculiar feature of the dale. In one place a bench or garden chair is fixed by the side of a fish-pond, fringed with flowers and adorned with water-lilies—gold and silver fish inhabit this aquatic basin, and whenever a stranger approaches, and takes his seat near them, they crowd to the margin and beg to be fed, with all the eagerness of a brood of young birds in a nest ; it is amusing to see them so earnest, and active, and full of motion in their endeavours to supersede each other, and obtain notice and food. Children are particularly delighted with this novel exhibition, and I have known but few of maturer years who have not participated in the feeling.

There is another object highly worthy of notice in Saxton's Garden—a Lime Tree; one of the largest of the species any where to be met with. This magnificent tree, full of years, and even yet luxuriant in foli-

age—covers an area of more than three hundred and thirty feet in circumference. Standing beneath the branches that sustain the leafy canopy above, and contemplating the huge trunk, and the various ramifications entwining about, and intersecting each other in every imaginable direction, is an employment that may agreeably occupy a leisurely quarter of an hour of the Matlock visitor's time.

At the Northern extremity of the terrace walk, in front of these gardens, is WALKER'S HOTEL and LODGING HOUSE—an excellent house of entertainment for strangers, and very pleasantly situated on a steep slope of hill that overlooks the carriage road. The charges at my old friend Walker's are reasonable—the bedrooms remarkably neat, clean, and comfortable: good fare and an attentive and obliging hostess make up the catalogue of accommodations at this hotel. The boats that ply on the river, in the dale below, belong to this house, and may fairly be numbered amongst its attractions, as they are always at the service of Mr. Walker's company without any charge. These boats not only offer a pleasant transit across the river, but they conduct the visitor to one of the most delightful walks about Matlock, and furnish frequent opportunities for excursions on the Derwent. The whole distance which the boats can ply is only about half a mile—but it is half a mile of the most beautiful scenery in the dale. The trees on the margin of the river are here vividly reflected—a mimic forest in the bosom of the stream; the foliage is peculiarly rich, and the jutting craggs above, every where adorned with pendant branches, give variety to the scene, and blend the picturesque

with the sylvan character of the banks of the Derwent. From Vallence's Garden to the weir below Saxton's Hotel, the river is broad and deep, and assuming the office of a guide, I should here say to the Matlock visitant, who wished to appreciate all the various beauties of the place, take one of Walker's boats—row upwards to beyond the Museum Gardens—then lie quietly on your oars—abandon yourself to the current of the stream, and enjoy the scenery of the river as you glide along. From the Ferry the view is one of more than ordinary grandeur ; the rocks rise boldly over the tops of the trees, and Hag-Tor, and Wild-Cat-Tor, with their crested summits come broadly on the eye, and claim a proud pre-eminence over all the dale. Approaching the weir they throw their lengthened shadows on the water, and blend their sombre colour with the brighter reflections of gayer objects.

On the eastern bank of the river, and close upon its margin, is the **LOVER'S WALK**, which offers a pleasant and secluded ramble. It commences nearly opposite the Warm Bath Gardens, and terminates at the entrance into the grounds immediately connected with Willersley Castle. Occasional seats are placed by the sides of the walk, and near the Ferry there is a pleasant alcove for the loitering traveller to rest in, and if further amusement is required, it is here at hand : Walker's Spar Museum, and workshop adjoining, will furnish a pleasant half hour's lounge.

Proceeding forward through the dale, the next Inn after leaving Walker's is the **OLD BATH**, kept by Mrs. Cummins—a very excellent house, and certainly the most important hotel in the place. It is the resort of

the first families that visit Matlock, and its accommodations are in consequence of the best description. It is situated on the slope of the Western side of the dale, and sufficiently elevated to command an interesting view of its romantic scenery, particularly in the direction of the HIGH-TOR. The craggy cliffs and woody eminences on the right and left of the road—the Heights of Abraham covered with sombre foliage—and still farther in distance, the sublime rock, called by way of distinction, the High-Tor, with all its picturesque accompaniments—the neat dwellings that stud the sides of the hills, and the ever beautiful Derwent gliding smoothly and tranquilly through the vale below, present altogether a picture, or rather a series of pictures, but rarely paralleled. A morning or evening walk in the gardens belonging to the Old Bath, is one of the many delightful gratifications of Matlock Bath.

Leaving this hotel on the left, a carriage road on the side of the hill leads through a range of lofty trees to the TEMPLE, an Hotel and Lodging House of very superior pretensions—the present hostess is Mrs. Evans. This really delightful house occupies one of the finest situations at Matlock Bath. Placed on an elevation that, with a few exceptions only, overlooks every other dwelling—it commands a more extended landscape, and a wider range of vision. It is a lovely spot, and admirably calculated to afford enjoyment to those who are either too ill, too old, or too indolent for exertion.

In the dale below, immediately on the road side, and near the brink of the river, is the MUSEUM HOTEL—the Inn for commercial travellers. When this Inn was kept by Robinson, he had generally a party of eight

or ten visitors during the summer season, to whom he afforded comfortable accommodation, at a moderate expense; and the house is still, I believe, in equally good repute: it is kept by a person of the name of Hodgkinson. Nearly opposite this house one of the Smedley's, a numerous family at Matlock, has recently erected a new Inn and Lodging House, denominated the **DEVONSHIRE ARMS**.

Farther on in the dale, and near its Northern extremity, there is an Inn of a humbler description, called the **BOAT HOUSE**, where visitors occasionally take up their residence. The **QUEEN'S HEAD** also, near Matlock Bridge, affords similar conveniences and comfortable entertainment. In addition to the Inns here mentioned, there are many private Lodging Houses, nearly the whole of which are situated contiguous to the Baths. The charges at these houses are of course various, but in none of them extravagant; indeed, there is no want of general accommodation at Matlock: the Peer with his carriage and retinue of servants—the traveller with his one-horse chaise—the humble pedestrian with his wardrobe at his back, may here alike be suited to their different means and wishes.

CHAPTER II.

MATLOCK BATH SCENERY—WILLERSLEY CASTLE—WILD-CAT-TOR—
WALK TO THE VILLAGE OF MATLOCK—MOOT-HALL-MINE—SUL-
PHATE OF BARYTES.

IN noticing the SCENERY of Matlock Dale, I purpose to commence at “Mine own Inn,” and throw my observations into the form of a regular perambulation about the place; by this means, the reader may follow the whole of my footsteps, if he be so disposed, or make his own selection of parts or objects as may best suit his inclination or his humour.

The threshold of Walker’s Hotel is the portal of a rich and beautiful scene—rock, wood, hill, and dale—verdant slopes and craggy knolls—all constituents of a fine landscape, are here most happily combined. The first step from the door is upon the terrace walk that surrounds the lawn in the front of the New Bath Gardens, a place which affords a most delightful promenade: in the depth of the dale below, partially seen through interposing branches, runs the Derwent, which, unless disturbed by mountain floods, is here a deep and silent stream. The rocky rampart that forms the Eastern boundary of the vale is broken into perpendicular cliffs, partly covered with a net-work of ivy—partly naked and exposed, and richly coloured with lichens, mosses, and weather-stains. The topmost heights are clothed with trees—the sides are hung with pendant branches from above, and the broad foundation of this limestone barrier is hidden amongst the luxuriant mass of foliage that flourishes along its base.

Looking to the South directly down the river, or to the North in the direction of the High-Tor, or along the Western hill from the Heights of Abraham, to Scarthing Rock, and to Cromford Moor and Stonnis beyond, the scenery is richly varied, and in the highest degree beautiful and romantic.

This terrace at the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, affords one of the most delightful evening walks in the kingdom, particularly when "Night's fair Queen" is in the heavens, and

"Riding near her highest noon"—

It is lovely then to watch the moonbeams penetrate the deep recesses of the dale—light up the foliage on the brink of the river, and, gliding through the over-hanging branches, spread over all the bosom of the stream that soft, yet mellow lustre, which moonlight only can bestow. The general stillness which at this time pervades the dale, gives a peculiar charm to the gentle rush of water, as it passes over the weir near the mills below.

Attended by a companion, I began a forenoon ramble from this pleasant promenade, and proceeded along the valley to Willersley Castle, the residence of Richard Arkwright, Esq. This beautiful mansion occupies an elevated situation on the slope of a steep hill, directly opposite to Scarthing Rock; under which a road passes by the side of the Derwent to Cromford Chapel, a neat stone structure, erected by the family of the Arkwrights. In this place there is a monument in statuary marble, by Sir Francis Chantrey—a tasteful design, but not of

sufficient consequence as a work of art to require particular notice : within, the Chapel is of scant dimensions—not large enough certainly for the population of Cromford. The Rev. R. Ward, of Matlock Bath, is the officiating Minister. Immediately on passing this unostentatious structure, a narrow postern connected with a gate for carriages leads to the foot of Cromford Bridge ; in the right hand battlement of which, there is a stone that records an event bordering on the miraculous—a spirited horse running away with his rider, when he came to the bridge, leaped over the battlement into the river below, a height of more than thirty feet, and both escaped unhurt.

Crossing the bridge, a neat gothic lodge leads into the grounds and gardens that environ Willersley Castle, which are invariably open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays in every week, and at no other time. On these days this charming resort generally presents a very animated scene, as but few of the many individuals who visit Matlock forego the opportunity of a ramble in this delightful place.

Ascending the hill amongst the groves at the back of the house, a great diversity of landscape scenery is beheld ; every turn in the road varies the prospect, and exhibits new beauties. The views Southward down the valley in the direction of Belper, may, without exaggeration, be characterised as truly magnificent. The hills on the left, from the very margin of the river to the village of Crich, are richly varied both in form and clothing. The thick woods about Lea Mill, stretching up to near Holloway—the tower on Crich Cliff, and the village spire beyond, are beautiful features in

the landscape, and the situations they occupy render them doubly effective. The right bank of the Derwent—a steep and lofty hill—is covered with umbrageous wood, and the river in the vale below rushes rapidly over its rocky bed, presenting a silvery line of light amidst the surrounding foliage.

The horticultural and floral gardens here are situated, near the summit of the hill ; they are kept in excellent order, and to those who are fond of botanical pursuits, they cannot fail to prove a source of interest and enjoyment ; but to those who are peculiarly alive to whatever is grand and glorious in landscape, the walk that immediately succeeds, and leads to the top of Wild-Cat-Tor, will be found far more attractive. Standing on the highest verge of this rocky pinnacle, a sensation of delight, not altogether unmixed with fear, takes possession of the mind, as Matlock, with all its rich variety of hill and rock, and wood and water, bursts instantaneously and unexpectedly upon the sight. The rocky rampart on which he stands is a fine feature in the scene : the High-Tor beyond—the Heights of Abraham—the proud Hill of Masson—the houses at Matlock Bath—and more southward, the river—Scarthing Rock—Stonnis—Alderwasley Woods—and the vale through which the Derwent runs, are all included in the magnificent prospect before him.

In perambulating these grounds, other situations occur, from whence the scenery of Matlock Dale is suddenly and beautifully developed.

Having leisurely explored the gardens and grounds at Willersley Castle, we descended from the elevation of Hag-Tor and Wild-Cat-Tor, to the Lovers' Walk,

near the head of the weir, which in a semicircular form is built across the Derwent. When the river is full this barrier is a great source of beauty ; it then, after falling over the top-stones of the weir, rushes impetuously down a rugged, long-continued slope, where it is divided by huge fragments of stone into innumerable channels, through which it flows amidst foam and spray and circling eddies, until it gradually subsides into the more tranquil part of the stream below. From this place we proceeded along the Lovers' Walk, by the side of the river, and in the direction of the Museum Parade, to its termination amongst the woods nearly opposite to the Warm Baths in Gilbert's Gardens. From this place a winding path leads to a wicket gate, which opens into the pleasant fields that crown the rocky heights at Matlock Bath. From the elevation thus attained, the High-Tor appears in all its glory, borrowing grace and picturesque beauty from surrounding objects, and imparting grandeur to one of the finest landscapes in the dale. From hence a footpath by the side of the river communicates with the Grotto, or Fluor Cavern, at the base of the High-Tor ; and another crosses near its topmost peak, and forward to the village of Matlock, about a mile and a half from the Bath. This delightful ramble over the hills can only be duly appreciated by those ardent lovers of Nature, who, not satisfied with the most obvious display of her glories, will follow her into her hidden recesses, and behold her in all her various garbs. This private pathway, toilsome as it is, presents many points of view, where Matlock Dale, and the hills and rocks by which it is environed, are brought into a variety of beautiful

combinations, as truly picturesque as they are new and unexpected. Generally, Matlock is only seen from the road through the dale, but a great part of the richly-diversified scenery with which the place abounds is totally inaccessible to those who travel only in carriages. To be thoroughly acquainted with all its qualities and beauties, the hills must be scaled and traversed from Matlock Bridge to Bonsal on one side of the river, and from Willersley Castle to the village of Matlock on the other. A variety of rich landscape scenery will thus be developed, of which the mere dale-visitor can have no conception.

Leaving Riber on our right, we proceeded to Matlock. The church at this village has taken *high* ground, and its foundations are literally established on a rock. On a steep slope near the higher entrance into the church-yard, are two sycamore trees of magnificent dimensions: they are noble objects, of ample growth and luxuriant foliage. The church is a very respectable edifice, with a square tower, surmounted by an embattled parapet, with crocketed pinnacles at the angles. The body consists of a nave, two side-aisles, and a chancel. It is well pewed within, and has a handsome gallery. Amongst the monumental inscriptions that we noticed in the church, we copied the two following:—

“ Near this place was interred the remains of Adam Woolley, of Allen-Hill, in this parish; and Grace his wife. He was born in the year 1558; married at the Parish Church of Darley 1581; and after continuing in wedlock with his said wife for the *long period of 76 years*, died in the month of August, 1657, in the *hundredth* year of his age. She was born in the year 1559, and died in the month of July, 1669, *aged 110*; and for the purpose of recording so extraordinary but well-authenticated an instance of longevity, and long conti-

nuance in wedlock, their *great, great, great, great grandson*, Adam Woolley, of this Parish, Gentleman, caused this memorial to be erected in the year 1824."

" To the memory of Capt. Wm. Cumming, of the 83rd British Regt. and 9th Portuguese Cacadores who, having fought in the battles of Oporto, Talavera, and Buzaco and Fuentes D'Onoro, fell in an attack on the French outposts near Bayonne, Oct. 9th, 1813, in the 30th year of his age. This tablet was erected by his brother, in whose esteem and affection he had that place, to which firmness of mind, and urbanity of manners, justly entitled their possessor."

On an eminence called Riber Hill, which rises high above Matlock church, there is a singular assemblage of stones, called *Hirst Stones*, supposed to have been originally a druidical altar, some antiquaries say a cromlech, which appears a more probable conjecture. Whatever this remain may be, and however interesting as the record of a custom no longer remembered, it is now scarcely worth a visit.

Descending from this elevation, a road leads through the village, and across some fields by the river side to Matlock Bridge, near the northern entrance into the dale, and from thence to the Baths.

We were now in the immediate vicinity of some of the Derbyshire lead-mines ; a few brief observations on the subject may, therefore, not be deemed out of place at this point of our ramble. Within about a mile north of Matlock Bridge is Moot-Hall Mine, which was discovered and opened when the present road from Matlock to Bakewell was first made. The workmen, when cutting away the soil, which is here incumbent on the limestone strata, observed the appearance of a vein of lead ore which they imagined might prove a very val-

able discovery, and, perhaps, be ultimately productive of riches ; they, therefore, put down their *stocher*, as required by the mineral laws of Derbyshire—gave due notice to the *Bar Master*, and claimed the vein as their own. The Dimple Mine Company, however, contended that it belonged to them : litigation ensued, and great expense was incurred to obtain permanent possession of this mine of wealth. The case was tried once at Derby, and twice at the Moot-Hall, at Wirksworth. The workmen's right to the mine was here established ; and in remembrance of *so valuable* a decision in their favour, they called the place they had won, MOOT-HALL MINE. The miners now worked away with spirit and confidence, and soon discovered that they had a plentiful harvest of *iron pyrites*, and but little *lead* : where the former abounds the latter is scarce—and it is a common observation amongst miners, whenever they notice these minerals associated together in the same mine, that “if the lead ore does not eat out the pyrites, the pyrites will soon eat out the lead ore.”

This mineral, so obnoxious to the Derbyshire miners, is a sulphate of iron, and it is one of the commonest ores of this generally diffused material. It is found in nearly all the various strata of the globe, in rocks of granite, gniess, marble, and slate—in beds of mica, chalk and coal—sometimes it occurs in masses—sometimes it is disseminated in veins, and frequently it is found in shining and splendid cubic crystals. In hardness it exceeds all metallic minerals: the point of the best tempered knife makes no impression upon it—hence it may be easily distinguished from copper pyrites, to which it nearly approximates in lustre and appearance ;

when struck with steel it gives out sparks, and under the blow pipe it emits a sulphureous odour. Its component parts are sulphur 52, iron 48.

The principal use to which this mineral is applied is the making of copperas and green vitriol, which is a decomposition of martial pyrites; and latterly it has been made to produce sulphuric acid. In the year 1818, a patent was taken out by some gentlemen in the vicinity of London, for making this acid from pyrites, in a way not previously discovered; and they have now a large establishment for the purpose at Bromley, in Kent.

Another material found in this mine in conjunction with galena, limestone, and calcareous spar, is *sulphate of barytes*, provincially called cawk. This substance is known by different designations—it is the *terra ponderosa* of Bergman—by others, who have written on the subject, it has been denominated *vitriolated heavy earth*—*ponderous spar*—*phosphoric spar*; and by more scientific mineralogists, *baroselenite*. In the mines of Derbyshire it is generally associated with calcareous spar and lead ore; but in the neighbourhood of Matlock and Bonsal, it is found amongst the hills unconnected with metals.

I have occasionally met with this mineral of a clear pure white; sometimes of an opaque glassy appearance, similar to what is called French opal, and imperfectly crystallised: but the most beautiful variety that occurs in Derbyshire, is at Moot-Hall Mine. It is of a delicate rose colour, and, when freshly broken, it exhibits a bright foliated fracture. I, however, suspect that such specimens are extremely rare. The common appear-

ance of this mineral, when in a massive state, is a dull, earthy white, like dingy-coloured chalk; and this appears generally to be the case whenever it is found intimately connected with galena: but I have met with it of a very delicate and beautiful hue from the mines in the vicinity of Wirksworth. Its constituent parts are, barytes 67, sulphuric acid 33.

This very abundant material is used for many valuable purposes; but it has never yet been found, except in combination with other matter. "Its affinity," says Parkes, in his Chemical Essays, "to the carbonic and other acids is such, that it cannot exist in a pure state." In the neighbourhood of Cromford, along Bonsal-Dale, and amongst the neighbouring hills, this substance is collected in large quantities, and manufactured into a fine white colour, well known amongst house painters by the assumed name of *Hume's permanent white*.

A curious variety of sulphate of barytes, and totally unlike any that had previously been met with, was recently discovered in the neighbourhood of Youlgreave. The persons who found this new material, imagined, from its great weight, that it was a metallic ore. A portion of it was therefore sent to Matlock, that its quality and value might be ascertained; when, although proved not to be metallic, it was soon converted to a profitable purpose. The formation of this substance is decidedly stalactical. The larger shapeless masses that were discovered, were all distinguished by a rough exterior of a dirty earthy-brown colour; but when found in the form of stalactites, they were almost invariably encrusted with crystals common to this mineral, all imperfectly developed, and none transparent. When

broken across, the whole of these specimens of barytes exhibited a series of concentric layers, evidently produced by successive depositions; an appearance which sufficiently denoted that other shades of colour lurked beneath the surface. The coating was removed; a fine, warm-toned brown hue appeared; and working further, lighter tints were observed; until at length, when the piece was polished, it had altogether the appearance of richly variegated tortoise-shell, without the transparency. This beautiful variety of barytes soon came into great request, and every fragment that could be found was worked up for sale. Small specimens were sold at from five to seven shillings each, and some larger ones for as many pounds. One piece, about twenty-four inches by eighteen, was disposed of by Mr. P. Smedley for ten guineas, for a museum abroad. The stock of this rare and singular mineral is now nearly exhausted.

CHAPTER III.

SEVEN-RAKES MINE—TOADSTONE—CHURCH-TOR—GEOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

CROSSING Matlock Bridge, we made a sharp turn to the right, in the front of the Misses Saxton's boarding school, into some pleasant meadows by the side of the Derwent, for the purpose of paying a visit to one of the entrances into the Seven-Rakes Mine, once a very valuable concern, but now nearly abandoned. The miners' hut close to the mouth of the drift, seemed not to have been used for years, and the materials that covered the mine-hill near, were in a state of rapid decomposition. Raking amongst the mass, we found many specimens of toadstone, finer in character and colour than is to be met with in any other part of Derbyshire. A brown iron hue, intermixed with a purple tint, is the prevailing colour of the mass of this material, which is studded with kernels of calcareous spar, some purely white, others variegated with deep yellow streaks, or sparkling with transparent green, from the presence of clorite. When freshly broken, these specimens are strikingly beautiful. Another variety of toadstone, or what the miners so denominate, is found here in abundance. It has an earthy appearance, and is of a pale green colour, interlaced with veins of calcareous spar, and sometimes studded with sparkling fragments of iron pyrites. A vein of lead ore has occasionally been worked in this substance, both in this place and in the Side-Mine at Matlock-High-Tor. The practical miner in Derby-

shire, when pursuing his work, but rarely comes in contact with more than four substances—lime, galena, barytes, and toadstone. Lime, he well understands, whether he meet with it in a stony or in a crystalline state; and when he finds an extraneous mineral with which he is unacquainted, he calls it *channel* or *cat-dirt*, under which denomination toadstone is included. But miners are not mineralogists; and when they pronounce the substance here alluded to to be toadstone, they do it in utter ignorance of the fact. I have examined many specimens of it attentively—tested them fairly—and suppose them to be lime in a state of decomposition, the colouring matter of which, as Mr. Mawe has previously observed, I suspect to be clorite.

The toadstones of Derbyshire, if not the most valuable of its mineral productions, are not the least interesting. They vary in structure from compact to porous, and their general appearance exhibits the same common character by which all lavas are distinguished. The cavities, or bladder-holes, that often occur in this material, are not unfrequently filled with calcarious spar, zeolite, and other substances common to volcanic productions. I once selected nine specimens of lava from Sicily, which I sent to Mr. White Watson, of Bakewell, requesting him to collect the same number of pieces of toadstone, and form the whole into a tablet, for the purpose of placing them in *juxta-position* with each other, and exhibiting their close affinity. Whitehurst, who attentively examined the nature of this substance, its local position, and general character, has not hesitated to pronounce it to be as “*indisputably lava as any that ever flowed from Vesuvius, Etna, or Hecla.*”

Farey disputes the correctness of Whitehurst's conclusion; but his observations on the subject have left the matter nearly as he found it. He instances many mines in Derbyshire where lead ore, an easily fusible material, is found in toadstone; a circumstance which, in his estimation, is at variance with the opinion that it is lava. His conclusions are less satisfactory than Whitehurst's. "In Derbyshire there are," he observes, "thirteen or fourteen mines where this material is associated with lead ore." In this number he includes two at Matlock, with which I am intimately acquainted, but the substances they contain, which are here so called, have no pretensions to the name; and a similar mistake has perhaps been made with regard to others. This may or may not be the case; but I have never yet seen a specimen of real toadstone with lead ore imbedded in it. Supposing, however, that Farey's representation is correct, Whitehurst's theory is but little affected by the admission. Metallic veins are at this day worked in the very craters of volcanos; and I have seen copper coins embedded in lava without being at all altered in appearance. Whitehurst asserts that toadstone is absolutely lava; Farey denies the position. Will he, then, inform us what it is, and account for the fact, that it is never found but in districts that bear evident marks of having been disturbed and broken up by the operation of some powerful agency from beneath? If it can be shown that this peculiar substance is found in places where no trace or indication of internal violence exists, and that, instead of being strongly marked with the prevailing character of the lavas of volcanic countries, it is a regular portion of some one of the recog-

nized strata of the globe, Whitehurst may be presumed to be wrong ; but confined as it is to an obviously torn up and disrupted region, such as Derbyshire presents, his theory, although assailed, is not destroyed.

Approaching the entrance into the narrow part of the dale, there is a high perpendicular rampart of limestone rock on the left bank of the river, called *Church-Tor*, and so denominated because it is the site of Matlock Church. The singular appearance of this rock can hardly fail to attract the attention of the geologist, and make him pause and think before he passes on. The summit is crested with light and graceful foliage, but the face of the rock is exposed and bare ; the various strata of which it is composed are in consequence clearly defined. These seem once to have lain in a horizontal position, but they now exhibit a series of lines of a great degree of curvature ; in some places highly elevated, and in others greatly depressed, as if they had once been in a plastic state, and then gradually bent, but nowhere broken, by the sinking down or subsidence of the foundation on which the rock rested. It may be easily conceived that such a subsidence might break the incumbent mass, and split it into angles and abrupt dislocations ; but that hard, unyielding strata of rock, lying one above another, should be bent like softer matter into a succession of parallel lines, cannot be readily imagined. Yet so it is ; but how so singular an effect has been produced, can now be only matter of conjecture.

Immediately on entering the dale, we found ourselves between two huge ramparts of mountain limestone. The rock on the right is a fine-grained stone, not at all

crystalline in appearance, and without any marine remains whatever. The summits on the left, particularly near the Church Tor, are a conglomeration of shells, many of them measuring from ten to twelve inches in circumference, and the matrix in which they lie is abundantly crystallised.

CHAPTER IV.

MORNING SCENE—DALE COTTAGE—HIGH-TOR—CRYSTALLISED GROTTO—THE MUSEUMS—THE CAVERNS.

WE had for some time been loitering about the precincts of this rich district, but we were now in the very temple of its treasures, in which we found an assemblage of fluors, ores, spars, minerals, and crystallizations, sufficiently numerous to attract attention, and compensate research. Here the picturesque tourist, who is sensibly alive to the beauties of external nature, may have his highest and most extravagant wishes gratified ; and here, too, the geologist may be instructed, his inquiries extended, his errors corrected, and his convictions confirmed ; for it is here that Nature opens her laboratory to common inquirers, and unfolds the secrets of her operations. The disrupted strata of this region of rocks furnish an abiding study for geologists ; and the numerous fossils and metallic deposits that they contain, are admirably cal-

culated to assist and gratify mineralogical inquiry. Whitehurst, Farey, Philips, and others have published sections of this district from Riber-top to the highest point of Masson. Farey has given the order and inclination of the strata correctly, but the outline of Masson, as represented by him, is not equally accurate. Let us now state the detail, as represented in these sections. Riber-top is a gritstone formation—limestone-shale lies beneath ; the next stratum is the first limestone, which forms the summit of the High-Tor : under this lies a bed of toadstone. The next stratum in succession is the second limestone, which constitutes at this place the base of the rock ; and immediately below, in the bed of the river, is the second toadstone. Masson-Hill, the eminence opposite the High-Tor, exhibits a regular continuation of the same strata ; a tolerably conclusive evidence that the two sides of the Derwent were once united in one solid mass.

Near the Boat-House, the first grand burst of the romantic scenery of Matlock Dale presents itself. A morning light is peculiarly favourable for this view. I once saw it about an hour after sunrise, and the impression it then made upon me is still fresh in my remembrance. I was then on the side of the hill above the roof of the Boat-House, and the prospect before me was rich and lovely. The foliage that crests the rocks on the left of the dale, leads the eye into a beautiful meadow ; beyond, the cliffs gradually ascend, from a comparatively low elevation, to the topmost pinnacle of the High-Tor. The summit of this stupendous rock was lighted up with the bright sunny gleams of an autumnal morning, to which the mass of foliage, and

the deep silent stream that lay in dark shadow in the dale below, formed an imposing contrast. Nearer us a ray of light, glancing through the branches of the trees, came broadly on a group of cattle on the left margin of the river, and gave a sparkling effect to the foreground. On the right, high above the Tor, towered the steep hill of Masson ; the shadows of the Tor darkened its base, and the slant rays of the morning sun illumined its ample breast ; while far above, the dense clouds of night hung upon its summit, on which the very heavens seemed to rest : a picture of greater grandeur is but rarely seen in Matlock-Dale.

Opposite the Toll-gate, on a shelving bank on the right of the road, is Dale-Cottage. The situation occupied by this little villa, by the side of a beautiful river, amongst rocks and hills, and shrubs and flowers, together with the many domestic conveniences it affords, render it one of the most delightful residences imaginable. Approaching this cottage, the course of the Derwent inclines a little to the west, and immediately on passing it, turns round a projecting rock, and runs with accelerated rapidity, in a southerly direction, under the base of the High-Tor. This gem of the dale—a building of only two stories high—is profusely adorned with jessamine, passion-flowers, and Macartney roses, which are trailed amongst the trellis-work of the veranda, and spreading thence along the front of the cottage, cover the whole with beauty.

About one hundred yards farther on in the dale, a very fantastic house has been built on the site of poor Phoebe's* humble homestead, a dwelling which seemed

* Phoebe Bowen, a very eccentric character, well known for the last half century at Matlock-Bath. She was a masculine woman,

really to belong to the place where it so long had stood; but the curious exotic that now supplies its place, is not distinguished by either taste, fitness, or beauty. The embattled wall in the front—if actually intended to be embattled—is one of the most unseemly of all unseemly things. But “somewhat too much of this.” That a man has a clear right to put himself in an unsightly domicile, if it so please him, no one will dispute: let him, in such a case at least, “do what he likes with his own,” without incurring censure or eliciting remark.

We next passed the HIGH-TOR, which, from the bed of the river, rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, and is, beyond comparison, the most magnificent feature in the dale. This rock, half way downward from the summit, is naked, and nearly perpendicular; below, it is covered with light foliage to the river’s brink. Many of the trees, however, are stunted and dwarfish. Some few years since, this busy stream was richly adorned, and overhung with ash, oak, and alder; but these have disappeared, and a channel cut from the Weir to the mine under the High-Tor now occupies their place. Near this mine is the CRYSTALLISED GROTTO, which is approached by a wooden bridge over the Derwent, and is well worth a visit from the enquiring traveller. This cavern, although of considerable extent, is not magnificent on account of

and her habits and pursuits were all masculine. She could break a horse, or hurl a quoit, with the best of her neighbours. In all manly exercises, she was always glad to take a part: she was besides tolerably well skilled in music, and one of the choir at Matlock Church, where she played the violoncello, and sometimes the violin; but her favourite instrument was the German flute, which she played in a very pleasing manner. She is, I understand, still living.

its dimensions, but is peculiarly interesting, from the curiously organized materials of which it is composed. The floor, the sides, and the roof, are one entire mass of crystallised carbonate of lime, the generally prevailing form of which is provincially known by the name of *dog-tooth spar*. Millions of these crystals are here congregated together ; some perfectly defined, and complete in form, and others only partially developed ; but such a quantity of material in a crystalline state is not to be met with in any other part of Derbyshire : this grotto is therefore deserving of particular attention.

Near the base of the High-Tor, a stratum of toad-stone intervenes between the limestone strata, and may be traced in the hills opposite, along the road-side, for three or four hundred yards. The wall by the side of the river, near Robinson's Lodging House, is almost entirely built with this material.

Leaving the High-Tor, a short intermission occurs in the rocky scenery of the dale, and it assumes a more sylvan character. The hills on the right are nearly covered with foliage, and some pleasant meadows border the river on the left.

Another five minutes' walk brought us to the MUSEUM PARADE, the most busy part of Matlock Bath, and certainly not the least amusing. Four excellent Museums are here open to the public, and all offer a free admission to visitors. The first of these, taking them in the order in which they occur, formerly belonged to the late distinguished traveller and mineralogist, Mr. Mawe, of London, and is now continued by his widow, under the management of Mr. Adam, an intelligent and worthy man. This Museum is not only richly stored

with the spar and fluor productions of Derbyshire, but with a great and choice variety of urns, vases, groups, and figures, exquisitely sculptured in marble and Italian alabaster, of the purest and most delicate quality. Minerals, native and foreign, precious stones, shells, and various other natural productions, together with an extensive collection of miscellaneous articles, complete the store of this attractive exhibition.

Diamond engraving on black marble, now so deservedly admired, originated in this museum during the management of Mr. Vallance. It was introduced by a lady from Sheffield, who was then on a visit to Matlock, and who subsequently executed many of the earlier specimens of this mode of ornamenting black marble. Her subjects were chiefly moonlights, for which this kind of engraving seems to be peculiarly adapted. When Mr. Vallance left this museum, he had to look out for an artist, and he had the good fortune to meet with one who had been instructed in the office of J. Britton, Esq., F.A.S., and who, under his tuition, had become an excellent architectural draftsman. This gentleman, Mr. Rayner, brought these representations to a higher degree of excellence than had been previously attained, and in his hands they have assumed the character of works of art.

Mr. Mawe, late proprietor of this museum, was an excellent mineralogist. Travel and good society had given him the manners of a gentleman, and a naturally kind disposition rendered him affectionate and affable to all around him, and courteous and communicative to strangers. His travels in the Brazils, undertaken for the purpose of investigating the mineral treasures of

that highly interesting portion of South America, furnished the literary world with a volume of new and useful information, in which amusement is happily blended with scientific research. Several minor productions, also tending to the spread of mineralogical knowledge, and a development of the most occult and secret stores of this important branch of study, subsequently issued from his pen. In business he was indefatigably industrious, and his connexions were very extensive. In addition to his establishment at Matlock, he had one of the same sort in London, now near Somerset House, in the Strand; one in Cheltenham, near the Montpelier Gardens; one at Castleton, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and another at Scarborough.

The following schedule of the mineral productions of Matlock, drawn up by one who was so well qualified for the task, can hardly fail to be acceptable to the readers of this volume. Mr. Mawe, in this interesting paper (for a copy of which I am indebted to my friend Mr. H. Moore, of Derby,) says, "Perhaps there is not any situation in this kingdom so peculiarly adapted for the study of mineralogy as Matlock Bath. It is in the immediate vicinity of the mines, and exposes a great variety of stratification, very interesting to the geologist.

" The mines are chiefly worked for Galena, or sulphuret of lead. It consists of the following varieties: massive, striated, granular, compact, crystallised, in a variety of forms. These specimens are sometimes coated with a loosely cohesive powder, or sprinkled with small crystals of white carbonate of lead, which is also found in a massive state, and in acicular and blade-like crystals, imbedded in a loose earthy matter.

“ Green phosphate of lead, and that very rare mineral, muriate of lead, are found in this neighbourhood ; also earthy white lead ore.

“ The ores of zinc are found here in great variety. Blend, or sulphuret of zinc, called by the miners Black Jack, massive, and crystallised generally in tetrahedrons indeterminately formed, or confusedly grouped.

“ Calamine, or carbonate of zinc, occurs massive, botroydal, radiated, cellular, and coating calcarious crystals, which it totally decomposes, and takes their form.

“ Oxide of zinc in hexagonal tables, elegantly grouped.

“ A beautiful variety of plumose, or cupreous zinc, of a fine green colour, forming diverging spheroidal tufts, is peculiar to the Rutland Cavern. It has never been met with in any other place.

“ Here are traces of copper, in the form of earthy malachite, but it is of little importance.

“ Iron pyrites is found in abundance, both massive and crystallised, in various forms. Sometimes the crystals are so formed together as to appear something like wheels, which is called by the miners clock-work, and cock’s-comb pyrites.

“ It occurs also with copper pyrites at his Grace the Duke of Devonshire’s mine at Ecton. Both are brilliantly crystallised, and sometimes richly iridescent.

“ Manganese is found here in the state of black oxide, with iron, and calcarious spar.

“ The calcarious fossils of this neighbourhood are peculiarly interesting, and exhibit a double refraction, which singular property has but lately been accounted for. The most common form is the double six-sided

pyramid, called billet spar, and dog-tooth spar. The primitive rhomb is sometimes met with, which passes into an infinite variety of modifications.

“ Stalactites are found of great beauty and diversity of colour; some varieties are curiously zoned, forming the oriental alabaster. A green variety is sometimes (though rarely) found; its colouring matter has not been accounted for. Dr. Kid supposes it to be oxide of zinc.

“ Fluate of lime occurs in abundance, possessing great beauty and variety. It is generally crystallised in cubes; sometimes one cube is formed upon another, and the surface of the interior one is often sprinkled with brilliant chrystals of iron pyrites. Visitors are often told that these are gold and silver spars. The cubic crystals of fluor are sometimes bevelled on the edges. They are often formed upon compact barytes, and in one mine the fluor and barytes are alternately stratified.

“ Fluor is also found earthy and granular, of various colours.

“ Snow-white sulphate of lime is found in the Cumberland Cavern, mammilated upon limestone. The hair fossil, or capillary gypsum, is no longer found; but indications are favourable in the Rutland Cavern, where it is expected to be met with in the present course of working.

“ Barytes (which is here called Cawk,) is met with in considerable quantity, consisting of the following varieties: Earthy, in the state of a fine powder generally coating other minerals. Compact, having frequently a spheroidal appearance, with a rough surface, caused by

small projecting crystals. Foliated, is often formed in rhombic crystals, variously modified, which are sometimes curiously interwoven amongst each other.

“Radiated, is composed of long needle-like crystals diverging from a centre.

“Arborescent appears to be composed of a curious aggregation of rhombic crystals, which branch out in a singular manner.

“Barytes associates with lead ore, and its attendance is considered favourable by the miners.*

“Silex, of various forms and colours, is found in considerable quantity, and is called Chert. It often contains fossil coral, and entrochi, or screw stone.

“Quartz crystals are found imbedded in the limestone, in the form of a six-sided prism, with a pyramid at each end, some of which are singularly distorted, and quite transparent. These are called Derbyshire diamonds.

“Inflammables. That rare mineral, elastic bitumen, which is almost peculiar to Castleton, has been found here with lead ore and fluor.

“Compact bitumen, or mineral pitch, occurs in small spherules in the cavities of limestone; and petroleum is found in its minute fissures.

“The stratification of the rocks in this neighbourhood are very interesting. The limestone alternates with the toadstone, which is finely exemplified in the Rutland Cavern. Many varieties of the limestone are worked as marble, under various names. The entrochi marble is full of the marine exuvia. Porphyritic marble is of a dark colour, and full of very small white

* See Moot-Hall Mine, page 16.

fossils, which give it a porphyritic structure. Corral marble is composed of fossil madrepore. Black marble is met with here: but at Ashford, on the estate of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, it is much finer, and found in great abundance.

“Toadstone is greatly varied. Some is of a bright green colour, with white streaks or spots of calcarious spar, quartz, &c. It also migrates into basalt and whack.

“Magnesian limestone, and black chert, form considerable beds.

“Schistus is always found above the limestone, and sandstone, of various kinds and colours, above the schistus.”

VALLANCE'S, or the CENTRAL MUSEUM, a later establishment, occupies a part of the next dwelling. It is of the same description as Mrs. Mawe's, and conducted on the same liberal principles. Mr. Vallance, the proprietor, was the superintendant and conductor of the Museum just noticed for more than twenty years, and under his taste and direction, the workmen at Matlock have been instructed and improved in the manufacture of the various articles which the spar and fluor works produce. Mr. Vallance's manufacture is carried on in the Museum Gardens, directly opposite to his own dwelling; it is open to visitors and strangers generally, and is a source of gratification to all who wish to become acquainted with the mode of forming and finishing the splendid productions of his Show Rooms.

A few doors nearer the Old-Bath, another Museum of the same description has lately been opened, under the proprietorship of Mrs. Mawe; and on the opposite side of the road, there is a fourth Museum, a very re-

spectable establishment belonging to Mr. Buxton. At all these places a variety of engravings of Derbyshire Scenery, and sundry publications connected with the local history and topography of the county, may be purchased. Farther on in the Dale are several other minor Museums, of a similar kind, the most important of which is kept by Mr. Smedley, (opposite Walker's Hotel,) where one of the Petrifying Wells of Matlock may be seen.

From the front of the Museum Hotel, an ascending road leads to the Heights of Abraham ; also to the Devonshire, the Rutland, and the Cumberland Caverns, and to the Botanic Gardens ; a place of itself richly deserving the notice of all who are attached to botanical pursuits, and who take pleasure in studying and nurturing the flowers that bedeck our fields and gardens ; those delightful summer visitants, that bloom and blossom in profusion around us, and strew the earth with beauty.

The Botanic Garden is the usual route to the Devonshire Cavern, the most recently discovered of all the subterranean curiosities of Matlock Bath, and not the least worthy of a visit. It is comparatively easy of access, and may be explored with less personal inconvenience than any other cavern in the place, with the exception, perhaps, of the crystallised grotto under the High Tor. Stalactites, or, as they are provincially termed, *water icicles*, fluors, and fragments of ore, cover the sides and roof of this cavern, which, in addition to the objects of attraction common to such places, is distinguished by a new and pleasing feature : a gallery has been driven entirely through it ; the visitor,

therefore, instead of returning to the common entrance, makes his exit by an aperture high up the hill of Masson. The sudden transition from darkness to light—from the gloom of the cavern to

“The warm precincts of the cheerful day,”

heightened in effect by the magnificent landscape that here bursts instantaneously on the view, excites mingled sensations of amazement and delight.

The RUTLAND CAVERN is the next in importance as an object of curiosity. The best approach to it is along the zig-zag walk that leads to the summit of the Heights of Abraham. Pursuing this route, a toll of sixpence is demanded from every visitor who ventures to ascend this steep eminence; and the value of money being well understood at Matlock, the same sum is required every time a stranger passes, even during the same day. Thus it is that Mr. Gilbert, the proprietor of these grounds, realizes a considerable sum total of sixpences from Matlock pedestrians during the summer months. A little more than half way up this formidable hill, there is a pleasant alcove by the side of the walk, that affords a delightful resting place. In this shelter from the rays of a summer's sun—seated at his ease—refreshed by the breeze that plays around him, and gazing on the rich assemblage of objects that lie like a map in the dale below, that stranger must be sadly obtuse in feeling, and almost insensible to the beauties of nature, whose heart exults not in such a scene as is here unfolded. Rutland Cavern is near this resting place, and is entered by a passage or gallery cut through a rock of solid limestone, which conducts the visitor into an open

vault called *Ossian's Hall*. Several minor caverns succeed, which abound with spars, fluors, and stalactites. An article in the *Monthly Magazine* for Sept. 1817, page 134, observes, "The labyrinths that lead to the natural recesses of this cavern are lined by an infinite variety of brilliant crystallizations of the fluate of lime, carbonate of lime, a great variety of combinations with the ore of zinc, lead, and copper, iron pyrites, the sulphurets, &c." It further adds, "a rare unique specimen of the carbonate of zinc, obtained from this cavern, is given in a plate in Sowerby's English Mineralogy."

The Cumberland and Fluor Caverns form a part of the same eminence ; and still nearer to the Old-Bath are the *Romantic Rocks*, or *Dungeon Tors*, a place not often visited by strangers. The charge of sixpence, which is levied upon each person who wishes to see them, is too exorbitant for such a show. In addition to this objection, who can imagine that anything deserving the name and character of rocks, can possibly be hidden from public view by a wooden paling of seven or eight feet high ? The Dungeon Tors are isolated fragments of rock, which have been separated from the parent mass ; and, in connection with the surrounding foliage, they present some picturesque combinations.

On the brow of the hill that overlooks the Romantic Rocks, there is a narrow and rugged road, which leads to the picturesque village of Bonsal. It is somewhat toilsome to climb this path, but the lovely scenery it commands amply compensates for the labour of the ascent ; and the return to Matlock down the hill from Bonsal to the entrance into Via-Gellia, and from thence

to Cromford—every step of the road is interesting, and full of beauty.

This perambulation, which includes a distance of about five miles, terminated where it commenced, at Walker's Hotel.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATHS—PETRIFYING WELLS—STONNIS—CROMFORD—
CROMFORD MOOR—MINE ACCIDENT.

THE Baths, the Water, and the Petrifying Wells remain to be noticed. THE BATHS at Matlock, now three in number, have been established at successive periods. The first of these in point of order is the Old-Bath at Cumming's Hotel. Sometime about the year 1700, a warm spring was discovered at this place, when a bathing-house was built, and a few small rooms attached to it. The next is on the site of the New-Bath, now Saxton's Hotel. Subsequently a third spring has been opened, which is called the Hotel-Bath ; this is now distinguished by a neat fountain in a garden on the right of the road, when entering this romantic watering-place from the north. To this establishment a very convenient warm bath has been added.

In all these baths, the waters, as they issue from their secret wells, are slightly tepid, 68 of Farenheit ; they are, in consequence, extremely pleasant for bathers.

For medicinal purposes they are but rarely taken internally ; yet some physicians have greatly extolled their efficacy. Dr. F. Armstrong says—" I have taken great pains to examine particularly into the properties of Matlock Springs, and may with truth assert, that they are of the same nature as the Bristol Waters ; equal in some cases, and preferable in many." He subsequently adds—" I have, in the course of seven years, sent a great number of patients to Matlock, and in cases where medicine had not the least prospect of being serviceable, all of whom have had perfect and lasting cures ; and I may with truth declare, *I have not failed in one instance.*"

The lower part of the hill-side, from near the Temple Hotel to beyond Saxton's, consists of a bed of calcareous tufa—a recent limestone deposit, extremely porous, and, like the tufas of volcanic countries, highly favourable to vegetation. In this stratum, if it may be so termed, the two PETRIFYING WELLS of Matlock are situated. Mr. Mawe says—" The water, filtering through a mass of tufa, drops from the roof and sides, and, losing a part of its carbonic gas, precipitates earthy particles upon the substances on which it falls." It is thus they become *encrusted* with a calcareous deposit, which in time assumes the hardness of stone.

The walks and rides in the neighbourhood of Matlock-Bath are numerous, and highly interesting, particularly to those who are attached to botanical pursuits ; for this peculiar study, Via-Gellia will be found an excellent school. For those who love the scenery of nature, there are hills and dales in abundance. Let them accompany me to the top of Masson, or to Ston-

nis—better known perhaps by the name of THE BLACK-TORS, and look down upon Matlock from this noble eminence. How glorious the prospect!—how varied!—how beautiful! But I will here borrow a page or two from the Third Part of “Peak-Scenery,” and thus close the present account of Matlock-Bath.

“ We left Matlock-Dale by a narrow defile cut through Scarthing Rock, nearly opposite Willersley Castle, and continued our route along the Wirksworth Road to Cromford-Moor, without casting one ‘ lingering, longing look behind.’ About a mile from Scarthing Rock, a sharp turn on the left led us over a hill covered with the refuse of a lead-mine, to a high sandstone rock called *Stonnis*, or more properly “ *Stone-house*”; to the top of which we clambered, for the purpose of obtaining a view of the surrounding country, from an eminence not less elevated than the topmost peak of Masson. How cold and feeble is the language of description!—how incompetent to embody the conceptions, and express the feelings, of highly excited admiration! I stood on the top of Stonnis; huge masses of rock lay scattered at my feet—a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head—far below, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, one of the finest landscapes that nature anywhere presents, was spread before me. The habitations of men, some near and others far apart, were scattered over the scene; but in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of Matlock-Dale—the windings of the Derwent—the pine-crowned heights of Abraham—and the proud hill of Masson, they were all forgotten: the structures man had reared

seemed as nothing, amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God."

"I have scaled the highest eminences in the mountainous districts of Derbyshire—seen from their summits the sweet dales that repose in tranquil beauty at their base—marked the multitude of hills included within the wide horizon they command, and my heart has thrilled at the sight; but not an eminence that I ever before ascended—not a prospect, however rich and varied, which I thence beheld—is at all comparable with the view from Stonnis. In that species of beauty, which in landscape scenery approaches to grandeur, it is unequalled in Derbyshire. The parts of which it is composed are of the first order of fine things, and they are combined with a felicity that but rarely occurs in nature. Scarthing Rock—the woods of Willersley Castle—Matlock High-Tor—the hills of Masson, Crich, and Riber—are all noble objects; and the rude masses that constitute the foreground of the picture, are thrown together, and grouped and coloured, in a manner strikingly picturesque. When I beheld the scene from Stonnis, a fine breeze drove the clouds rapidly athwart the sky, and the flitting gleams of light, which were instantaneously succeeded by deep shadows, illumined in succession the various parts of the landscape, and imparted to it an interest that was forcibly felt. Sometimes the passing clouds covered the whole range of prospect with one unvaried tone of still and sober colouring—suddenly a bright ray of sunshine intervened, and for a moment the spot where it fell appeared a paradise of light amidst surrounding gloom. An hour

at Stonnis on such a day, impresses the mind with a series of beautiful images, that in after-life are often recurred to and remembered with delight."

Immediately on passing the artificial ravine, which is provincially known by the very undignified appellation of *Scarthing Nick*, is

CROMFORD,

a place which, little more than half a century ago, was an inconsiderable village. It is now a respectable market town, founded by the late Sir Richard Arkwright, who established his first cotton mill here in 1771. Under his auspices, Cromford has flourished abundantly, and in the year 1790 he obtained the grant of a weekly market (which is now held on Saturdays) and two fairs annually; namely, one on the 1st of May, and a second on the 1st of October.

This little town is very beautifully and advantageously situated amongst hills and rocks, and wood and water. The river Derwent runs close past it; Bonsal-Brook courses its way through it; and Cromford-Moor-Sough supplies it with a never-failing stream, as pure and pellucid as ever issued from a rocky fountain. This last stream first appears in a deep basin of contracted dimensions, at the foot of the hill by the road-side, nearly opposite the Greyhound Inn; but it soon assumes the character of a river, and furnishes the principal supply for the Cromford Canal. Bonsal-Brook enters the town in the direction of Via-Gellia, and several works are established on its banks. On reaching Cromford, it expands into a very pretty mill-

dam, and is nearly surrounded with houses. At the upper extremity there is an establishment for the manufacture of mineral colours, where a considerable business is carried on. The following colours are manufactured at these works:—Dutch lead (or barytes), mineral ochre, mineral black, yellow ochre, Vandyke brown, Devonshire brown, chocolate, Brunswick and other greens and blues, Lapis, Crome yellow, mineral red, ponderous red, &c. In the mines about Bonsal, cawk, or sulphate of barytes, and calamine, an ore of zinc, are found in great abundance; and Cromford is admirably situated for preparing them for general use. Bonsal-Brook, with the aid it borrows from Cromford-Moor-Sough, works one of the extensive cotton-mills of the Messrs. Arkwright; those in Matlock-Dale depend on the river Derwent; from these sources the supply of water is inexhaustible.

In a southerly direction from Cromford, the London road (the principal channel of communication between the metropolis and Manchester) is carried through one of the most delightful valleys in the kingdom. Not many years ago, it was found difficult to maintain a single stage-coach on this road; now twelve or fourteen pass through Cromford every day. The old road to Derby was by Wirksworth and Keddalestone, but it is now almost entirely deserted, or only travelled upon for intermediate purposes. This road passes the front of the Greyhound Inn, near which a steep ascent of nearly two miles commences; up this slope the principal part of Cromford is built, in one continued street. The situation is pleasant, but the ascent is toilsome. This range of hill is denominated Cromford-Moor; all

around is a wild, and partly a barren district ; and yet, as FULLER has observed, when speaking of the Peak of Derbyshire, although “*poor* above, it is rich *beneath* the ground.” It is a great mineral deposit, and has been the source of wealth to some, and the means of employment to many more. The Gang Mine, situated near the dark rocks of Stonnis, although but little worked at present, had formerly a busy population engaged about it. Some time ago I was informed by the superintendent of this establishment, that the number of persons then employed upon it—in the shafts below, and in working on the hills—at that time amounted to about one hundred and forty.

Near this place there is a mine called *God-be-here Founder*, which has been rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place about thirty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth suddenly rushed in upon them from above, and buried them in the dark recesses of the mine. On the third day after the accident happened, Pearson was found dead amongst the rubbish ; and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had choked up the entrance into the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive, that they were scarcely at all disposed to persevere in their exertions. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until, on the eighth day of their labours, they distinctly heard Boden’s signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy, but more caution, for a few hours longer, when they found the object of their search, weak and almost exhausted, but yet in existence, and

fully sensible of the miraculous nature of his escape. His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment, was slow but effectual, and he returned to his employment in about fourteen weeks, and lived many years afterwards.

When this accident took place, Boden was in the lower part of the mine ; Pearson was at a windlass in the drift above, when the earth rushed instantaneously upon him, and he was found dead amongst the mass. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projection that considerably narrowed the shaft over his head. Thus circumstanced, with no prospect before him but a lingering death, this poor man passed eight days in this narrow pent-up cell, without light or food, or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which formed the severest part of his sufferings. Hunger he bore with fortitude, but he found thirst almost intolerable ; and during the whole of his confinement, he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in, he found a windlass, and exercised himself in turning it ; but by some mishap, the handle fell into the dark vacuity, and he could not recover it again. Deprived of this means of employment, he still found something to do : in the shaft where he was imprisoned, a rope was suspended over his head ; he clambered up it, and working at the earth above, he loosened a portion from its lodgments, which fell into the chasm at his feet. While thus engaged, he fancied he heard the noise of men labouring for his release ; he listened, and was nearly breathless with anxiety. The sound for a time, instead of invigo-

rating, only paralyzed his exertions ; but while in this situation, he yet contrived to make the signal that he was alive distinctly heard. Shortly afterwards, he once more saw the blessed light of heaven, and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a dead man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, but little better than the apparition of a man. Eight days of mental and bodily suffering had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and nearly obliterated all appearance of his identity. In this state he was restored to his family, who felt as if a being from the grave had "burst its cerements," and the dead had returned to life.

Near this mine the High-Peak Railroad, an undertaking of but little public utility, and small emolument, crosses from near Cromford to Middleton and Brassington Moors, and from thence to Buxton and Whaley.

SOUTH WINGFIELD.

7 MILES FROM MATLOCK BATH.

CHAPTER VI.

LEA—HOLLOWAY—CRICH—SOUTH WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE—
HARDWICK-HALL.

FROM Matlock Bath to South Wingfield is a most delightful excursion ; and to vary the regular routine of a Matlock Bath visit, we determined to spend a few hours of a fine day in September in so interesting a place. The road lies through a beautiful valley by the side of the Derwent. Sloping meadows, crowned high above with a long range of magnificent wood, skirted the roadside on our left ; on our right, the river, pursuing its busy way beneath the umbrageous branches of oak, ash, alder, hazel, and sycamore, and babbling as it passed along, was a pleasant object both for the eye and the ear. About two miles below Cromford Bridge, the road leaves the more open part of the valley, and plunges into the thick woods that environ the little hamlet of Lea ; a lovely spot romantically situated by the side of a sparkling stream, in a deep hollow, amongst steep hills covered with foliage, and fields of the freshest verdure. The houses that constitute this secluded place, with the exception of here and there a comfortable cottage, are handsome residences, nestled amidst

fruit-trees and beds of flowers. Every thing flourishes luxuriantly here, and when we passed through the place, the hollyhocks, the dahlias, and the roses gave an extremely gay and cheerful appearance to the neat plots of garden-ground in the fronts of the houses, and the orchard-trees were rich with fruit. The road from here to Crich is through Lea-Wood and Holloway : the ascent is steep, but from the toll-gate at the top of the hill, it traverses the side of a high mountainous ridge of land, covered with wood and intervening rock. Such is the scene on the left of the road ; the right opens on a wide expanse of country, magnificent in extent, and rich in all that constitutes beauty in landscape. The summits of the two hills that form the eastern and western boundaries of this fertile valley, are here from three to four miles apart, and the extent from north to south is ten or twelve. Many minor eminences, rich with wood and intervening verdure, adorn this lovely scene, through which the river Derwent, sometimes hidden by overhanging branches, and sometimes sparkling with light, flows with busy speed and uninterrupted current to Belper, Milford, Duffield, and Derby ; the whole presenting an assemblage of splendid scenery, finely diversified, and rich in picturesque beauty. The woods of Alderwasley, that cover the hills from below Hot-Stanwell Bridge, to the dark pine-crowned eminence of Stonnis, are peculiarly striking and magnificent.

Were I disposed to recommend to Matlock visitors one excursion in preference to another, I should prescribe the route from Cromford, along the Derby road, to Hot-Stanwell Bridge, and from thence up the steep

hill to Crich ; returning by Crich Cliff, Holloway, and Lea Bridge, to Matlock. The distance is about twelve miles, and twelve miles of greater and rarer beauty are not often travelled over.

About a mile from the toll-gate at Holloway, the road turns sharply to the left, and half a mile farther it passes near to a few isolated houses, called Wakebridge. A chapel, once the most distinguished building in the group, has given a name to this little place, but it is now looked for in vain. Mr. H. Moore says—"On the left is a farm-house, where formerly stood Wakebridge Chapel. The east window," he adds, "still remains in the end of a barn at the back of the house, which is the only discernible indication of the chapel."

Passing the bridge, which is about one hundred paces farther, in a deep woody glen on the right is one of the most productive mines of this district ; near this is the Gingler Mine, another profitable concern ; and beyond, under Crich Cliff, is the Glory Mine, one of the richest in Derbyshire, and a short time ago worth from thirty to forty thousand pounds a year. Mr. Alsop, of Lea-Wood, is the principal proprietor of this valuable mine. There are sundry other less productive establishments of the same kind in the neighbourhood of Crich, where many hands are employed ; but the great business of the place is the quarrying and burning of lime, which is here very extensively carried on. In quality, the lime of Crich has the character of being superior to all others in the county ; and the Cromford Canal, which is carried through Buckland Hollow, furnishes a ready conveyance to all parts of the neighbourhood, where it is extensively used for agricultural purposes.

From Crich to South Wingfield, the distance is two miles of continually descending road, which neither Mr. Mc Adam nor his system seems yet to have interfered with. Approaching the village in this direction, the venerable ruins of South Wingfield are seen on a high knoll or mound on the right. From this point of view, the massy buttresses and shattered towers, grey with age, and coloured with mosses, lichens, and tufts of ivy, when seen amongst the foliage, have a striking and highly picturesque effect ; but these ruins have always appeared to me better combined, and more imposing as a picture, from the entrance into the village, a little above Col. Halton's house. Here the foreground is occupied by part of a road, and a screen of descending foliage, over which the eye passes to the edifice beyond, which, crowned with towers and turrets, ruined arches, and embattled walls, rises majestically from the plain below ; —the whole constituting not merely a beautiful, but a grand assemblage of parts, everywhere fine in character and outline, and powerfully interesting from the associations with which the place is connected.

Passing along the western front of this ancient edifice, we entered its deserted courts near the principal tower. It is indeed sad to contemplate such a scene of change and devastation as the interior of this place presents. Seen from without, these ruins, as I have before observed, have a majestic effect ; —time has broken them into picturesque forms, and the eye is gratified with all that it beholds ; but without, dilapidation, disorder, and decay prevail, and the live and dead litter of a dirty farm-yard disfigure the scene. The rents and fissures which time and neglect have made in the old walls,

mended with modern masonry,—the ornamental gothic stone window-frames, filled up with glaring brick, contrasted with the heavy but splendid architecture of former times, exhibit a mass of discordant materials, where the noble and the mean are brought together in tasteless confusion.

“ To what base uses we may return!—Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bunghole? As thus—Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust,—the dust is earth,—of earth we make loam,—and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?”

“ Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

HAMLET.

It is even so! and the mutations which some of the most durable and splendid of the mansions of our forefathers have experienced, are scarcely less extraordinary. The interior courts of South Wingfield Manor-House are no more like what they were when Mary Queen of Scots was confined within them, than is a clod of lifeless matter to a living Alexander. The buildings that formed nearly the whole of the southern court are now almost destroyed ;—its splendid hall and richly-ornamented chapel are totally roofless, and trees, that lift their topmost branches far above the ruined walls, now grow within them. The natural operation of Time alone could not in so short a period have effected so great a change in a place which appears to have been originally designed to bid defiance to his power: no! the devastating hand of man has here been at work, and the engines of war have shattered and defaced a structure which might otherwise have existed for ages.

From the South Court we passed through an arched gateway to the east front, where, from a little verdant mound in the midst of a plantation of venerable yew trees, we had a view of the ruins so combined as to produce an exquisite picture. A massy gothic archway, connected with some mouldering walls, everywhere hung with ivy, and enriched with the remains of lofty monastic-looking windows, formed a picturesque screen on the foreground ; towers, turrets, embattled parapets, and shattered walls, rose majestically beyond ; a dark tone of colouring pervaded every nearer object ; and a soft aërial tint, approximating to the blue haze of distance, hung upon the remoter parts of the building, and gave a peculiar charm to the whole. In this view of the ruins, the stately trees that surround them unite to complete the composition.

We next visited the North Court, around which the state apartments were carried. This appears to have been by far the richest part of this extensive edifice. The architecture on one side of this court exhibits a beautiful specimen of its original character : a porch and a large bay projecting outwards, with three gothic windows slightly pointed, still remain ; the parapets above are embattled, and adorned with quatrefoils and roses. The great hall has evidently been a noble apartment ; its dimensions are seventy-two feet by thirty-six ; it is now occupied by a colony of rooks, &c. Beneath the hall there is a room of the same extent, the roof of which is formed by massy groined arches of excellent masonry, supported by a double row of heavy stone columns ; the intersections of the arches being tied together with carved stone roses. For what purpose

this room can have been used, it is now difficult to conjecture: it could not have been intended for a servants' hall,—it is too gloomy and cheerless; and although a very extensive apartment, it contains neither fire-place nor chimney. Occasionally it may have served as a prison, a guard-room, or as a depository for stores, as convenience or necessity might require.

The neglected, and absolutely filthy, state of the interior of the rooms we had just visited in the North Court above, is a reproach to all who are in any way connected with this fine ruin. The apartments in which knights and high-born dames once held their courtly revels, are now the habitations of toads and bats and newts. Nettles, docks, and briars flourish abundantly amongst the mud and filth and slimy oozings, which, constantly accumulating, render many parts of the ruin extremely offensive. Visitors may, indeed, just step upon the threshold of these tombs of departed splendour, but few will venture to explore their dirty labyrinths. The orchards belonging to the place are in the same state of neglect; the fruit-trees indeed blossom in spring, and shed their stores in due season, but the approach to them is not an easy task; the whole of the ground beneath their branches being thickly beset with long rank grass, docks, and nettles.

From the guard-room, if it may be so called, we ascended the eastern tower, and through a dilapidated window, framed with ivy, which we passed on our way to the top, we had a glance at a very pleasing landscape, in which Col. Halton's house, the village of South Wingfield, and a part of the country beyond, are included. The prospect, both from this tower and from

the more elevated one near the western extremity of the ruins, is varied and extensive, but, like all other prospects seen from the tops of buildings, it wants foreground, without which a landscape can never be entirely beautiful.

A copious history of the Manor and Manor-House of South Wingfield, by T. Blore, Esq. F.S.A., is already in the hands of many in Derbyshire ; it was, it seems, intended as a specimen of the general history of the county, a design which, from some cause or other, was never carried into execution ; but as the part which was published contains an ample account of this ancient mansion and its fortunes, it may appear unnecessary to do more here than briefly to notice the most prominent events with which the place has been connected.

At the time of the Norman survey, South Wingfield was held by William Peveril, and in the reign of Henry the Sixth it came into the possession of Ralph Lord Cromwell, who built the mansion which is now in ruins, and whose right to it was contested by Henry Pierpoint, Knt. Lord Cromwell, however, continued to retain possession, and he subsequently sold it to the second Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose family it remained until the decease of the seventh Earl in 1666. It is now the property of Wingfield Halton, Esq., by whose ancestors it was purchased in the reign of the second Charles. This place was one of the residences, or rather prisons, of Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Shrewsbury was at one time her gaoler ; at another Sir Ralph Sadler had the honour of attending the royal captive. Whilst she was in this part of the country, she is said to have entered into a correspondence with some of her

friends with a view to escape. It was carried on for some time with great secrecy, until in the year 1569 an effort was made to free her from her thraldom by Leonard Dacre. The attempt, however, proved abortive, and the few indulgences Mary had previously enjoyed were in consequence abridged. The conduct of Elizabeth towards this unfortunate Queen, has been frequently and freely animadverted upon, and severely reprobated : I therefore leave it to the brand that history has stamped upon it, and which even time cannot wear away.

During the wars between Charles the First and his people, South Wingfield Manor-House was garrisoned by Parliament. In 1643 it was attacked by a division of the royal army, under the command of the Earl of Newcastle, and after a short contest it was taken by storm. The noble victor, however, did not long retain his conquest : Sir John Gell of Hopton, a man in whom the most romantic bravery was united with considerable military skill and determined perseverance, made an assault upon it with heavy artillery, from a situation which he had taken on Pentridge Common. A half-moon battery, which was raised for its defence on the east side of the building, so bravely sustained the shock of the assailants, that a breach was found impracticable ; Sir John Gell therefore ordered the cannon to be removed to a wood nearer the object of his attack: a furious fire was immediately commenced, a breach opened, and the besieged were compelled to surrender. Col. Dalby, the governor of South Wingfield, was killed by a common soldier, who fired at him through an opening in the wall during the siege. In 1646 this

fortress was dismantled by an order of Parliament ; and, as its present appearance strongly indicates, it was strangely neglected, and suffered to fall into decay for many years afterwards. Mr. Blore observes, that “ it had been fortunate for the admirers of so venerable an edifice, had that negligence been uniform to the present time, but a small part of it having been occupied by the family of Halton, and a partition of the estate having taken place, under a decree of the Court of Chancery, the mansion was allotted to the late Mr. Halton, who began to build a house at the foot of the hill next the Manor ; and since that time some of the most beautiful parts of the old building have been pulled down for the sake of the materials.”

The village of South Wingfield, although but a very insignificant place, has on different occasions been the seat of important events. In the time of Charles the First, it was the theatre of important military operations ; and in 1817 it became the focus of an insurrection, which had for its object the overthrow of the Government of the country—one of the most silly and absurd attempts that ever entered into the contemplation of a set of misguided men. That a small handful of individuals, none of them possessing either talent, wealth, or influence in any way whatever, should entertain so mad a scheme, is only to be accounted for on the supposition that some designing knave had got amongst them, and seduced them into measures of which they had previously no conception. They were prevailed upon to believe, that if they only appeared in an organized body, with whatever weapons they could collect, and marched towards Nottingham, they would

be met by a host in arms, all prepared to take the field. With this expectation, these foolish men began their criminal career. As they proceeded on their march, they demanded arms, and endeavoured to increase their numbers by threats and outrage. At Pentridge Common, a man of the name of Brandreth, who had assumed the office of captain of this disorderly band of "lawless resolutes," shot one of the servant men of a Mrs. Epworth, who refused to connect himself with their proceedings.

This insurrectionary movement was as short-lived as such schemes generally prove. Many of the ringleaders were arrested, and, at the ensuing Derby Assizes, between thirty and forty of them were tried for the offence. Brandreth, who had added murder to the crime of rebellion, was executed, and two of his principal and most active associates shared the same fate. Nearly the whole of the remainder pleaded guilty; their lives were spared, and they were transported for life. In reverting to this transaction, and to the generally disturbed state of the country, when some of the most unjustifiable means were resorted to, to excite disaffection and organize rebellion; and at a time, too, when the labouring classes were suffering many hardships and privations, and therefore ready instruments in the hands of designing men;—however severe our condemnation of *their* conduct may be, the spy system then too much resorted to, calls for still louder reprobation; it cannot, indeed, be too indignantly censured. Men, who might have passed their days of suffering and sorrow free at least from treason, were thus seduced from their allegiance, tutored in disaffection, and nursed and formed and

moulded into rebels. O! that a tear could be dropped on this damning record, that it might be “blotted out for ever !”

HARDWICK-HALL.

From Matlock-Bath to Hardwick-Hall, by the way of Stretton and Tibshelf, is about fifteen miles. My visit there was pedestrian, and was made from South Wingfield. This noble mansion is situated in the midst of an extensive park, studded with spreading oaks and venerable thorns. These patriarchs of the place have stood the blasts of centuries, and their weather-beaten trunks and scathed branches are evidences of their antiquity. The Hall itself is a splendid mansion, and one of the finest examples of that peculiar style of architecture which prevailed in the days of Elizabeth, and is now designated by her name. This huge pile has large towers at each of the four corners, with extensive bays or recesses between. The parapets form a richly-perforated cornice, in which the letters E S—the initials of the Countess of Shrewsbury—are repeated in ornamental stonework around the top of the building. The windows are large, and divided into different compartments by stone mullions. The whole edifice, indeed, is so full of windows, that it looks like an immense lantern, apparently designed as an experiment to ascertain how much of glass, and how little of masonry, might be used in the erection of a magnificent mansion. It is now more than two hundred and forty years since this structure was built, during which time it has neither been added to nor altered. Time

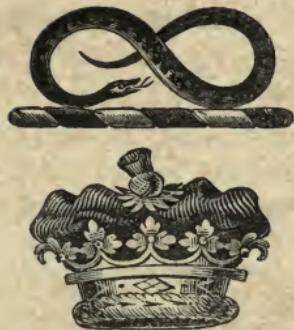
has been the only innovator on its original grandeur. Nearly all the apartments are large and lofty: generally the walls are covered with dark carved wainscot to about two-thirds of their whole height; above they are made up of plasterwork, in which groups of figures, trees, and animals, in slight relief, form various compositions, the stories of each not being always very happily or intelligibly told. The ceilings are executed in the same taste and manner. The state-room, so called by way of distinction, is sixty-five feet by thirty, and twenty-six feet in height. At one end of this spacious apartment there is a state canopy, somewhat shorn of its original beauty; and at the other is a splendid bed, on which the needle of Mary Queen of Scots is said to have been employed. The gallery, an immense apartment, extends along the whole of the eastern front of the building; it is upwards of one hundred and seventy feet long, by twenty-six feet wide, exclusive of the bays, which are each spacious enough for a respectable breakfast parlour. The walls of this extensive apartment are everywhere hung with pictures, of various excellence, chiefly portraits; but some of them are placed so far above the eye, that their merit, whatever it may be, cannot be fully and fairly appreciated. Some of these are very good, and some, as works of art, but indifferent; they are, however, much too numerous to be catalogued in these pages. The portrait of Henry the Eighth by Holbein, formerly at Chatsworth, may be ranked amongst the best. Here, too, is one of Elizabeth, the self-willed daughter of this self-willed and arbitrary monarch—a Henry the Eighth in petticoats; a woman of talent undoubtedly, but not altogether ex-

empt from some of the littlenesses and frailties of her sex. Near the picture of this perfidious Queen, hangs the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, not in her pride of life and plenitude of beauty, but with a countenance faded and marked with sorrow. There is likewise a portrait of Stephen Gardiner, the persecuting Bishop of Winchester,—aye, and of others too, whose very names, like his, revive remembrances with which neither love nor veneration are associated.

Amongst the many portraits that adorn the walls of this gallery, we particularly noticed those of Sir Thos. More—Cardinal de la Pole—Lady Jane Grey—the Countess of Shrewsbury, the builder of Hardwick—Col. Charles Cavendish—and that of the veteran Hobbes, painted in the eighty-ninth year of his age. But the most splendid picture in the collection, is a large whole-length representation of the first Duke of Devonshire, on horseback. The horse, a noble-looking animal, and seemingly proud of his rider, is richly caparisoned; and the Duke himself is splendidly dressed in the rich costume in which, on state occasions, he was wont to appear, and which is here accurately depicted. It is a well painted and valuable picture. But the most pleasing effort of the pencil which we observed at Hardwick, is a fancy portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the mother of the present Duke. She is represented amongst the clouds, in the character of Diana, with the crescent beaming on her forehead. Advancing from out the dark starry sky, the clouds appear to recede before her, and to be lighted up by the effulgence that emanates from her. There is a fine poetic feeling in this picture, and the whole is beautifully painted.

Hardwick derives a portion of its interest from its having been, though but for a short time, one of the prisons of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Here she wrought with her needle, to beguile the irksomeness of confinement; and an embroidered counterpane, chair-covers, and hangings, are shewn as the work of her hands. Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, the authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," &c. &c., in her "Northern Tour," when speaking of Hardwick, observes, that "the second floor is that which gives its chief interest to this edifice, as nearly all the apartments were allotted to Mary, and the furniture is known by other proofs than its appearance to remain as she left it."

This noble mansion is the property of the Devonshire family, and now the seat of the Earl of Burlington. Near the west front are the ruins of the old Hall, which has evidently been a building of considerable extent, and apparently not of a much earlier date than the present edifice. The Hardwicks, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, had their residence here.



THE
DERBYSHIRE TOURIST'S GUIDE,
AND
TRAVELLING COMPANION.

SECTION II.

CHATSWORTH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to intimate to the reader of the following account of Chatsworth, that the writer has described the *usual*, but not the *present* route through the House, which is liable to frequent deviations in consequence of the various improvements that are now in progress. The arrangement at this time (Oct. 1836,) is as follows:—

Immediately on leaving the Painted Hall, visitors are ushered up the Great South Staircase to the State Apartments on the second floor, which may be referred to in the following detail by numbers XIV. XV. XVI. XVII. They then pass through the State Rooms on the Library Story below to III. the Chapel, and return through IV. the Music Room; V. The Billiard Room; VI. The principal Drawing Room; VII. The Great Library; VIII. Anti-Library; IX. Cabinet Library; X. The Dining Room; XI. Music Gallery; XII. The Sculpture Gallery; XIII. The Orangery; and from thence to the Gardens.

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CHATSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS—EXTERIOR OF CHATSWORTH—RECENT IMPROVEMENTS—WORKS OF ART BRIEFLY NOTICED—REFLECTIONS ON THEIR INFLUENCE.

CHATSWORTH has been a place of considerable importance, and an object of attraction from the time of its first erection, in the reign of William the Third, to the present day. Cotton, the Poet of the Peak, who, now more than a century past, sung in quaint and humble verse, the Seven Wonders of Derbyshire, thus speaks of Chatsworth :—

Environed round with nature's shames and ills,
Black heaths, wild rocks, bleak craggs, and naked hills,
And the whole prospect so informe and rude,
Who is it but must presently conclude
That this is paradise, which seated stands
In midst of *deserts* and of barren *sands* ?
So a bright *diamond* would look, if set
In a wild socket of ignoble *jet* :

But the “black heaths, wild rocks, bleak craggs, and naked hills,” that environ Chatsworth, instead of being a frame of ignoble jet, injurious to the splendour of the diamond it invests, produces an absolutely con-

trary effect. The proximity of these “nature’s shame and ills,” as Cotton oddly calls them, renders the spot still more lovely—so lovely, indeed, as to assume the charm and character of an oasis in a wilderness—fresh, and green, and bright, and beautiful, where all around is rugged and unseemly.

To all who visit the Northern districts of Derbyshire, Chatsworth is an object of more than ordinary interest, and Buxton, Bakewell, Matlock, Sheffield, and places still more remote, furnish it with a continual succession of company. It is, therefore, presumed that the following detail will not be unacceptable to those whom curiosity or pleasure may lead to visit this splendid place.

Before proceeding to detail the history of Chatsworth as it now is, the author trusts he may be permitted to avail himself of a passage from a more voluminous work published several years ago, and dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, whom the writer thus addresses:—“ You possess a mansion that may with peculiar propriety be denominated ‘THE PALACE OF THE PEAK,’ and the munificence of that noble family whose wealth and honours now centre in your Grace has converted some of the wildest scenery of Derbyshire into a terrestrial paradise: the banks of the Derwent and the Wye have been adorned and enriched by their bounty.”

Since the preceding paragraph was written, important and extensive additions have been made to this princely residence, and Chatsworth now possesses a still greater claim to so proud an appellation. To that eminent architect, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, the alterations and improvements have been confided, and it is but “damning

with faint praise" to say, that they are highly creditable to his taste, talents, and reputation.

The new parts of Chatsworth are in the same style of architecture as the old structure, which was built by William Talman, a native of Wiltshire, and Comptroller of the King's Works in the reign of William the Third; but although the general style has been preserved, there is a want of uniformity in the whole, which the eye of a common observer detects at a glance.

In Gothic architecture, similarity of parts, ornaments, and dimensions, is not required; but the Grecian style, so far from being indulgent in this respect, is rigid and arbitrary in its demands. A grand and imposing centre cannot have a *single* wing attached to it, to the right or the left, without its appearing to be an after-thought of the builder—a subsequent addition; it may, perhaps, be prejudice that thus determines, but when a style of architecture is chosen whose great characteristics are uniformity of detail, proportion, and design, a departure from these is but rarely pleasing. I cannot but imagine that Chatsworth might have been made equally effective in appearance at much less expense; a right and left wing connected with the original building by a colonnade, composed of columns of elegant architecture, would have had a rich and grand effect; but it has been determined otherwise, and, to complete the present work of improvement, another wing, at the expense of another two hundred thousand pounds, must be projected from the south front. Should this be accomplished, Chatsworth will have attained the topmost pinnacle of its grandeur, and may justly then be entitled, not only the "Palace of the Peak," but the "Palace of

the kingdom." Such an alteration as is here suggested might, perhaps, have had a grander exterior—but would, probably have been much less convenient within—as it now is, a noble suite of rooms nearly unparalleled in extent and splendour has been obtained; together with all the numerous household offices necessary for such an establishment. The contrivance of the whole, and the arrangements of the different parts are in every respect worthy the reputation of the architect employed. He has besides happily corrected the faults that before existed in the north front, and given to it a richness and beauty admirably in unison with the prevailing character of the building; the east front has likewise been greatly and judiciously altered by the same architect. Although not rich in ornament, it is eminently beautiful, and may proudly be referred to, as an example of good taste, and one of the most important improvements which has been effected at Chatsworth. The new wing which Sir J. Wyatville has added, embraces an extent of between three and four hundred feet, and is, in all its parts, one of the best specimens of masonry in the kingdom; the stone is of a pleasant colour to the eye, and slightly tinged with a pale yellow: the whole has been furnished from quarries on his Grace's estates, in the immediate vicinity of Chatsworth. The exterior is not splendidly adorned, but it is classically beautiful, and presents an assemblage of parts so arranged as to be strikingly picturesque, not only in outline but in light and shadow, the northern termination being distinguished by an elegant Italian tower, in the construction of which the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders of architecture have been tastefully used.

Chatsworth, independently of its recent additions, is a noble structure: the principal, or western front, is rich in architectural ornament, but not gaudy: it comprises three divisions of equal dimensions; the base is rusticated, and the central compartment, which is projected, is distinguished by four handsome fluted Ionic columns, that support an ornamental frieze and a pediment, within the tympanum of which the arms of the Devonshire family are admirably sculptured in stone: the right and left portions of this elegant front have each four fluted Ionic pilasters, the whole being surmounted with open balustrades divided into sections, and adorned with urns and statues; the south, although much less ornamented than the west, presents an imposing front, but the double flight of steps in the centre of the building are strangely unworthy so fine an edifice. They are, I understand, to be immediately replaced by a more suitable entrance. Various other improvements are in contemplation, both in this and the west front: all the windows are to be taken out, and their places are to be occupied by others of better workmanship and more modern taste. These fronts, together with the north and the east, form the four sides of a quadrangular court, which contains some admirable carving in stone, particularly the military trophies that adorn the exterior of the great Hall. The other three sides have been entirely rebuilt, and the whole of this interior court is now a beautiful specimen of chaste and elegant architecture.

Along the whole of the principal front of Chatsworth, including, from north to south, an extent of from twelve to thirteen hundred feet, is the Duke's Italian flower-

garden, which is separated from the park by dwarf balustrades ; the two extremities terminating with square bastions, panneled on the sides, and of excellent masonry. This garden is ornamented with a fountain, now only a *jet d'eau*, but probably intended for a design of sculptural elegance.

The grand entrance into Chatsworth is on the west, and commands a view of uncommon beauty. The Derwent, which is here a noble river, runs within two or three hundred yards of the front of the house ; an elegant stone bridge of three arches, with statues by Cibber placed between, spans the stream ; and the park around is spread out into beautiful undulations, where verdant slopes and sylvan groups unite to form a rich and varied landscape. To the north, beyond the luxuriant foliage of Chatsworth Park, the wild and heathy hills of the Peak terminate the prospect.

To convey an adequate idea of the architectural beauty of this magnificent mansion, is not the province of the pen, but the pencil. On objects of this description, the tourist is powerless and inefficient ; he therefore willingly resigns to the artist a domain which he feels himself incompetent to occupy. Yet the exterior of Chatsworth, splendid as it is, conveys but a faint indication of the treasures within. It has been stated in the public papers, that the Duke of Devonshire possesses the finest private collection of sculpture in Europe ; be this as it may, Chatsworth certainly contains an assemblage of works in this department of art, of decided excellence. They were formerly the occupants of various apartments, but have lately been removed into the new Sculpture Gallery, and so classed

and arranged as to form a splendid and harmonious combination of talent.

It is not only in sculpture that Chatsworth is rich, even to profusion ; the columns, vases, and urns, which the Duke has collected during his visits to Italy, are amongst the most costly ornaments of his mansion.

The columns are from twelve to fifteen feet high ; their dimensions in proportion. The materials of which they are composed are various—granite, porphyry, Siena marble, stalactite, verde-antique, and other choice marbles of Italy ; but the richest, and by far the most costly, of these extraordinary productions, are two noble columns of Sicilian jasper, intermixed with chalcedony, disseminated in veins throughout the mass ; each column is one entire specimen of precious stone,—the proportions Ionic. The urns and vases are numerous ; amongst them are two of magnificent dimensions, which will be more particularly noticed hereafter. Some of the columns have been removed from the different apartments they occupied. They have been surmounted with appropriate capitals, and used as classical enrichments to the entrance doors of the principal apartments. Eight of the finest of these now adorn the Dining Hall and the Sculpture Gallery.

In addition to the treasures already enumerated, Chatsworth contains an abundance of paintings in almost every department of art, and some of superior excellence. The ceilings and sides of the great Hall were painted by Laguerre and Verrio, with subjects from Roman history. This mode of ornamenting the mansions of the principal nobility, was the prevailing fashion when Chatsworth was built ; and the staircases, the

Chapel, and the ceilings of the best apartments, are covered with the works of Verrio, Laguerre, and Sir James Thornhill. With the exception of the Chapel and the great Hall, the subjects chosen by these artists are mythological: Phaeton, Apollo, Jupiter, Antiope; the Muses, Diana, Actæon, Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus and Adonis, Meleagar and Atalanta, Cephalus and Procris, with a long etcetera of gods and goddesses, make a part of the adornments of the principal rooms. In addition to the numerous paintings of this description, there are a few pictures in this ducal residence that would do honour even to his Grace's collection at Devonshire House or Chiswick. The Duke of Devonshire, speaking of his pictures, has been heard to remark that, "partial as he was to Chatsworth, and anxious as he might be to render it every way attractive, he could not consent to make it the depository of his best pictures. In London, at Devonshire House and Chiswick," he added, "they can be seen and studied, and the interests of art be thereby promoted. If I remove them into Derbyshire, they may be admired by visitors, but it is in the metropolis alone that they can be greatly serviceable to artists;" an observation worthy the liberal spirit of a real friend and patron of the arts. Noticing Chatsworth on a former occasion, the following observations occur, which may be repeated here:—

"The works of art that adorn the houses of the wealthy and the great, are the best ornaments they possess; and although they cannot be regarded as exhibiting an equitable criterion, either of the riches or the taste of their possessors, they are honourable testimonies in their favour; they throw around their persons an

additional lustre—they give them a more exalted place in the estimation of society—and invest their mansions with a higher character than that of mere dwellings. So enriched, they are the depositories of the works of genius—the honoured receptacles of the labours of ages that have passed away; and he who reverences the arts has an abiding interest in the treasures they contain. He visits them with a chastened feeling, and he treads even their precincts with veneration, for genius has hallowed the place that he approaches. Contemplating their stores, he lives in other times; he holds communion with those who were; he becomes an inmate of their minds; he participates in the sublime conceptions of Raphael, Titian, Poussin, Rubens, Salvator, and Claude; and he traces in their works the nature and character of those elevated and energetic feelings, by which they were embodied and produced. So precious is the deposit they contain.”*

* Peak Scenery.

CHAPTER II.

THE INTERIOR OF CHATSWORTH—THE GREAT HALL—NEW GALLERIES—MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS—PAINTED CEILINGS—NEW SUITE OF APARTMENTS—THE LIBRARY, DINING ROOM, SCULPTURE GALLERY, AND BANQUETING HALL, &c.

THE observations in the preceding Chapter have a general reference to Chatsworth and the works of art which it contains ; but a more methodical and particular detail may be desirable to those who may hereafter visit the “PALACE OF THE PEAK.”

Passing the Porter’s Lodge, the domestic offices of this princely establishment are on the left, and strangers are first admitted to the lower, or Sub-Hall, as it is termed, by the porter. In the farther part of this Hall are two antiques—a Germanicus and an Agrippina, from Wanstead House. The busts here are numerous, and some fine granite and marble columns are used as their pedestals. A flight of steps leads from this apartment into the North Corridor, which communicates with (I.) the GREAT HALL, the first superb interior to which strangers are admitted. This is a spacious, noble room, and an appropriate entrance to the splendid apartments that succeed. The hand of improvement has been busy even here, where every thing that taste and grandeur could require, appeared to have been previously provided for. The double row of steps that connected this Hall with the GRAND STAIRCASE, once regarded so magnificent and beautiful as to be adopted at Holkham, by that celebrated architect, Kent—have been removed, and a single flight substituted in their place.

A Gallery, defended by a succession of open balusters, has recently been carried round three sides of this splendid Hall. The *utility* of this contrivance is obvious. It is so situated as to form a connecting link between the old and new parts of the house ; the Gallery, therefore, furnishes a ready and convenient communication. The height of this noble apartment is one of its finest features ; but a gallery, hung like a shelf against the walls, and dividing that which was great and lofty into two minor portions, has, in my estimation, interfered with and impaired its general grandeur. The painting of this Hall is by Verrio and Laguerre, two of the most celebrated artists of the time in which they lived, for this species of decoration. The history of Julius Cæsar has furnished the subjects. In one compartment he is crossing the Rubicon ; in another he is passing over to his army at Brundusium ; the left, and principal side represents his sacrifice before going to the Senate, after the closing of the Temple of Janus ; over the North entrance is his death, at the foot of Pompey's statue, and the ceiling contains his apotheosis. The two ends of the Hall are eminently beautiful ; they are each divided into three arched compartments, the central one, the largest, being the entrance from the North Corridor at one extremity, and the channel of communication with the Grand South Staircase at the other. The four smaller compartments are occupied by polished marble columns from the mines of Derbyshire, surmounted with large golden vases, classical in form, and richly ornamented. From the floor of this magnificent apartment, magnificent in form, decoration, and dimensions, the effect is grand and strikingly impressive.

The next place into which visitors *were* accustomed to be introduced is (II.) the SOUTH GALLERY, a room of powerful attraction to artists, who, instead of being hurried hastily through, would be glad to make it an abiding place, and become more intimately acquainted with the many treasures it contains. From seven to eight hundred original drawings cover the walls of this highly interesting apartment. In addition to the numerous sketches of Claude Lorraine, fac-similes of which have been published by Earlam, there is a splendid collection by the first masters of the Venetian, the Florentine, the Spanish, and the Flemish schools. Titian, Raphael, Carracci, Corregio, Salvator, Rubens, &c. have all contributed to form this constellation of talent—this rich assemblage of drawings—the original conceptions and designs of those masterly works which have long been the boast and delight of the European world. This fine collection of drawings has for the present been removed, and the gallery entirely remodelled and enlarged. Correspondent galleries have likewise been erected along the North and West sides of the central court. These galleries are now finishing in the most splendid manner. They are connected with each other, and are intended to be the honoured receptacle of the Duke of Devonshire's finest collection of pictures, to which Chiswick, Devonshire House, and Hardwick are largely to contribute; the whole forming one general and grand assemblage of works of art. When this is accomplished, this continued series of galleries will be one of the most beautiful and important improvements that the fine taste of the Duke has made at Chatsworth.

The many alterations still making in the interior of

this noble mansion, are continually varying the route of visitors through the various rooms; it is, therefore, impossible to mention them in succession. On this account also, the works of art have no permanent situation, and cannot be noticed in the order in which they occur.

A door from the gallery of drawings communicates with (III.) the CHAPEL, which is seated and lined throughout with cedar wood. Laguerre, assisted probably by Verrio, had the painting of this Chapel. The subject that occupies the principal compartment on the right is, Christ healing all manner of diseases; a subject which has since been so ably treated by the last President but one of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, Esq. The incredulity of St. Thomas, the picture which surmounts the altar, is less confused, and better imagined and composed. Horace Walpole, no mean authority on works of art, attributes this production to Verrio; and Pilkington, in his Dictionary of Painters, when speaking of this artist, says, "the performance which is accounted his best, is the altar-piece in the Chapel at Chatsworth, representing the 'incredulity of St. Thomas.'" The statues of Faith and Hope, that constitute part of the altar, are by Cibber, a sculptor of considerable celebrity in his day, but who was too fond of *loading* his figures with drapery, instead of only *clothing* them. In this Chapel there are some exquisite specimens of carving in wood; a species of ornament with which Chatsworth abounds.

In (IV.) the MUSIC ROOM, the next in succession, there was formerly an organ, which was used during divine service in the Chapel; but it has lately been

removed. Over the chimney-piece there is a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, the mother of the present Duke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A picture of Mary Magdalen and Christ in the garden, by Gennari, and another of the angel Michael overcoming Satan, adorn the walls of this apartment.

V. The BILLIARD ROOM has a richly painted ceiling, by Sir James Thornhill. A whole-length portrait of the Duke of Cumberland hangs over the fire-place; Titian's Family, by himself, a picture of considerable merit, ornaments one side of the room; and nearly opposite is the portrait of the late King George the Fourth, on a sofa—a masterly production by Sir Thos. Lawrence, and well known from Finden's splendid engraving of it.

VI. The GREAT DRAWING ROOM, a noble apartment, 48 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 18 feet high, is richly furnished, and stored with some admirable works of art. This room contains some fine columns of black and rosewood marble, from the Duke of Devonshire's works at Ashford, which are used as pedestals for busts; one is surmounted with a head of George the Fourth, and another with that of Canning,* both from the chisel of Chantrey; others sustain the busts of Charles James Fox—the late Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford—Lord George and Lady Cavendish, by Nollekins; and near the east window, which looks into the garden, there is a fine copy of the Venus de Medicis, by Bartolini, and two admirable busts of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. In addition to these specimens of sculptural

* These busts are now in the Sculpture Gallery.

excellence, there are in this apartment two excellently-painted portraits, by an artist of the name of Saunders ; one the Hon. Mr. Cavendish—the other, the present Countess of Carlisle, the sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and the mother of Lord Morpeth. A table in this room, about five feet long by three and a half, and two and a half inches thick, deserves particular notice. The material is said to be the root of amethyst. It is one entire slab, and in point of beauty not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the house. It is composed of different splendid minerals of various colours, blending with and softening into each other most harmoniously. The west side of this room was, until very lately occupied with a splendid full-length of his late Majesty George the Fourth, said to be by Sir Thos. Lawrence, and one of the last ever painted by that distinguished artist. The fact is, that this portrait, which is a copy of one previously painted for the city of Dublin, was, with many others—mere beginnings—left in the *studio* of Sir Thomas at the time of his death, and subsequently finished by that clever artist Simpson, who was for many years his assistant, and had learnt to imitate his style and manner with peculiar success. This picture has lately been removed, but probably for a short time only, into the Banqueting Hall.

The four apartments last mentioned—namely, the Chapel, Music Room, the Billiard Room, and the Drawing Room—occupy the whole of the South front of the library story of Chatsworth : they look towards Rowsley, Darley Dale, and Matlock, through a continued series of luxuriantly wooded hills and cultivated slopes, beautifully diversified with some of the finest features of

the landscape scenery of Derbyshire. It is gratifying to the eye and refreshing to the senses to gaze on such a scene as is here presented, particularly when under the effect of a morning or evening sun. The artificial splendour of these rooms I have often looked on with pleasure ; but the prospect without excites a more elevated feeling. The finest works of man owe their excellence and effect to their near approximation to nature, and the associations they create in the mind.

From the DRAWING ROOM, which occupies the South East angle of the building, visitors are admitted into the Library, the first of the long range of apartments that form the East front of Chatsworth—an extent, from one extreme point to the other, of nearly 560 feet. The extreme length of the rooms in succession, omitting inches, are, the Drawing Room, 30 feet ; the Great Library, 90 feet ; the Anti-Library, 30 feet ; the Cabinet Library, 26 feet ; the Dining Room, 58 feet ; the Anti-Dining Room and Music Gallery, 26 feet ; the Sculpture Gallery, 103 feet ; and the Orangery, 108 feet. The remaining part of the 560 feet of the East front is occupied with the Bath Lobby, and the staircase to the Banqueting Hall, &c. &c. The doors that enter into the whole of this suite of apartments are placed directly opposite each other ; and when the whole are thrown open, a magnificent vista through a series of rooms of almost unparalleled splendour and richness, is presented to the spectator, affording a long perspective of interior architecture not surpassed in any mansion in the kingdom.

The GREAT LIBRARY, (VII.) so called by way of distinction, is one of the most splendid rooms in Chats-

worth ; it is entirely new, and has been finished in a manner and style unique in richness, elegance, and beauty. The doors at the two ends of the room are made of the choicest Spanish mahogany, covered with what is technically known by the name of French polish ; they are in part tastefully carved, and correspond in design and ornament with the furniture of the room. The book-cases are of the same material, and are divided into compartments by semi-circular metallic pilasters—a section of a three inch diameter column, covered with polished gold. The compartments into which the Library is thus divided are equal in breadth, some being about nine feet, and the others three alternately. About eight or nine feet from the ceiling, these pilasters terminate and expand into a richly wrought leaf, which is made to support the floor of a gallery that extends along three sides of the room, and which has been erected for the convenience of reaching the books on the upper shelves, without the use of moveable library stairs. The gallery is defended by a rich balustrade, carved and ornamented with dead and burnished gold. The ground of the ceiling of this superb apartment is pure white, profusely adorned with burnished gold ornamental work in bas relief, which is so managed and arranged as to form a series of splendid frame work to five circular paintings, that are set like precious gems within. These paintings made a part of the ceiling of the old Library. They are by Louis Charon, a French artist of considerable reputation, as a painter of mythological and poetic subjects—who, being a Calvinistic Protestant, left his own country on account of his religion, and fled to England, where he found a refuge from

persecution, and encouragement in his profession. On the west side of this apartment there is a noble chimney-piece of Carrara marble, composed of columns wreathed with finely sculptured foliage, and surmounted with a mirror, one entire piece of glass, six feet by four feet six inches wide. Some of the minor divisions of the book-cases, and the recesses between the windows, are likewise panelled with looking-glass, surrounded with burnished gold mouldings—the whole presenting a combination of taste and magnificence not to be found in the mansion of any other subject in the realm.

THE ANTI-LIBRARY, (VIII.) which is fitted up in the same style and manner, succeeds. The ceiling of this apartment is adorned with a beautiful picture, by Hayter, and two smaller subjects, Night and Morning, from Thorwaldsen, by Charles Landseer. A door on the west side of this room communicates with the great north staircase, which in extent, design, and beautiful detail, has a far better claim to the denomination GRAND than the one near the south corridor, which is so distinguished. It is the work of Sir J. Wyatville. On the first landing place are two large whole-length portraits of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, painted by Dawe. They are both good pictures, although there is something stiff and formal about the figure of the Emperor; that of the Empress is extremely graceful, and beautifully drawn and coloured.

THE CABINET LIBRARY, (IX.) although varying in size and form from the two preceding it, is a beautiful little gem. The roof is a splendidly ornamented dome, divided into compartments, and supported by columns of variegated stalactite and Italian marble, based on

pedestals of pure statuary marble, and surmounted with Corinthian capitals, richly sculptured in dead and burnished gold.

The writer of these pages, accompanied by a few friends, in the autumn of 1834, had the gratification of seeing this fine suite of apartments to more than usual advantage. The Duke, with numerous visitors, was then at Chatsworth. The Dining Room was an entirely new object, and the Sculpture Gallery had just been finished and opened to strangers. Leaving the Cabinet Library, we passed into

THE DINING ROOM, (X.)—This apartment, as we now beheld it, was beyond comparison the most splendid in Chatsworth. The table was spread for a mid-day lunch for eighteen or twenty guests, and the sideboard was literally loaded with a gorgeous display of massive gold plate. Above, below, and around, it was a scene of unmitigated splendour. The deep plinth that surrounds the room, and all below the subbase, are polished marble of a chaste and beautiful colour, from the vicinity of Hopton. The walls are hung with family portraits, amongst which are five or six by Van-dyke; those of Sir Arthur Goodwin, Lady Wharton, Lady Rich, and the first Earl and Countess of Devonshire, are, perhaps, the best pictures in the room. The ceiling is slightly coved and divided into numerous compartments or panels, the divisions and the ornaments within, being richly gilt on a ground of the purest white. The effect is evidently what was intended—gay, cheerful, and splendid.

The entrances at the two ends of this magnificent apartment are particularly beautiful, and entitled to

more than a casual observation. The doors are set between columns of Sicilian jasper, and African marble of choice and peculiar quality. They are based on appropriate pedestals, and surmounted with Ionic capitals.

The two chimney-pieces in this room are nearly unique in design, and exhibit a novel feature in the sculptural decorations of a fire-place. They are executed in the marble of Carrara, and adorned with figures in full relief as large as life; one of these is by the younger Westmacott, and the other by Sievier. The cost of these two fire-places is said to have been upwards of two thousand guineas each, independently of the stoves, fire irons, and fenders, which are highly ornamental, and of the most expensive description. A youthful Bacchus and a Bacchante lean gracefully on the two extremities of one of these splendid chimney-pieces; the other by Sievier is also distinguished by a Bacchus, and a priestess of his festivals. In his hand he bears a thyrsus, and a wreath of vine leaves are twined around his head. This figure is peculiarly graceful in form and attitude; his countenance is beautiful, and the expression free, open, and joyous. His attendant priestess, though not so exquisitely formed, is a fit companion for the youthful god. She is in the act of replenishing the wine-cup with the juice of the grape, and both the figures are admirably calculated to excite that exhilarated state of feeling and buoyancy of spirit which never fail to give a zest to the choicest viands, and an additional sparkle to the champagne that mantles in the glass.

The furniture in this apartment is of corresponding grandeur; magnificent mirrors, tables of the choicest

marbles and granites, placed on ornamental frame work, decorated with the Duke's crest richly carved, and profusely gilt, occupy the sides and ends of the room. All that wealth can purchase, or art and taste produce, are here brought together in splendid competition.

Passing through (XI.) a small anti-room, fitted up for the accommodation of a musical band, we entered (XII.) the **SCULPTURE GALLERY**—the grand depository of the finest works of art that Chatsworth contains. The first entrance into this magnificent saloon of sculptural excellence is powerfully impressive. Here the human form seems to live, move, and breathe in marble: feeling, sentiment, power, passion, repose, and action, are here all accurately pourtrayed.

The proud display of works of art in this noble gallery is well calculated to humble inferior minds, and produce in the spectator a feeling of his own insignificance. He cannot, however, but exult, that in form and species at least, he is identified with those master spirits, who, stealing fire from heaven, have bade marble live. Whatever exalts the character of the human intellect, and places it on higher ground than we ourselves can attain, excites admiration and stimulates exertion. Gazing on these beautiful works of art, the emanations of superior minds, we feel that we are the recipients of a reflected glory, and we breathe an atmosphere of excellence which others have created and thrown around us. Yet, in the best collections of works of art, however highly our admiration may be excited, some little defect or omission will occasionally occur to detract from the general merit. When this is the case, and when contri-
vances are resorted to derogatory to art, a little whole-

some good-natured censure may, it is hoped, be permitted.

Directly opposite the entrance into the Sculpture Gallery, placed on proper pedestals in the middle of the floor, are two recumbent figures in statuary marble ; the one on the right, a Sleeping Endymion, by Canova, possesses all the grace and elegance of this mighty master of his art. In the expression of these qualities he never fails, but in force and nature he is sometimes deficient. His conceptions are not the every-day forms of common life, but the poetic inspirations of an ideal beauty, that nature but rarely attains. His Endymion is nevertheless an instance of manly beauty in repose, which scarcely any other artist of the present day could so well have conceived and so admirably executed. This fine figure presents a beautiful image of sleep, embodied in a form that even a Diana might well be enamoured of. It is regarded as one of the most masterly productions of Canova, and is every way worthy of his high reputation. The pedestal is African brescia.

The figure more to the left is an Achilles wounded, by Albacini. This is a well executed figure ; the countenance is expressive, and the limbs admirably disposed ; but the bright burnished arrow by which he has been shot in the heel is strongly objectionable. Why not sculpture the arrow in marble instead of gilt copper ? but the Italian artists are fond of this slovenly trick, which is nothing better than a contrivance of indolence. If this practice be defensible, let it be fairly and fully resorted to. To be consistent, this figure should have a *metallic* helmet on his head, not one of marble. A

helmet, however, on the head of a naked figure seems, after all, out of character, and peculiarly so with Achilles. He was vulnerable in the *heel only*: armour was, therefore, not necessary, either to defend his body or his head; and if the one is to be naked and exposed, the propriety of clothing the other may certainly be questioned. The helmet is, no doubt, intended to designate him a soldier, and the practice has the sanction of ages.

After surveying for a time these two fine specimens of modern sculpture, we proceeded round the room, commencing with—

1. A COLOSSAL VASE, in the left corner. An antique, in white marble, exquisitely sculptured with figures in bas relief, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, a work of decided excellence and great beauty. The pedestal is panelled with red granite. The next in order is—

2. A VENUS, wounded by treading on a rose, with a Cupid extracting the thorn from her foot, by Tere-rani. The figure of Venus is extremely graceful, and the Cupid, a delightful little urchin, is anxiously searching for the wound which the crushed flower has made. The pedestal of this group is panelled with porphyry.

3. BUST OF AN EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS, sculptured in Rome, in fine black marble, from the Duke of Devonshire's quarries at Ashford. The pedestal green marble, on a base of Giallo Antico.

4. CUPID RESTING, by Trantanova. This figure is not that of a mere boy, sportive, artful, and prone to mischief, but of a beautiful youth, whose countenance seems—

“Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.”

His quiver of arrows hangs listlessly in his left hand, as if they were no longer objects of his care ; and altogether he appears to be rather repenting of his past misdeeds than contemplating new achievements. This statue, previously to being placed in the Sculpture Gallery, was catalogued **CUPID WOUNDED**, a designation perhaps more expressive of its general character. The pedestal is panelled with marble.

5. **COLOSSAL BUST OF BONAPARTE**, by Canova. A gloriously fine head, and a powerful likeness of this extraordinary man. The unaffected grandeur and simplicity of this bust place it in the first class of art. The pedestal is of grey granite.

6. **CARDINAL GONSALVO**, a bust, by Thorwaldsen. A masterly production, and every way worthy the rival of Canova. The pedestal is of *Verde Antico*, from the Forum at Rome.

7. **DIANA**, a very pleasing figure, by Prosalindi. The pedestal oriental porphyry.

8. **PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE**, by Campbell. A beautiful representation of the bust of a very beautiful woman. The pedestal *Giallo Antico*.

9. **BUST OF MADAME MERE**, by Canova. The pedestal *Caroline brescia*.

10. **LETITIA, THE MOTHER OF BONAPARTE**. A noble production, and indisputably one of the finest of Canova's great works. She is seated, or rather reclined, on an antique chair. The face is full of expression, the head remarkably fine, and the disposition of the whole figure graceful, dignified, and commanding. The drapery is tasteful in design, and most exquisitely wrought. This truly classical production has excited the admira-

tion of connoisseurs in sculpture wherever it has been seen, and nearly exhausted every term of commendation. It is, indeed, a magnificent work, and worthy the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it.

11. A **DISCOBOLUS**, by Kessels. A figure too well known, and too highly estimated, to require a particular notice. The pedestal is panelled with marble.

12. **GREYHOUND AND WHELP**S, by Gott. Full of nature, and most admirably executed.

13. **COLOSSAL BUST OF ACHILLES**, by Rennie. A very clever head. The story on the helmet represents Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector, with savage triumph, round the walls of Troy: this incident in the history of Achilles gives identity to the bust, though it reflects but little honour on the character of this semi-barbarian. The pedestal is red granite.

14. A **VENUS**, by Gott.

15. **LATONA AND HER CHILDREN, DIANA AND APOLLO**, by Puzzi. A beautiful group. The principal figure is exquisite in drawing, disposition, and expression, and the whole is admirably executed.

16. A **BACCHANTE**, a recumbent figure, by Bartolini. Her hair is braided with leaves of ivy, and in her hand she holds a musical instrument, similar to a modern tambourine. The pedestal is panelled with brescia.

17 and 18. Two **COLOSSAL LIONS**, in Carrara marble. These noble animals occupy the two sides of the door at the north end of the room. One is in repose—the other seems just roused from his lair and ready to spring upon his prey. They are finely represented, and full of character and majesty. The lion rousing himself for action is admirable; the steady fierceness of his eye,

the position of the whole animal, and the apparent gathering together of his strength and power, all denote his purpose. These lions were carved out of two vast blocks of marble, each weighing nine or ten tons, previously to being touched by the sculptor's chisel, and worth, in this country, from two three hundred pounds. They each measure about nine feet by four or five.

Directly over these immense lions are—

19 and 20. Two COLOSSAL BUSTS of decided excellence; one of Canova, by himself, and the other, his Grace the present Duke of Devonshire, by Campbell.

Pursuing our route round the gallery, we next came to—

21. A figure denominated VENUS FILATRICE, or the Spinning Girl, by Schadow. A beautiful piece of modern sculpture, executed with all the delicacy and fine finish of Canova. The attitude is peculiarly graceful, and the expression of the countenance is most lovely. The pedestal is granite; a fragment of one of the columns of the Forum of Trajan, from Rome.

22. VENUS MUSIDORA. In this delightful figure, the sculptor, Wyatt, has endeavoured to embody the poetic conception of Thomson, and he has executed his task with distinguished felicity :

“ With fancy blushing at the doubtful breeze,
Alarmed and starting like the fearful fawn,
So stands the statue that enchanteth the world.
Her full proportions such, and bashful so,
Bends ineffectual from the roving eye.”

THOMSON.

The pedestal on which this beautiful statue is placed, is red Egyptian granite.

23. **LUCIUS VERRUS.** A colossal bust, said to be a copy from one at Rome ; but whether a copy or an original, it is a wonderfully fine head, and, as a work of art, equal, if not superior, to anything in the gallery. The countenance is grand, commanding, and impressive. The beard and the hair of the head are worthy of particular notice. The execution—the *mechanical execution*—of this sublime head, is such as nearly puts to shame every other effort of the chisel in this magnificent collection. The pedestal red granite.

24. Two **ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS**, in bronze. They are admirable in form, and the playful attitudes of the dogs well conceived and natural.

25. **CYMBAL PLAYER**, by Westmacott, jun. The pedestal sculptured, in *basso reliefo*, with two Bacchantes springing through the air.

26. **ARIADNE**, by Gott. A very clever and a very beautiful work. The pedestal of oriental porphyry.

27. **A VESTAL**. In taste, delicacy, and feeling, very like Canova. Our guide, if I mistake not, mentioned Trantanova as the sculptor. The pedestal porphyry.

28. **HEBE**, by Canova. What shall we say of this beautiful image ? With what grace and modesty she pours out the nectar, as she advances to the festival of the gods ! A more fascinating form was never imagined by man. It is not of the earth earthy, but a heavenly conception, exquisitely beautiful. There is an ideal grace and loveliness about this creation of Canova, that seem to bespeak it of more than mortal mould. But here again, as if to destroy that fine visionary feeling which so delightful a production is calculated to excite, the tasteless gilt-toy trick is resorted to, of which we

have before complained. If this beautiful image could exalt imagination to the skies, her metallic cup and pitcher, a contrivance so at variance with good taste, would dissipate the delusion, and our enthusiastic dreamings would be dispelled by the heterogenous recollections of a gilt-toy manufactory at Birmingham. Fie, fie, Canova! This violation of good taste, to use the short but pithy sentence of a late popular statesman, is "really too bad"; but, like many other evils, this absurdity will, it is to be hoped, ultimately correct itself, and purer notions succeed. The pedestal is of oriental porphyry.

29. BUST OF CERES, by Renaldi. The pedestal porphyry.

30. A BACCHANTE, by the same artist. The pedestal grey granite.

31. LAURA, by Canova. Loveliness, purity, and tenderness are here divinely blended. This little work, for so it may be termed in reference to the space it occupies, can scarcely fail to impress the spectator with an exalted idea of the genius and talent of that man who could communicate so great a portion of the essence of his art to so small an object.

32. VENUS, by Thorwaldsen. A work worthy the high reputation of this distinguished sculptor.

33. ALEXANDER. A colossal bust, a masterly antique. It has evidently been injured in parts, but has been well repaired. The pedestal grey granite.

34. A CUPID, by Finelli. This figure is imbued with the most exquisite feeling. The position of the head—the expression of the countenance—the disposition of the body and limbs—the hands, one laid gently

and carefully over the other—with the butterfly, the image of Psyche imprisoned within them—all combine to express one sentiment and feeling. The preservation of the fluttering emblem of the soul, which Cupid appears to be regarding with the most anxious solicitude. This is a very successful effort of the artist's skill—a fine poetic conception, beautifully executed. The pedestal is African brescia.

35. **GANYMEDE AND THE EAGLE**, by Tadolini.—Grace, elegance, truth, and beauty personified—a lovely group admirably conceived, and finished in the first style of art. Ganymede, too young for a man, and too old for a mere boy, is a delightful figure. Exquisite alike in form, feature, attitude, and expression, he seems to belong to the family of the gods, and fitted to be the cup-bearer to Jove himself. The Eagle is a noble bird; his head, breast, and neck are inimitably fine, and the whole appears to have been sculptured with the nicest care. In the Chatsworth collection, excellent as it is, there are but few works of art superior to this production. The gilt cup and pitcher can alone be objected to.

36. **MARS AND CUPID**, a colossal group, by Gibson, the pupil of Canova, and the rival of his fame. This noble group is esteemed one of the finest productions of this eminent sculptor. It forcibly suggests a recollection of the Mars and Venus of Canova, of which it is partly a copy, but certainly inferior to the beautiful prototype of his distinguished master. Gibson's Mars is somewhat too theatrical, both in attitude and expression. Cupid is a lovely beseeching boy, and executed with a felicity and feeling that shew the artist to be capable of producing still finer works.

Having completed the round of this magnificent saloon, a few observations, not intended to apply to any particular collection, but to sculpture in general, as an imitative art, may, perhaps be here permitted.

It was a saying of Buonaparte's, that "there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous." With truth may it be said, that there is but one step between character and caricature—between nature and affectation ; where one ends the other begins ; simplicity and grandeur are nearly allied. What Hamlet says of players may, with little variation, be applied to sculptors. Simple, unsophisticated nature is, indeed, the test of excellence in every department of art, and there is a strutting in sculpture as well as in acting. Where there is an obvious effort to look grand, the artist has evidently "overstepped the modesty of nature." We would, nevertheless, say to him, "be not too tame, neither." In endeavouring to avoid extravagance, insipidity is sometimes the result.

These observations are not intended to be confined to form, feature, or position alone, but to all that constitutes expression ; not facial expression merely, but of the whole subject, whether bust, or group, or single figure.

A few objects still remain to be noticed before we leave the Sculpture Gallery. The first is a colossal vase, twenty feet in circumference, formed from one entire block of Swedish granite, and sculptured at Berlin, by Barteleina. This noble work is succeeded by another similar in form and smaller in dimensions, but of a more costly material : it is a natural conglomerate of a great variety of beautiful marbles, interspersed with fragments

of chalcedony and semi-transparent veins of calx-spar. This beautiful vase is twelve feet in circumference, elegant in form, and highly polished. A little in advance of these splendid vases, are two superb tables. The one nearest the door on the left, is a rare and unique specimen of Labrador felspar, imbedded in a margin of red porphyry. The iridescent colours of the crystals of felspar, beautiful and brilliant as the hues of the humming bird, playing, changing, and flitting about as the light varies, or the spectator moves, have a singularly pleasing and almost magical effect.

The table on the right is of larger dimensions, equally beautiful and far more costly. Part of the material of which it is composed, namely, the four large panels in the middle of the table, were a present to the Duke of Devonshire ; the colour is a delicate pale green, variegated with shades of a darker hue, and they appear to have the hardness, consistency, and polish of a precious stone ; they are said to be the production of the Island of Corsica. These beautiful panels are surrounded by richly ornamental mosaic work, composed of differently coloured marbles, chiefly red, yellow, white, and black, with occasional fragments of lapis lazuli, so disposed as to form a splendid border round the whole. The table altogether contains about ten thousand different pieces, and its estimated value is between three and four thousand pounds. It was manufactured by Mr. Mills, of Ashford, a young man of very superior talent as a workman, and deserving the distinguished patronage with which he has been honoured.

In addition to the works of art already noticed in

this gallery, there are many fine isolated columns of rare and valuable marbles ; some surmounted with ornamental capitals, and others used as pedestals for busts, but they need not be individually mentioned.

The exit from the Sculpture Gallery leading to the Orangery, corresponds in grandeur with the entrance at the contrary end of the room. Two noble columns of Egyptian green marble form this splendid portal ; they are unsurpassed in beauty and material in any part of the kingdom. The dark green columns, resting on golden pedestals, and surmounted with Corinthian capitals worked in fretted and burnished gold, produce an effect splendid almost beyond example.

We now entered (XIII.) the ORANGERY, a noble room, one hundred and eight feet long, well stored with orange trees, of fine growth ; some of which were a part of the collection of the late Empress Josephine. Chinese scent-jars tastefully arranged, choice exotics, and an almost endless variety of shrubs and flowers, too rare and precious to be breathed on by the outdoor atmosphere of Derbyshire, complete the garniture of this brilliant storehouse. The walls of this lofty apartment are dressed stone of most excellent masonry, and of a pleasant tone of colour. A niche on the western side is occupied by a group in statuary marble, a Venus and Cupid at play. Two circular compartments, one on each side the niche, are sculptured in marble, with figures in bas relief, representing Night and Morning, by Thorwaldsen. Agamemnon's herald carrying off Briseis from Achilles, and another scene from Homer, by the same artist, adorn one end of the Orangery ;—the battle of Castor and Pollux with Lyn-

ceus and Idas; and Castor and Pollux carrying away Phœbe and Talaira, by Schadow, are sculptured in marble tablets on the other.

From this apartment visitors generally pass into the Garden down a broad flight of steps, guarded on each side by terra cotta copies of the dogs of Alcibiades, and terminating with two beautiful vases, fine specimens of Swedish porphyry, on polished pedestals of black marble. It is a pity these vases should be thus exposed to the effects of the atmosphere; they ought to be removed into the Sculpture Gallery, and their places occupied by others of inferior value. Vases similar to those in the Duke's Italian gardens on the west front of the house, might be substituted for them.

The north end of the Orangery opens into a spacious lobby, which communicates with the Baths and the Banqueting Hall. The stairs that lead to this noble apartment, which is eighty-one feet long, thirty feet wide, and more than twenty high, seem not to belong to so splendid a room. They are extremely deficient, both in style and capacity. The Banqueting Hall, although in a forward state, is not yet finished. What it is intended to be, may, however, be tolerably well understood. Many pictures, formerly in other parts of the house, now form various panels in the ceiling, amongst which are Sir James Thornhill's large picture of Perseus and Andromeda, and a series of paintings by Louis Charon, which before adorned the walls of the old Library. The spaces between these pictures are to be fitted up with rich and appropriate ornaments. In the middle of this fine apartment there hangs a large and splendid chandelier. The exterior of the rim is

partly composed of stags' heads as large as life, beautifully carved and gilt, each head being surmounted with the natural antlers of the stag, from the forests of Germany. The intermediate parts are filled up with various devices in dead and burnished gold. Private theatricals are intended to constitute a part of the amusements of this extensive apartment, one end of which has been fitted up with commodious boxes, and a convenient gallery. The walls are now covered with pictures, brought from various parts of the house, which are undergoing alterations and repairs. Eastlake's Spartan Isidas, and Reinagle's portrait of Burgoyne, the old gamekeeper, are among the number. This Hall is crowned with an open temple, in the richest style of Corinthian architecture, which commands an uninterrupted view of the scenery of Chatsworth Park, and the woods and hills of the surrounding neighbourhood.

CHAPTER III.

STATE APARTMENTS—DILAPIDATED TAPESTRY—THE SPARTAN ISIDAS
—CARVINGS IN WOOD—LANDSEER'S BOLTON ABBEY IN THE OLDEN
TIME—STATUE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—THE DUKE'S PRIVATE
APARTMENTS—QUEEN OF SCOTS AT CHATSWORTH.

HAVING quitted the regular order prescribed to visitors, it will be here necessary to return and resume the usual routine.

A communication from the Anti-Library leads through the North Gallery to the West Back Stairs, and from thence to the State Room story. One of the first apartments visited is the Armoury Room, which formerly contained Reinagle's fine portrait of Burgoyne, and Sir James Thornhill's large picture of Perseus and Andromeda. The Rape of the Sabines, by the same distinguished artist, makes a part of the furniture of the adjoining apartment, the ceiling of which is a splendid specimen of the talent of Sir James in this now almost exploded species of decoration. The subject is the assembly of the Gods and the deification of Romulus. A series of bed-rooms leads from this part of the house to the State Dressing-Room, which occupies the south-west angle of the building. This room was until very lately partly lined with tapestry representing one-half only of a subject from the cartoons of Raphael, the other half having been used in another apartment. On one side hangs a picture of considerable merit, by Guinara—the flight into Egypt. The ceiling is splendidly painted with the Judgment of Paris, I believe, by Verrio.

The most magnificent portion of the old part of Chatsworth succeeds. This suite of rooms, denominated the State Apartments, contains the principal part of the exquisite carving in wood, which has been noticed by Horace Walpole, as the work of Gibbons. In his opinion, no meaner hand could have produced such masterly performances.—“There is no instance,” he observes, “of a man before Gibbons, who gave to wood the light and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species.” This compliment to the talents of Gibbons, whose works Walpole presumes them to be, is connected with the carvings at Chatsworth. It would, however, appear, from sundry documents, that were in the hands of the late White Watson, of Bakewell, and which seem conclusive on the subject, that these highly-esteemed productions are the workmanship of other hands;—a native of Derbyshire, a Mr. Samuel Watson, of Heanor, was one of the principal artists employed in this department. Be this as it may, these exquisitely beautiful carvings will amply repay an investigation of their various excellencies; their near approximation to nature, is indeed wonderful.

The first of these apartments is (XIV.) the State or SCARLET BED-ROOM, so named from containing the bed in which George the Second died. This bed, with the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, were the perquisites of the fourth Duke of Devonshire, as Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty’s Household. The ceiling of this room is richly painted; the allegory of the Morning Star, embodied in the figure of Aurora chasing away

Night, and dispersing her misty host of attendants, is poetically imagined, and well represented ; a variety of subjects occupy the other compartments, in which the history of Diana is the most prominent.

XV. The STATE MUSIC-ROOM is the next in succession. Amongst the costly furniture of this apartment are two magnificently gilt chairs, in which his present Majesty and Queen Adelaide were crowned. The present Duke of Devonshire being Lord Chamberlain, they devolved to him in right of his office.

There are at present several full length portraits in this room, but only one of very decided excellence, the first Earl of Devonshire in his state robes, which is equal in style and manner to some of the best works of Vandyke. This masterly portrait has been ascribed to Mytens ; Horace Walpole supposes it to be by Paul Vansomer, who often painted his whole length figures as standing on a mat. Mytens preferred the more gaudy colouring of a carpet ; a distinction by which the works of these artists are generally known. Sentence of condemnation has, I understand, been pronounced on the tapestry in these apartments. The whole is to be removed, and the walls covered with a suitable colour, to give effect to pictures. Before these observations issue from the press, it is highly probable that the alteration will have been made. The changes that have recently taken place in the interior of Chatsworth are so many, that no account whatever can long remain correct. One innovation succeeds another, and nothing for any length of time is stationary.

The STATE DRAWING ROOM (XVI). The ceiling is splendidly painted ; the subject, Phæton taking charge

of the Chariot of the Sun ; the accompanying compartments containing different portions of the history. In one he is entreating his father, Apollo, for permission to make the hazardous attempt ; another represents his fall ; and in a third, his sisters are transformed into trees for lamenting the loss of their brother. The walls of this room are hung with tapestry, now much faded ; but the borders still retain a portion of their original freshness, both in ornament and colour. There are, or rather *were*, some good pictures in these apartments ; but latterly they have changed places so frequently, that it is uncertain where next they may be found. It would, however, be doing injustice to the Royal Academician, Eastlake, to pass without comment his splendid picture of the Spartan Isidas, which has recently been removed from this Room to the Banqueting Hall. The Theban soldiery having entered Sparta for hostile purposes, Isidas, an intrepid youth, who was bathing, being informed of their approach, seized a sword and spear, and rushed naked amongst the enemy, who, paralyzed at his appearance, fell almost unresistingly before him. He freed the city of the invaders, and a crown of honour was awarded him for his valour. This incident in Grecian history is the subject of Eastlake's picture, which is full of energy and expression. Isidas is a noble figure ; he seems to move fearlessly and irresistibly along, dealing death and destruction on every side. This is a masterly composition ; the story is well told ; the drawing is good ; and in colouring, it may vie with some of the best specimens of the Venetian school.

The STATE DINING ROOM (XVII.) is a capacious and noble apartment of fifty feet by thirty. The ceil-

ing is richly ornamented with a series of allegorical paintings, which may be regarded as some of the best productions of Verrio's pencil. The whole of this suite of rooms is richly adorned with various carvings in wood; but it is in this apartment that the art appears to have been carried to the utmost state of perfection of which it is capable. Fish and fowl are alike represented with equal fidelity to nature. The groups of birds entangled in the fowler's net—the grouse, the pheasant, the partridge, the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the linnet, and the lark, are all most exquisite and accurate portraits of natural objects. Gibbons may, perhaps, have been the designer of these elaborate productions, but that they were chiefly executed by a native of Derbyshire is scarcely disputable, unless Mr. W. Watson's papers are fabrications, which they certainly appear not to be. When I was last in this apartment, a new picture of Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time, by Landseer, had just arrived, and was placed in a very advantageous light on a painter's easel. The day was clear, and we saw it in all its glory; broad and powerful in general effect, and beautifully intelligible in all its minor details. The scene, which is laid in the Entrance Hall, represents a present for the Abbot's table, and the conception and execution shew the mind and hand of a master. The Abbot is a dignified burly figure, a fit representative of ease, authority, and good living. The Morocco-backed Bible, with gilt edges, under his arm—the rings on his fingers—the attendant Monk at his elbow, with a bottle and a wine glass on a salver, all bespeak the consequence of the Lord Abbot, as he advances to receive his tribute of fish, fowl, game, and venison. The whole

is finely depicted—it is character in every part. The game, the fish, the domestic fowls, and the fat buck, are all exquisitely painted. The girl, with the present of trout, on the right hand of the picture, and the keeper, with his dogs, on the left, are admirable delineations—so indeed is every object in the composition. This picture is altogether one of the finest productions of Landseer's pencil. It is really a treasure, and the Duke of Devonshire has done credit to his taste in art, and honour to the artist by the purchase. When I last visited Chatsworth, an artist, one of the Lewis's, from London, was engraving this picture for publication.

Returning from the State Apartments down the South Staircase, we repassed the Gallery of Drawings, and proceeded to the Duke's private rooms on the basement story. In the Hall, which is the entrance from the West Front, and the first apartment we arrived at, there *was** a statue of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott, a delicate and beautiful work of art, sculptured in Maltese stone, apparently a fine-grained limestone, not much unlike the stone of Roche Abbey, and of a pleasant tone of colour to the eye. This figure, it should be recollected, has not the advantage of being worked in statuary marble, which, when carved, is distinguished by a semi-transparency that renders it decidedly superior to every other; yet, wanting this advantage, the statue of Mary Queen of Scots is an extremely fine production. Modern sculptors may exult in the use of Carrara marble: the works of Canova are far more beautiful, when executed in this material, than they would have been in any other. The Parian marble, so

* This statue has been lately removed to Hardwick Hall.

generally used by the ancients, is comparatively dull and opaque ; and when grace and delicacy is required, the beauty and quality of the material are not unimportant considerations. A *Venus de Medicis*, or a *Hebe*, in bronze metal, placed in *juxta-position* with the same figures in the marble of Carrara, would be no bad illustration of the correctness of the preceding remarks. Westmacott's statue of *Mary* is as beautiful as stone would admit of; but the grace, the expression of the whole figure, even if every touch of the sculptor's chisel had been the same, would have been far more effective in *statuary marble*.

From the West Entrance Hall, a small apartment used as a private library, and stored with a series of engravings from the works of *Canova*, leads to the Duke's Sitting Room, which contains some excellent portraits of his most intimate friends ; also a whole-length figure of the Duke, by *Hayter*, and a very clever cabinet picture by *Newton*, the subject from *Gil Blas*. This apartment, when we last saw it, was likewise enriched with several fine tables, composed of various specimens of Derbyshire and foreign marbles, and one composed entirely of polished *Malachite*, a present to the Duke from the late Emperor of Russia.

The Duke's Breakfast Room, the next in order, terminates the series. It is well furnished with books, and adorned with several good pictures. The portrait of *Canova*, by *Lawrence*, is a masterly production ; painted with all the freedom, grace, and charm, peculiar to the pencil of this distinguished artist. From this room we returned into the Quadrangular Court, and from thence into the Gardens.

In passing through Chatsworth, several rooms are pointed out, which it is said were appropriated to the use of the Queen of Scots, on her occasional visits there, during the time she was in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. This account, it may be presumed, is not correct, the house having been almost entirely rebuilt since that time. Some of the original furniture, however, still remains; and it is not improbable that these rooms occupy the site of those really appropriated to the use of the unfortunate Mary. Her first removal here was from South Wingfield Manor, in 1570; one of her letters to Pope Pius is dated Chatsworth, in the autumn of the same year, Oct. 31st. Sheffield Manor Castle may, however, be regarded as her permanent abiding place, which she was never allowed to leave, without the express permission of Elizabeth; nor was the Earl of Shrewsbury, her gaoler, scarcely less a prisoner than herself, as he was not allowed to remove from his Sheffield residence to any other house or place whatever, unaccompanied by the Queen of Scots. On one occasion, when his own affairs required that he should visit Chatsworth, he requested permission to do so, and to take the Queen with him; this was refused by Elizabeth, because, as she said, "the Earl's daughter, the wife of Lord Talbot, was so nearly lying in bed,"—adding, that "she would not suffer any of his children to be where this Quene is."

The letters from Elizabeth's Prime Minister, Burleigh, to the Earl of Shrewsbury, shew with what care and jealousy Mary was watched, and how ill at ease the Queen was at the bare apprehension of her escape. In one of his early letters to the Earl, written when he was

Sir William Cecil, he says, “the Q’s Ma—ty is pleased
yt your L. shall, when you see tymes mete, suffer ye
Quene to take ye ayre about your howss on horsebacke,
so your L. be in company; and not to pass from your
howss above one or twoo myle, except it be on ye
moores.” He subsequently writes that he thought
Chatsworth “a very mete howss for good preservation
of his charge, having no toure of resort, wher any am-
bushes might lye.” Besides her first visit to Chatsworth
in 1570, Mary accompanied the Earl of Shrewsbury
there in the years 1573, 1577, 1578, and in 1581.

Near the Bridge, that crosses the Derwent, is a small
garden fenced with high walls, and surrounded with a
deep moat, which still retains the name of Queen Mary’s
Bower. Here she is said to have spent much of her
time, when permitted to leave her apartments; but her
days were generally passed in total seclusion. One of
her attendants, when detailing the Queen’s usual avoca-
tions, says, “all day she wrought with her nydill, and
the diversity of the colours made the work seem less
tedious, and contynued so long at it, till very pyne
made her to give over.” From the preceding extracts,
it may fairly be conjectured that the Earl of Shrews-
bury, once proprietor of Chatsworth, was placed in but
an uncomfortable situation. His wife and his queen,
two of the most arbitrary and self-willed women that
ever existed, must have rendered his life one continued
scene of anxiety and suffering.

CHAPTER IV.

CHANTREY'S COPY OF CANOVA'S ENDYMION—THE CONSERVATORY—
THE GARDENS—WATERWORKS—INTENDED NEW CONSERVATORY
—CHATSWORTH PARK—BASLOW—CHATSWORTH INN.

ON the Lawn directly opposite the South Front of Chatsworth, a copy of Canova's Endymion, by Sir Francis Chantrey, has recently been placed. It is a finely executed work, and its fidelity to the splendid original of the Italian sculptor, together with the durability of the material of which it is composed, render it an almost invaluable production. From this place we passed along the East Front near to the Orangery, and from thence into the Conservatory, or Greenhouse, a neat, but humble structure, when considered in connection with modern Chatsworth. It, however, contains a number of very choice exotics, which are kept in the nicest order under the superintendence of that clever horticultural gardener, Mr. J. Paxton. The pitcher plant—the finest specimen in the kingdom of this curious and interesting production—is peculiarly worth attention. In the front of the Conservatory, there is a neatly laid out Flower Garden, but on a scale by no means commensurate with the magnificence of the **PALACE OF THE PEAK**. From this floral temple we proceeded to the remaining part of

THE GARDENS—a term which here includes the range of smooth-shaven lawns, shrubberies, fountains, and plantations, extending from the house southward, and along the hills to the east. These constitute a series of delightful walks amidst flowers and fragrance, shade and

sunshine. Here the Waterworks, one of the distinguishing features of Chatsworth, are situated : they are supplied from a reservoir at the summit of the high hill which forms the eastern boundary of the noble domain of Chatsworth. On the side of this hill is a temple, which, when the waterworks are not in play, is a good architectural object from various parts of the grounds. It is ornamented with columns, pilasters, and figures bearing aquatic urns, and is surmounted with a dome. When this building is made to serve the purpose of a fountain, which it frequently is, the water rushes impetuously from every part of it ; streams issue from the dome above, and from the ground beneath, from the right and the left ; and from the columns and urns of the various figures, until the whole temple is covered with spray and foam, and its identity is lost amidst the commingling play and busy turmoil of the sparkling waters. From this place the stream descends a long-continued slope of steps, that break it into foam and glitter, and render it a beautiful and refreshing object to the eye. In another part of the garden, some water-pipes, so constructed as to resemble a willow tree, play many an unlucky trick to visitors, whose curiosity may induce them to approach within the reach of its branches. About one hundred yards south of the willow tree, a Conservatory is now erecting, which is intended to be one of the most magnificent structures of the kind in the kingdom. Its dimensions are to be on a scale of unparalleled magnitude—the length 324 feet, and the width upwards of 170. The north and south divisions of this structure are to be 52 feet high ; and the central or dome compartment, 76 feet. The dome, round

which a gallery is to be carried, will be sustained by a circular range of light and elegant columns. All the floral and choice productions in this splendid place will be planted in their proper soil in open borders, and from one extremity to the other there will be a spacious drive for carriages. Nearer the South Front of the House, a *jet d'eau* throws up a column of water to the height of ninety feet.

Chatsworth Park is belted nearly all around with hills of a greater or lesser elevation: eastward they are abrupt and precipitous—from the west they slope down to a narrow plain that lies between, not with a regular expansive sweep, but with numerous inequalities and undulations that vary and beautify the scene. The whole is plentifully studded with groups and herds of deer—“poor dappled fools,” the “native burghers” of the forest—but here, the appendages of gayer and more domestic scenes. These groups of deer seem to be as essential to the beauty of park scenery as oaks and elms, limes, ash, and sycamore; they constitute an interesting part of the picture.

On the summit of the eastern hill, about half a mile from the House, is a Hunting Tower, a building seen at the distance of many miles, and on which, when the Duke is at Chatsworth, a flag is hoisted, to announce the presence of the noble owner. It is environed with thick and lofty trees, and is said to have been erected as a station from whence the lady visitors at Chatsworth might enjoy the pleasure of witnessing a stag hunt, without danger or fatigue. It is a good object in the Park, particularly when the Duke’s flag is waving on its “outward walls.”

In Chatsworth Park, at Edensor, and at Baslow, many delightful hours may be spent. The Bowling Green, at the Peacock Inn at Baslow, commands a fine view of the place ;—the wood-crowned hills on the east of the house, the beautiful slopes and swelling eminences on the west, and the opening to the south between, present a combination of forms and objects so replete with all that constitutes beauty in landscape scenery, as scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the kingdom. I have sat for hours on this Bowling Green on a summer's day—a day of cloud and sunshine, when the air “breathed wooingly,” and the senses were wrapped in a temporary elysium, contemplating this exquisite scene. Sometimes, for a few moments only, when the sun was veiled by a passing cloud, the whole was involved in shadow, and one general tone of sober colouring spread itself over every object before me ; a bright sun-gleam succeeded the transient gloom ; Chatsworth emerged again into splendour, and the sparkling of the fountain at the South Front of the House, seemed like a brilliant exhalation playing above the building. There is another good house for travellers at Baslow—the Wheat Sheaf Inn, at the entrance into the village from Sheffield, where excellent entertainment may be had at but little cost ; and at the little village of Edensor, at the western verge of the Park, is Chatsworth Inn, a house of superior accommodation, where strangers, who visit Chatsworth, will find good rooms, an attentive host and hostess, and excellent viands at a reasonable rate. This is the only Posting House within four miles of Chatsworth.

Chatsworth Park is sometimes the scene of great

festivities. The meeting of the Peak Archery Society, which has occasionally been held there, is a brilliant and exhilarating fete; I once witnessed it, and would willingly at any time make a pedestrian excursion across the moors of Derbyshire to enjoy the scene again; a brilliant day, delightful music, gay company, and the exertions of the various candidates to obtain the prizes, all combined to produce one of the most animating pictures I ever beheld. It was July, the lime trees were in full blossom, the air was redolent with their fragrance, and every being in the Park, from the Duke of Devonshire to the humblest individual, seemed full of enjoyment. I love to see my fellow-creatures happy, and never have I witnessed a scene where so much of happiness apparently predominated.

Some vestiges of a custom which once prevailed in this part of Derbyshire, still exist at Chatsworth; it is denominated Kit-dressing, and is one of those relics of "olden times" which few would not wish to see preserved. It is an annual festival, and on this occasion, the milk-maids of Chatsworth and the neighbourhood vie with each other in decorating their milk-pails with every ornament they can procure; this custom was discontinued about ten or twelve years ago, but has lately been revived with considerable éclat. It is a gay and pleasing sight; the milk-maids are dressed in their holiday attire, and their pails are more or less gaily adorned, as the taste or fancy of their owners may suggest; flowers form the principal ornaments, and these are intermixed with necklaces, rings, chains, watches, &c., and all the gayest and most costly arti-

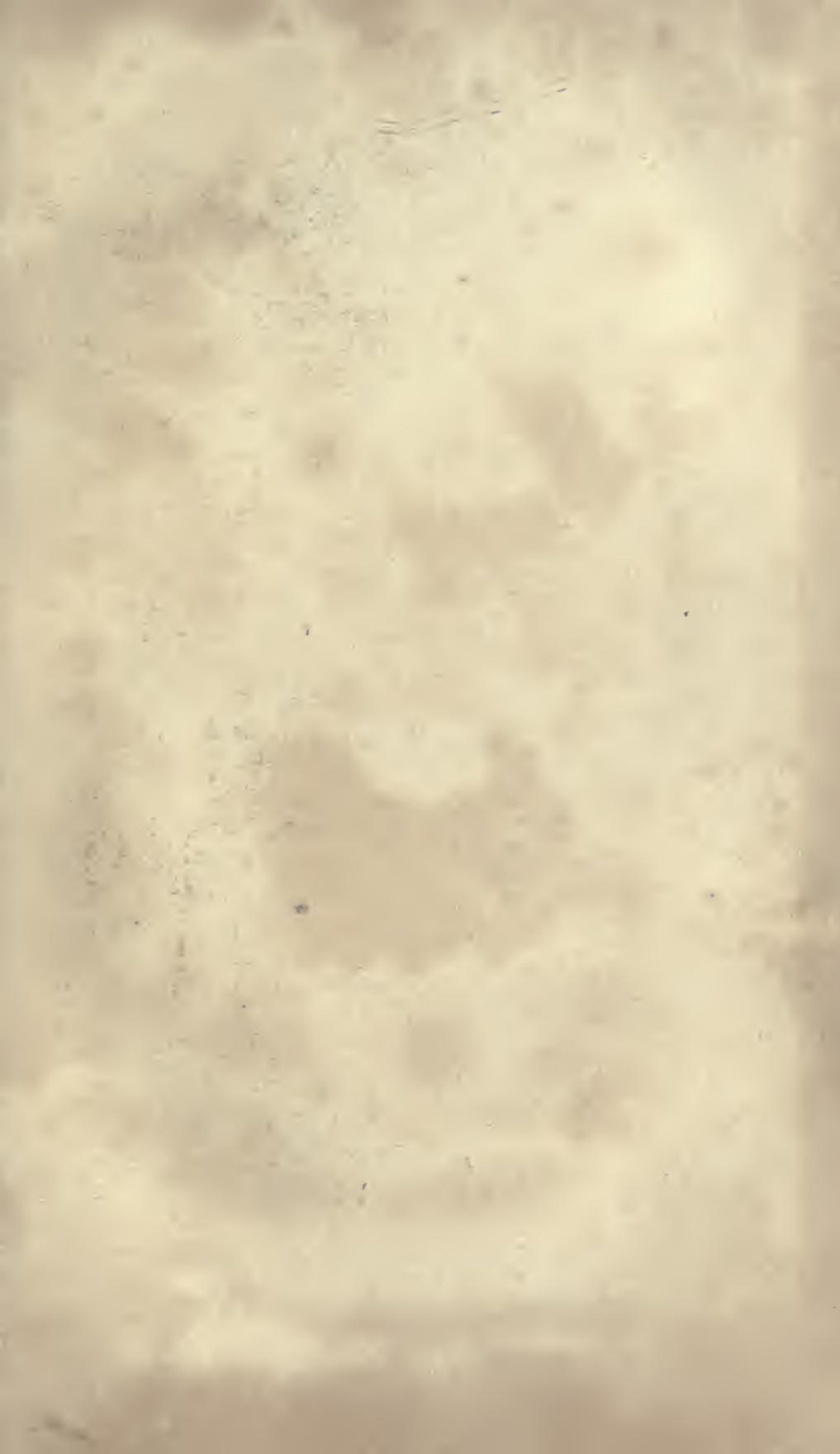
cles that can be procured. The favourite amongst the village belles may be easily distinguished; nearly the whole portable wealth of the place is lavished upon her; the youth of the neighbourhood furnish her liberally with ribbons and laces, and her friends ransack their little hoards for the adornment of her person.—Many a blooming girl whose beauty would have graced a ball room, have I seen mingled with the throng, and with motions as buoyant and sylph-like as those of a Vestris; with hearts as full of gaiety, and eyes as full of laughter, bounding like young does along the turf.—Music, processions, and dancing on the smooth green sward, make up the enjoyment of the day. Chatsworth Park is the principal scene of this festivity, and the Duke and his guests occasionally honour this rural ceremony with their presence—perhaps not altogether free from a feeling of regret that “titles, like circles drawn by the magician’s wand, circumscribe the sphere of man’s felicity.”



THE
DERBYSHIRE TOURIST'S GUIDE,
AND
TRAVELLING COMPANION.

SECTION III.

HADDON HALL—BAKEWELL—ASHFORD—MONSAL DALE
—MIDDLETON DALE—AND EYAM.





Sir F. Chantrey

W. Orme Litho Chester

HADDON HALL.

Published by E. Rhodes Sheffield as the Act requires.

HADDON HALL.

EIGHT MILES FROM MATLOCK.

CHAPTER I.

HADDON HALL—MR. MOSELEY'S VIEWS OF HADDON—INTERIOR OF HADDON—NORTHERN TOWER.

Two miles from Bakewell, on the road to Matlock, is Haddon Hall, an old baronial mansion, once the residence of the distinguished family of the Vernons, and now the property of the Duke of Rutland. It is seated on a rocky knoll, by the side of a busy sparkling stream, amidst a mass of luxuriant wood. The towers, and turrets, and embattled parapets, venerable with years, and rising majestically from amongst the rich foliage with which they are surrounded, form altogether a picture, which none but the veriest earthworm that ever wore the form of man could look on with indifference.

This ancient edifice has evidently been erected at different and remote periods of time. The northern tower, which surmounts the gateway that once formed the principal entrance into Haddon, is said by Gilpin to have had its origin anterior to the Conquest; and he intimates that although never formidable as a place

the latter place : it is a faithful delineation, but perhaps less interesting than might have been had from other points of view. Immediately on passing the two-mile stone from Bakewell, a view of the east front is obtained. This is by far the finest part of the building, and the foliage around is peculiarly rich and beautiful. From this situation part of the foreground is occupied by a small sheet of water, in which, when clear and unruffled, the towers of Haddon, as they appear in distance across the meadows, and the fine foliage in which they are embosomed, are vividly reflected. Reinagle, Allom, and other artists of equal repute, have sketched Haddon from this point of view, and they have given to it an every-day reality, without investing it with a higher feeling. Turner, with such materials, would produce a picture of a far more elevated character. The water in the foreground, managed by him, would assume unusual consequence in the composition, in which the whole scene beyond would richly participate. His pencil would give to the whole the charm of a poetic creation, and at the same time preserve the identity of all the parts. A few hundred yards farther, the foreground is still finer : a deep hollow on the bank side, from which limestone has been quarried, forms a capacious basin on the left ; in the midst of this hollow, which is filled with water, a limestone rock, perforated in the form of an arch, rises like a little island out of the surrounding pool. A picturesque ash tree, and some lighter foliage that flourishes around it, crest the summit. An object so comparatively diminutive is but a fragment in landscape, but situated as it is here, in the foreground of the picture, and connected with the view of Haddon Hall beyond,

it becomes an important and picturesque appendage. Taken alone, an isolated bit, and engraved as a vignette, a more beautiful subject could hardly be found.

After a pleasant ramble about Haddon, we crossed the meadows to the cottage at the foot of the hill, near the bridge, where we took the usual guide, a garrulous old man, full of anecdote and information, who accompanied us through all the intricacies of the mansion. Through a low door, which compelled us to stoop in entering, we passed into the lower court, a chilling place, which has altogether an extremely desolate appearance. Every object here, intimates the mutability of human grandeur. A view of the interior of this court has lately been published by Moseley and Rayner ;—it is one of a series of graphic illustrations of Haddon. In this view the court is correctly given, but the artist, although a correct draughtsman, has not made the best use of his subject. Another engraving of it from Allom, published in Fisher's Picturesque Illustrations of Derbyshire, is of a different character. His drawing is a moonlight scene, and, with a fine imaginative feeling, he seduces the mind from the present deserted state of the court, and carries it back to the palmy days of Haddon. Dr. Johnson, in his Tour to the Hebrides, observes, that “to abstract the mind from all local emotions would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever,” he adds, “withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominant over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings ;” and the artist in this little but interesting picture has accomplished this desirable

purpose. At the top of the steps that lead into the court, he has placed an armed sentinel to guard the entrance: on the opposite side, the old porter with his huge keys occupies his accustomed station. The state rooms are lighted up, and evidently filled with guests; and the figures in the open part of the court, habited in the costume of the time, all contribute to enforce the same general feeling.

We now entered a gloomy apartment, where visitors are shewn a pair of huge old jack boots, a leathern doublet, a pair of antique spurs, an ill-fashioned musket, and sundry other articles of wearing apparel and furniture that have long been useless. The next place in succession is the Chapel, a sadly neglected spot, but which still retains a portion of its ancient finery: the stained glass windows have not entirely lost the freshness of their colouring, and gilded mouldings may still be traced amongst the ornamental wood work of the pulpit and the adjoining pews. In the principal window, the date of the erection of this Chapel is recorded “MILESSIMO CCCCXXVII,” but the age of the building cannot be satisfactorily determined by such data.

We were next ushered through the arched gateway that leads from the lower to the upper Court, and from thence to the Great Hall. This apartment, which is lofty but not extensive, is strikingly illustrative of a part at least, of the domestic arrangements that once prevailed in the mansions of the great. A platform, once distinguished by a dais, and raised eight or ten inches above the general level of the floor, still extends over about one fourth of the room. This indispensable feature of consequence in ancient halls, has not, even

now, been entirely exploded. In our great seminaries of learning, this vestige of the manners of our forefathers is yet retained. Here the hospitable table was spread, at which the lord of the mansion presided at the head of his guests. The upper part of two sides of this hall is occupied by a gallery, liberally ornamented with the huge antlers of stags, which, after affording sport during the day, contributed to furnish the table with good fat haunches. From this gallery the bards and minstrels of Haddon chaunted forth their songs of other days, whilst the wine-cup circulated round the hospitable board.

On the right of the entrance into this ancient hall there is an immense fire place, large enough to roast an unjointed ox, had such a thing been wanted; and a number of old portraits, greatly injured by time, are hung amongst the other trophies that adorn the walls. The hall of Cedric, in Sir Walter Scott's fine romance of *Ivanhoe*, may here find a transcript.

From the Hall an ill-constructed flight of stairs leads to the upper apartments, in which some faded remains of their ancient grandeur may still be found; particularly in the State Drawing Room, but the windows are so diminutive that even this is gloomy. The walls are covered with dark oak wainscot, in small pannels, and loose hanging arras; so contrived as to cover the doors and "keep the wind away." Such a contrivance was here a necessary of the first importance, for the doors are so uncouthly made and ill-fitted as neither to exclude wind nor weather. Of bungling joinery and bad carpentry, Haddon Hall furnishes some of the worst examples that can any where be met with. The apart-

ments that succeed are all fitted up in the same style. The tapestry is sadly faded, and many of the subjects are nearly effaced. One which still remains is singular and curious; it represents a boar hunt: the boar is defending himself with his natural ferocity, against his enemies; but the singularity of the subject consists in the bodies of the dogs being covered with an apparently impenetrable doublet, closely laced on, and ornamented with metallic studs, in imitation of armour: an evidence that such a practice once existed, but of which I never met with any other trace or record. Strutt's Work on British Sports furnishes no information on the subject.

Returning from these apartments we entered the Long Gallery, which is one hundred and ten feet by seventeen, exclusive of the bays, which are wide and deep. It is well lighted by large Elizabethan windows, in some of which the crests of the two families are tolerably well executed in stained glass. This immense room is wainscotted throughout, and ornamented with pilasters and intervening pannels; the frieze course by which they are surmounted being liberally adorned with the boar's head and peacock, the respective crests of the Vernons and the Rutlands. On the left, near the farther end of the Gallery, a door opens into one of the principal State Bed Rooms, in which there are several old pictures of but little value. Over the fireplace there is a large *basso relievo* composition in plaster; the subject is Orpheus charming the beasts of the forest, and taming them with the strains of his music. A humbler imitation of any thing either in art or nature has but rarely been attempted. The

State Bed retained in this apartment, although much faded, has not yet lost all its original grandeur. The hangings are a dark coloured rich velvet, ornamented with silk embroidery, the style of which may yet be traced. A narrow passage from this room communicates with a flight of rugged stone steps that leads to the top of the great Northern Tower, one of the earliest parts, indisputably, of this old baronial mansion. To this elevation we clambered for the purpose of obtaining a more extended view of the delightful vale of Haddon, and the rich sylvan scenery by which it is surrounded. From this high station the scene around is essentially the same that we had looked on from below, yet some objects entirely new were included in our more comprehensive horizon, and others beheld under so novel an aspect as to be greatly changed in appearance, if not in character. Here the eye ranges uninterruptedly over the whole vale, from the neighbourhood of Rowsley, Beeley, and Chatsworth, in one direction, to the hills around and beyond Bakewell in the other. A continuity of wood covers all the eminencies on one side of the river Wye. Stanton Hall on the opposite hill, and the mass of dark foliage near; the close woody dell through which the clear stream of the Lathkill winds its way, together with the fields and foliage from hence to Bakewell, which is seen in mid-distance, present a varied succession of rich and beautiful scenery, extremely pleasing, even where the tamest, but generally of the most picturesque and highest order of English landscape.

The river Wye, when seen from the top of Haddon, is an animating and cheerful object. A more brilliant

or busy stream is but rarely seen, and its extremely sinuous course renders it a delightful feature in the dale. From Bakewell to Rowsley, by the usual carriage-road, the distance is three miles only ; pursuing the river's brink through all its windings, it is more than nine. The frequent occurrence of shallows and waterfalls during its progress is a source of great beauty. The stream is everywhere lively and full of motion, and when an interruption of this kind interferes with its free course, it forces an impetuous passage over it, and foams and sparkles with increased activity and a brighter motion.

Descending from the tower, we retraced our steps through the gallery, the great hall, and the two courts, into the meadows that environ Haddon.

BAKEWELL.

153 MILES FROM LONDON.

CHAPTER II.

BAKEWELL—THE CHURCH—CROSS IN THE CHURCH YARD—
RUTLAND ARMS INN—MARBLE MILLS—CASTLE HILL.

THIS small Market Town, ten miles from Matlock, and twelve from Buxton, is pleasantly situated in a deep valley, by the side of the river Wye, one of the most brilliant and beautiful streams in the County of Derby. About twenty years ago, most of the houses in this place were old, irregular stone buildings, without either neatness or convenience, but the Duke of Rutland, to whom nearly the whole of it belongs, has, by a series of progressive improvements and more modern erections, given to Bakewell a new and more respectable appearance. As an object in landscape, however, it has lost a considerable portion of one of its most imposing features. The Parish Church was a fine old structure, and so advantageously situated on the slope of a steep hill in the upper part of the Town, as to give, in pictorial effect, a marked consequence to the place. The body of the Church, the only part that now remains, is in the form of a cross, with a nave, two side aisles, a north and south transept, and a spacious chancel ; and, until within the last eight or ten years, it had a singularly fine octagonal

tower, which was surmounted by a lofty, well-proportioned spire: but these parts of the building having been pronounced unsafe, they have been taken down, and a defaced and sadly mutilated edifice alone remains.

At the west end of the Church there is an ornamental Saxon arch, apparently of an older date than the structure of which it forms a part; and within, near the same entrance, is a stone font, of great antiquity; the form is octagonal, and it is divided into different compartments, the whole of which are sculptured with figures rudely carved, and now nearly obliterated.

In one of the transepts, there are several alabaster monuments, with full-length figures as large as life; originally they were painted and gilt, according to the fashion of the times, and, although but indifferent as works of art, they must have had once a very splendid effect. In another part of the transept, is a monument erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Wenesley, who received his death-wound at the battle of Shrewsbury; a battle which Shakspeare has rendered memorable by the bravery of young Harry, the madcap son of Henry the IV.; and the humourous cowardice of Falstaff. The recumbent figure on this monument, and the drapery with which it is invested, is happily imagined and well executed.

Near the east end of the Church stands an ancient stone cross, conjectured to be about eight hundred years old. The ornaments and devices, sculptured on the four sides of this memorial, are, in many places, so worn and defaced that they cannot be defined. Bray, in his "Sketch of a Tour into Derbyshire," has given three rudely executed etchings of this cross. It has, since then, been correctly and beautifully drawn by Sir Fran-

cis Chantrey, R.A., the celebrated sculptor, and clearly and brilliantly engraved by J. Le Keux,* whose name is a warranty for excellence in all architectural subjects. Bray is not an imaginative and entertaining tourist, but he was fond of antiquarian researches, and yet the origin and history of this cross appear not to have engaged his attention. The ancient cross in Eyam Church-yard is very similar both in style and workmanship, but it is richer in carving and superior in form.

The Cross, although now so much reverenced as a sacred symbol, was once regarded with horror and detestation. It was used as an instrument of the most disgraceful and degrading punishment, and only the vilest of criminals were subjected to its infamy. CONSTANTINE first abolished this use of it amongst the Romans: he rescued it from an appropriation to purposes which had made it abhorred, and the Cross became an object of reverence and love. It was carved on his military standards, emblazoned on his banners, and he esteemed it as the noblest ornament of his diadem. His veneration for this sacred symbol is said to have had a miraculous origin. He is himself the historian of the strange appearance by which his conversion was effected, and he sanctions the truth of his narrative with the solemnity of an oath. About mid-day, he saw in the heavens a luminous representation of the Cross, placed above the sun, and accompanied by an inscription—**BY THIS CONQUER!**—a legend which held out the promise of victory to Constantine. That this was a mere fiction,—a political device, can scarcely be

* See "Peak Scenery," part ii., page 73.

doubted; at this time, however, it was that the figure of the Cross became an object of the religious veneration in which it has ever since been held by Christians.

In Bakewell Church-yard, some epitaphs may be found not unworthy the portfolio of the tourist. Some are serious lessons of mortality; some are of a mixed character; and others are so ludicrous as to excite a smile, yet but very few have either sufficient poetic merit or whimsicality enough to preserve them from that oblivion in which most human productions must, sooner or later, be involved. The following stanzas may be estimated as amongst the best which this Church-yard affords: they are inscribed on a humble stone near the old Cross, and, if I mistake not, are the production of Mr. Charles Wesley, a brother of the great founder of the Methodists:—

“ Beneath this stone an infant lies,
To earth whose body, lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

“ When the Archangel’s trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join;
Thousands shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.”

On a black marble tablet, inserted in a grave-stone, near the east end of the Church, is the following inscription to the memory of a child, aged two years and eight months. As a specimen of country church-yard poetry, it has a claim to more than common consideration:—

“ Reader! beneath this marble lies
The sacred dust of Innocence,
Two years he blest his parents’ eyes;
The third an angel took him hence.

The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,
Complaisance sweet, and manners mild,
And all that pleases in the young,
Were all united in this child.
Wouldst thou his happier state explore?
To thee the bliss is freely given:
Go, gentle reader! sin no more,
And thou shalt see this flower in heaven."

I suspect this epitaph to be from the pen of poor Cunningham, the Curate of Eyam. In style and feeling it bears the impress of his genius.

Bakewell is a very ancient town, and yet but few traces now remain to indicate its former consequence. According to Gibson, Turner, and others, it was particularly distinguished in the time of the Saxons, by Edward the Elder, who is said to have hemmed it round with fortifications, and made it one of his strong places of defence. A fortified town, at that early period, does not necessarily imply what we now understand by the term; and Bakewell, I apprehend, was only one of the many military stations established by Edward and his heroic sister, for the defence of the Mercian frontier, from Chester to Northumbria.

The River Wye is one of the great attractions of this place: it is plentifully stocked with trout and grayling, and, during the summer months, many people resort to this pleasant Town to enjoy the pleasures of angling. The Rutland Arms is a noble inn, and, in every respect, admirably calculated to furnish superior accommodations to travellers. It was built by the Duke of Rutland, the Lord of the Manor; and those who make it their temporary abode have the privilege of angling in the river; and, when fatigued with the sport of the day, it is one of

the most comfortable houses of entertainment in the County of Derby to retire to, where they may confidently anticipate the best of viands and the choicest wines. The Rutland Arms, under the excellent management of the present hostess, Mrs. Greaves, is richly entitled to the liberal patronage and support that it so generally receives.

Nearly opposite to this inn are the Bath Gardens, a delightful promenade for Bakewell visitors; and attached to them are a capacious Bath and News-room, which, from their first establishment until after the summer of 1835, were under the management and superintendence of the late White Watson, F.L.S. The temperature of the water of this Bath is 60 degrees of Fahrenheit; and, according to Mr. C. Sylvester's analysis, ten wine-quarts contain,—Sulphate of Lime, .75; Sulphate of Magnesia, .22; Muriate of Magnesia, 1.6; Super-carbonate of Lime, .20; and Super-carbonate of Iron, 3.1. Since this Bath was first opened to the public, two shower-baths of different powers, and a pump, have been added; the luxury of cold-water bathing may, therefore, be enjoyed at Bakewell in various ways, and at very moderate charges.

Scattered about the Town, and close upon it, there are several good mansions, nearly the whole of which (particularly Holme Hall) are environed with trees of stately growth. From the North entrance into Bakewell, to the Cotton Mill on the Buxton road, the valley is peculiarly rich with foliage; all the immediate country is well wooded, picturesque, and beautiful. Situated, indeed, as Bakewell is, nearly midway between Matlock and Buxton,—on a line of road which is by far the best and pleasantest communication between Manchester and

London, and offering so many inducements and attractions, it can hardly fail to become a place of more general resort than it has hitherto been.

On the left of the bridge that enters Bakewell from the North, are some extensive Marble Mills, now occupied by Mr. Lomas. At these works, a great variety of Derbyshire and foreign marbles are sawn and polished, and manufactured into tables, chimney-pieces, and other articles of ornamental furniture. Mr. Lomas is a superior workman, and his designs are invariably distinguished by good taste, elegance, and utility. His black, rosewood, and *entrochi* marble chimney-pieces, whether plain or ornamented, are most beautiful in workmanship and finish, and may be always had at very reasonable prices. Travellers, paying a visit to this manufactory, may become acquainted with an interesting process, and, without materially interfering with their time, increase their store of useful information.

Bakewell, in nearly every direction, is approached by excellent roads, carried through the adjacent vallies. Along these roads the Derbyshire Tourist generally travels; but it is not by keeping to the highways that such a country can ever be fully appreciated. A man may travel from Buxton to Bakewell, from Bakewell to Matlock, and from thence to Belper, Duffield, and Derby—a distance of nearly forty miles, through some of the finest scenery in the County—and yet remain but very imperfectly acquainted with the many beauties it contains. No! the dales must be explored through their various windings, and the hills scaled to their highest points of elevation, if Derbyshire is to be thoroughly appreciated.

Directly opposite to Bakewell, rises a steep and lofty eminence called Bow-cross, which is covered with dark foliage from the base to the summit, a part of which is dignified by the name of the Castle Hill. On this high point of ground, a castle is said to have been built as early as the year 924, by Edward the Elder. It is represented to have been originally of great extent, and very formidable as a defensive position, but Time, the destroyer of all things, has crumbled it into dust, and no documentary evidence respecting it now exists. The indications of an entrenched fortress may, however, still be traced on the hill-top, and the names of some of the pastures there seem to support the tradition: one is called *Castle-field*, another *Warden-field*, and a third *Court-yard*.

The summit of this hill cannot be reached without considerable fatigue; the ascent is, therefore, not often attempted. Those of my Sheffield friends who visit Chatsworth, and who are not averse to a ramble, I should recommend to send their carriage or carriages round from Edensor to Bakewell, and then take the narrow road on the right of Edensor Church. A walk of a mile and a half leads to the highest point of Bow-cross, and commands, by the way, some fine retrospective views of Chatsworth, and of the magnificent woods and hills by which it is surrounded.

The thick foliage that now covers the sides of Bow-cross, may, perhaps, somewhat interfere with the view westward, but the great variety of beautiful scenery this lofty station commands, will more than compensate for the toil of the ascent, whether the eminence be attained from Bakewell or Chatsworth. The time of the day,

for viewing a prospect of this description, is not an unimportant consideration. An hour or two before sunset, on a fine summer's day, is perhaps the best. The light is then less generally diffused over the landscape; the shadows become deeper and broader; and the hills, in all their variety of form and outline, become more distinctly defined, and yet so softened and blended by the mellowing tints of distance, as to produce a perfectly harmonious composition. Chatsworth, Haddon, Stanton, Darley Dale, and all their rich vicinities, are comprehended in the view from the summit of Castle Hill; and, looking towards the west, from the foreground near Bakewell to the farthest point of distance, a multitude of hills, of various elevations, fill up the whole horizon, and give a character of grandeur to the scene. The splendid view from Stonnis, near Matlock, is scarcely more imposing.

In closing this account of Bakewell, it may not, perhaps, be deemed uninteresting to notice, *en passant*, that the Rev. F. Hodgson, the present Vicar,* was one of the earliest and most esteemed friends of the late Lord Byron. His Lordship's letters, from Greece and Portugal, to his reverend young friend, are evidences of a sincere and confiding spirit. They were brother bards, and they appear each to have had an exalted opinion of the genius and talent of the other. Shortly after Lord Byron's return from his first visit to Greece, Mr. Hodgson began to think of a domestic establishment of his own; on this occasion, his Lordship (unsolicited, and

* Since this account was written, this gentleman has been removed to a higher situation in the Church, a circumstance at which Lord Byron, had he been living now, would have sincerely rejoiced.

as secretly as possible) sent him a present of one thousand pounds to begin the world with. It is to this circumstance that Mr. Hodgson alludes, in a note appended to one of his Lordship's letters, in Moore's Life of Byron. He says, "Were it possible to state all he has done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest manner, his most generous and well-timed aid; and, were my poor friend Brand alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony; though I have most reason of all men to do so." Lord Byron, in his journal quoted by Moore, has a short reference to this transaction; his memorandum is as follows: "Wrote to Hodgson—he has been telling that I—(a few words that followed he has scratched out here)—I am sure at least I did not mention it, and I wish he had not. He is a good fellow, and I obliged myself ten times more than I did him—and there's an end on't."

"The Rev. Francis Hodgson," says Moore, in his Notices of the Life of Lord Byron, "is the author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, and other works of distinguished merit."

CHAPTER III.

ASHFORD—MARBLE MILLS—MONSAL DALE—MONTGOMERY'S PEAK MOUNTAINS—LONGSTONE AND HASSOP.

FROM Bakewell to Middleton Dale, through Hassop and Calver, is a pleasant walk of about four miles ; but we preferred the more circuitous route by Ashford and Edgestone House, for the purpose of having a peep into Monsal Dale, which increases the distance to seven miles.

A very picturesque mile and a half of road, leads from Bakewell to Ashford. Immediately on crossing the bridge over the Wye, Ashford Hall, late the residence of A. Ashby, Esq., is seen on the right. The site of this elegant mansion is happily chosen ; it is on an elevated situation, and commands one of the finest views in the neighbourhood. Near the house the grounds slope beautifully to the margin of a broad sheet of water, that fills up nearly the whole of this part of the dale. The banks of this miniature lake are everywhere covered with graceful and luxuriant foliage. Nearer Holme Hall, about a mile distant, woods of a more venerable character enrich the prospect. The pine plantations, that cover the high eminences on the left of Bakewell, succeed, and Haddon Hall, and the hills about Stanton and Rowsley, occupy the remoter distance. A finer situation for a house could not possibly have been selected.

Ashford is an extremely pleasant village ; the river Wye runs rapidly through it, and is here a beautiful and brilliant stream. We were delighted with the play and sparkle of the water, and induced to loiter away an

hour on its banks. Nearly opposite to the Devonshire Arms Inn, are the house and workshops of Mr. Mills, a very ingenious artist, who, from his known ability as a workman, is always employed on the finest and rarest of the marble, spar, and fluor productions of the County. Some of the most splendid and costly tables at Chatsworth are of his manufacture. His workshops are attached to his residence, and are always open to inspection. Some of the choicest minerals of the district may generally be found in his collection.

A little beyond the Church, we crossed the bridge on the left, and then followed the immediate brink of the river, in the direction of the Marble Mills; a short but very delightful walk. In our progress, we passed the Duke of Devonshire's *Cottage ornée*, a secluded spot of uncommon beauty. The building is covered with trellis-work, even to the chimney-tops, to which the ivy has, as yet, only in part aspired. Roses, jasmine, and passion-flowers, are trailed amongst the deep green leaves of this elegant but insidious plant. Proceeding forward a few hundred yards, we recrossed the river, nearly opposite to the Marble Mills. The works at this place are well worth a visit. They are the oldest establishment of the kind in the County; and, until very lately, they have been in the occupation of Mr. Brown, of Derby, the first proprietor of Mawe's Museum, at Matlock. The ware-rooms at this place contain various productions in polished marbles, and, in general, a tolerable collection of minerals common to the County. In the immediate neighbourhood of these works, the finest marbles of Derbyshire are obtained. The Rosewood Marble *Quarry* is situated on one side of the river,

close to the Mills, and the Black Marble *Mine* on the other side. The distinction here made between a mine and a quarry may, perhaps, require some explanation. The fact is this ; the black marble is procured from excavated chambers or caverns under ground, similar to those of a coal-mine ; all the other marbles of the County are dug from quarries open to the day.

Passing through the upper part of the Village, we regained the road from Bakewell to Tideswell. At the third mile-stone, we came to Edgestone House, better known, perhaps, by the name of the Bull's Head.

Immediately on turning the corner of this house, from the top of a high rocky cliff, we first beheld MONSAL DALE, hemmed in on every side by lofty mountains. Through this secluded and lovely valley, the busy, brilliant Wye courses its rapid way, amongst a succession of beautiful meadows, everywhere of the freshest verdure, and studded with cottages and groupes of trees.

Mr. H. Moore, whose little Volume, published in 1819, now lies before me, has ventured to impugn the beauty of this dale, which is one of the most really tranquil and delightful spots that the mountain recesses of Derbyshire afford. Mr. Moore says, page 39, " The forms are lumpy and monotonous ; no flowing line occurs, except that of the river, which has a too map-like appearance, from its being so immediately underneath the eye ; and the few rocks that appear are too trifling to make a conspicuous figure in the view. Had I not seen Matlock Dale from Masson, Darley-Dale from Riber, Edale from Lose Hill, and many other views in the Peak, where the sublime unites with picturesque beauty in forming scenes of grandeur, I might have allowed rather more

importance to this view, which, in the scale of comparison bears so inferior a station, that I wonder it should have been eulogized in the manner it has been by different writers."

In noticing these observations, it may be remarked that the scenery of nature moves and affects the heart from very different causes.

The presence of the picturesque and the absence of monotony are not essential, where the vast and the grand are the chief constituents of a landscape. Height, depth, breadth, and extent,—the true sources of the sublime, need not such accessories; their power is felt in scenes and objects, where the considerations of mere picturesque beauty are merged in a higher and more exalted feeling. From the top of the hill near Edgestone House, Monsal-Dale, taken as a whole is a very lovely picture, and we care not to analyze its parts, or nicely to investigate its minuter qualities. We are pleased with what we see, although perhaps we "know not why, and care not wherefore."

From Edgestone House, a walk of half a mile brought us to great Fin, or, as it is sometimes called, FIN-COP. From this eminence we had another, and a still finer, view of Monsal-Dale. The numerous hills that now lay before us,—undulating to the farthest point of distance, the deep valley below, the river, and the rocky scenery about Cresbrook, presented altogether a magnificent and imposing landscape. That heart must be cold indeed which could contemplate this finely diversified scene without experiencing sensations that, for a moment at least, exalt the soul above the considerations of this sublunary sphere, and all the petty

cares and interests it involves. In the early morning, when the misty vapours of night have just left the valley, and hang in clouds on the adjacent hills, whilst all below is gleaming with light, this scene is eminently beautiful; but its sublimity can only be adequately felt, when the sun has sunk behind the mountains, and the detail of forms and objects is either indistinctly seen, or lost in the shadowy and magnificent outline which then prevails. Dr. Young emphatically exclaims

“The undevout astronomer is mad!”

A sentiment that almost every man must feel the truth of as he beholds the heavens “fretted with golden fires,” and full of ethereal splendour; and who can look abroad upon the world that we inhabit, and all the loveliness that it displays; its winding streams and verdant meadows,—rocks, trees, hills, dales, and shadowy mountains, and all the rich varieties of nature, without a feeling of their religious, as well as of their poetical, influence upon the mind.

“ Ah ! who can look on nature’s face
And feel unholy passions move ;
Her forms of majesty and grace
I cannot chuse but love.

J. MONTGOMERY.”

God of all things ! thou hast spread before me a world of beauty, and hast enabled me to perceive and to feel the excellence of thy creation, and the wisdom, order, and harmony that pervades the whole ; accept my adoration.

It was from the summit of the hills which border the

river Wye, that James Montgomery wrote his poem of the "PEAK MOUNTAINS."

The following Stanzas, extracted from this composition, but not in the order in which they occur, are not only extremely beautiful, but so peculiarly applicable to the Mountain Scenery of this part of Derbyshire, that they cannot fail to be read with pleasure.

" My soul this vast horizon fills,
 Within whose undulating line,
 Thick stand the multitude of hills,
 And bright the waters shine.

" Here like the Eagle from his nest
 I take my proud and dizzy stand ;
 Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest
 Look down upon the land.

" The Sun in glory walks the sky,
 White fleecy clouds are floating round,
 Whose shapes along the landscapes fly ;
 —Here, chequering o'er the ground,
 There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
 With changing lights between ;
 Yonder they climb the uplands steep,—
 Shifting the scene.

" Above, beneath, immensely spread
 Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
 Heights over heights exalt their head
 Of many a sombre hue.

" With rude diversity of form
 The insulated mountains tower ;
 —Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
 And partial darkness lower,
 While yonder summits far away
 Shine sweetly through the gloom,
 Like glimpses of eternal day
 Beyond the tomb."

From Edgestone House to Middleton-Dale our road lay through Longstone, Rowland, and Hassop ; at this latter place, a charming little village, the Earl of Newburgh has a delightful seat, Hassop Hall, finely situated on the slope of hill, and closely surrounded with luxuriant foliage. Opposite to one of the principal entrances to the Hall, is a substantial well-built Roman Catholic Chapel, in the Tuscan style of Architecture. A little nearer to Bakewell, between the road and the Earl of Newburgh's garden walls, a narrow stripe of land unpleasantly interferes with his Lordship's domain. On this spot a Banker of Sheffield, who succeeded to the property, has built a very beautiful gothic residence, which is an ornament to the village.

CHAPTER IV.

STONEY MIDDLETON—MIDDLETON DALE—WHATELEY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE DALE.

FROM Hassop to Calver, a distance of one mile only, the road is excellent, and the fields and plantations, particularly on the right, indicate the vicinity of a noble mansion. Passing Calver lime kilns on our left, we came into a little open valley, at the upper extremity of which is

STONEY MIDDLETON,

Sixteen miles from Matlock by Bakewell and Baslow, and fourteen from Buxton by Hassop and Calver.

Close by the Village Church is a pleasant and handsome residence belonging to Lord Denman. It was formerly the Parsonage House ; but it has lately been considerably enlarged and improved, to form a temporary dwelling for his Lordship. Seen from the road between Calver and Stoke, Stoney Middleton has a singular and interesting appearance. Many of the houses are situated one above another, on ledges of rock that seem to be almost inaccessible, and others are scattered as if by chance at the base of the eminences that rise high above them. A deep ravine, at all times filled with volumes of smoke, and steaming with vapour, like an immense caldron, opens its marble jaws beyond : this is MIDDLETON-DALE. Near the entrance into the Dale is the Moon Inn, a posting house, where good accommodation is afforded.

Immediately on passing the last house in the village, a high perpendicular rock on the right of the road called the Lovers-Leap, marks the entrance into this wild mountain recess. From the summit of this precipice, about the year 1760, a love-stricken maiden of the name of Baddeley, threw herself into the chasm below ; and, incredible as it may appear, she sustained but little injury from her desperate attempt. Her face was slightly disfigured, and her body bruised by the brambles and rocky projections that interrupted her fall, but with a little assistance she was enabled to walk to her home. Her bonnet, cap, and kerchief, were left on the top of the rock, and some fragments of her torn garments, hanging upon the bush through which she had passed, marked the course of her descent. Her singular, and almost miraculous escape, made a serious

impression on her mind, and gave a new turn to her feelings: her fit of love subsided, and she afterwards lived in a very exemplary manner in the vicinity of the place which had been the scene of her folly. She died unmarried.

The craggs that form the right side of Middleton-Dale are boldly featured. Half way from their base they are much broken, and present many projections and recesses; above rises a lofty range of perpendicular rock, the different strata of which are distinctly defined. The regular turret-like forms which some of the rocks assume have from many points of view the effect of old castellated buildings; seen from the road below, the traveller may sometimes doubt whether he looks upon a work of nature or of art.

The best view of this stupendous piece of rock scenery, is obtained from near the base of the ascending ground that forms the left side of the dale, about half a mile from Stoney Middleton. Before you, seen in distance is the chasm, through which the road winds to Tideswell and Buxton; on the right is the Delve, a deep dell whose rocky sides are partly covered with verdure and adorned with underwood, elm, ash, and sycamore. A little nearer the foreground is Eyam Dale, one side of which is strongly characterised with castellated rock; the other is crested with pine, fir, and ash. Directly opposite this dale, another branches out on the left; the whole scene presenting a singular combination of hills, and rocks, and deep ravines.

The wild scenery of Middleton-Dale is often greatly improved in picturesque effect, by the fires of the lime kilns with which it abounds. The smoke that issues

from them, curling about the rocks, and occasionally hiding their summits, often gives to the whole scene a character of sublimity ; sometimes it rolls in dark masses about the broadly-illuminated surface of the boldest projections ; at others the shattered turrets, and the loftiest pinnacles only are seen, gleaming with light, while all below is involved in the indistinct and shadowy medium that floats at their base.

I shall, I have no doubt, be pardoned, if not thanked, for introducing the following description of Middleton Dale from Whateley's "Observations on Modern Gardening," a work that is worthy of a place in every well selected library in the kingdom.

This writer, in his descriptions of natural scenery, has never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, and the dales of Derbyshire have furnished him with some of his best subjects. He is always ample, never redundant, and his pictures are full of truth and beauty. The following quotation is from his SECTION ON ROCKS :—"Middleton-Dale," he observes, "is a cleft between rocks, ascending gradually from a romantic village, till it emerges, about two miles distant, on the vast mountains of the Peak ; it is a dismal entrance to a desert ; the hills above it are bare ; the rocks are of a grey colour ; their surfaces are rugged ; and their shapes savage ; frequently terminating in craggy points ; sometimes resembling vast unwieldy bulwarks, or rising in heavy buttresses, one above another, and here and there a misshapen mass, bulging out, hangs lowering over its base.

No traces of men are to be seen, except on a road, which has no effect on such a scene of desolation, and

in the lime kilns constantly smoking on the side ; but the labourers who occasionally attend them live at a distance ; there is not a hovel in the dale ; and some scanty withering bushes are all its vegetation, for the soil between the rocks produces as little as they do ; it is disfigured with all the tinges of brown and red, which denote barrenness ; in some places it has crumbled away, and strata of loose dark stones only appear ; and in others long lines of dross and rubbish shovelled out of mines, have fallen down the steeps. In these mines the veins of lead on one side of the dale are observed always to have corresponding veins, in exactly the same direction, on the other ; and the rocks, though differing widely in different places, yet always continue in one style for some way together, and seem to have a relation to each other ; both these appearances make it probable that Middleton-Dale is a chasm rent in the mountain by some convulsion of nature, beyond the memory of man, or perhaps before the Island was peopled ; the scene, though it does not prove the fact, yet justifies the supposition ; and it gives credit to the tales of the country people, who, to aggravate its horrors, always point to a precipice, down which they say that a poor girl of the village threw herself headlong in despair, at the neglect of a man whom she loved ; and shew a cavern where a skeleton was once discovered, but of what wretch is unknown ; his bones were the only memorial left of him : all the dreariness, however, of the place, which accords so well with such traditions, abates upon the junction of another valley,* the sides of which are still of rock, but mixed and crowned with

* Eyam Dale.

fine wood ; and Middleton-Dale becomes more mild by sharing in its beauties ; near this junction a clear stream issues from under the hill, and runs down the dale, receiving as it proceeds many rills and springs, all as transparent as itself ; the principal rivulet is full of little waterfalls ; they are sometimes continued in succession along a reach of considerable length, which is whitened with froth all the way ; at other times the brook wreathes in frequent windings, and drops down a step at every turn, or slopes between tufts of grass, in a brisk, though not a precipitate descent ; when it is the most quiet a thousand dimples still mark its vivacity ; it is every where active, sometimes rapid, seldom silent, and never furious or noisy ; the first impressions which it makes are of sprightliness and gaiety, very different from those which belong to the scene all around ; but by dwelling upon both they are brought nearer together, and a melancholy thought occurs, that such a stream should be lost in watering such a waste ; the wilderness appears more forlorn, which so much vivacity cannot enliven, as the idea of desolation is heightened by reflecting that the

Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And that

The Nightingale attunes her notes,
Where none are left to hear."

This quotation is somewhat long, but it could not well be abridged without injuring its accuracy and impairing its beauty.

In the summer of 1743, Lord Duncannon passing along Middleton-Dale, observed upon the road a piece of spar, or gypsum, which his horse had accidentally trod upon. He examined and admired this beautiful production of the mines of the Peak, and wishing to have it formed into a vase, he sent it to Mr. White Watson, of Bakewell, for the purpose. Thus originated the making of the alabaster, the stalactites, and the fluors of Derbyshire into columns, vases, urns, and obelisks ; a manufacture that has since become a source of considerable profit. The splendid and elegant ornaments produced from these materials are now in great request, and frequently adorn the houses of the wealthy and the great.

CHAPTER V.

EYAM—THE CHURCH—EYAM CROSS—VISITED BY THE PLAGUE, 1666—
RILEY GRAVE-STONES—MR. MOMPESON—CUCKLET CHURCH.

FROM this dale a road is continued by Wardlow Miers to Tideswell, Peak Forest, and Castleton ; we however preferred the nearer way, through Eyam, Foolow, and Bradwell. Eyam was besides, a place of too much interest to be omitted in our excursion ; we therefore left Middleton-Dale at the Ball public-house, and taking a sharp turn to the right, we passed through a deep and narrow rocky dell about half a mile in length, which led us to the village. Eyam is romantically situated ; many of the cottages are inhabited by miners, and their dwellings, although humble, are generally clean and

comfortable ; there are, however, some very respectable residences in the place, particularly the parsonage house, which is near the church, and was built by the Rev. Mr. Seward, the father of the late poetess of Lichfield. Eyam Hall, now occupied by Mr. Wright ; and the houses of Mr. Fentem and Mr. Wyatt, both recently erected, and finely situated, are also handsome mansions. The Church is a good old structure, and the burying ground is environed by fine old lime trees and sycamores. On the south side of the Church is the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, one of the early victims of the plague of 1666, but not, as Miss Seward has stated, "surrounded by iron paling ;" no such honour indeed has yet been conferred upon it ; close to her place of sepulture is Eyam Cross, a fine old relique of former times ; the front and the back are sculptured over with different figures and designs, characterised by various symbolic devices, and the sides are liberally adorned with a succession of curiously involved knots, which some antiquaries have denominated *Runic* or *Scandinavian*. This fragment,—for it has suffered dilapidation, a part of the shaft having been lost, is said to be of Saxon origin.

Eyam is altogether a very pleasant village ; it is situated at the western extremity of a succession of beautiful meadows that crown the rocky heights on one side of Middleton-Dale, with which it is connected by the two deep dells called Eyam-Dale and Cucklet Dell. On the north it is skreened by a steep and lofty eminence, designated Eyam-Edge, which is partly covered with an extensive plantation of larch and mountain pine. In many places in the immediate neighbourhood of the

village, the scenery is of a highly picturesque and romantic character. In Cucklet Dell these qualities are strikingly conspicuous. The steep hills that form the sides of the dell, crested with mural cliffs—the jutting craggs below, with intervening slopes of verdure, interspersed with underwood, honeysuckles, and wild roses—the rich foliage of the ash and the elm, which are here amongst the finest in the county, altogether combine to form a scene of uncommon beauty. This secluded spot derives also a peculiar interest from the circumstance of an arched rock on the western side of the dell, being used as the scene of divine worship at the time of the plague in 1666, when the village of Eyam was nearly depopulated by this dreadful scourge. This, it will be recollected, was the year in which this fatal pestilence ravaged London ; and which, according to Dr. Mead and the concurrent testimony of other authorities, was introduced into this remote village by a box of clothes sent from the metropolis. The person who opened the box, from whence the imprisoned malady burst forth, was its first victim ; and the whole of his family, with the solitary exception of one only, shared the same fate. The plague raged with unremitting violence in this little spot for nearly three months. To prevent as much as possible the spread of the contagion, pest-houses were opened in the village, and here the dying and the dead were huddled together in horrible confusion, the victims of an infliction for which no remedy appeared. Graves were dug in the adjoining fields, ready to receive the expiring sufferers, who were hurried with unseemly haste from their death beds to the tomb, the corpse uncoffined, and sometimes

unattended. The population of Eyam was at this time about three hundred and thirty ; two hundred and fifty-nine of whom fell victims to this calamitous visitation—a mortality, averaging nearly four out of five in every family.

But few memorials of the ravages of the plague at Eyam now exist. Nearly the whole of the stones that were formerly found in the fields, with the record 1666 upon them, have disappeared, they no longer remain to tell the story of the “desolation of Eyam.” Miss Seward says, that the little spot of ground, now called Riley Grave-stones, “was the burial place of the dead when the plague raged at Eyam, and the Church-yard had become too crowded to admit any more of its victims.” The correctness of this representation, notwithstanding the authority on which it rests, may be doubted ; for the whole space now known by that name, is entirely occupied by the graves of one family only, of the name of Hancock, who lived at Riley Cottage, on the hill above. This place of sepulture is situated on the side of a steep eminence, about half a mile from the village ; and a fence of rude stones has been erected around it. At the time of the plague, the whole of this hill was one entire moorland waste ; and when I first visited Riley Grave-stones, now about twenty years ago, they were embedded in heath, and overgrown with nettles and foxgloves. They are now in the middle of a cultivated field. They consist of six head-stones and one tabular monument, the inscriptions on which, though much worn, and partly obliterated, may yet be traced. The different legends are :—

Elizabeth Hancock, died August 3rd, 1666.

John Hancock, sen., died August 4th,	do.
John Hancock, jun.	do. 7th, do.
Oner Hancock,	do. 7th, do.
William Hancock,	do. 7th, do.
Alice Hancock,	do. 9th, do.
Ann Hancock,	do. 10th, do.

On the four sides of the tomb, which contains the ashes of the father of this family of sufferers are the words, *Horam—Nescites—Orate—Vicilate.* What a mournful memorial of domestic calamity do these few stones and their brief inscriptions present! One only of this family survived.

The Rev. W. Mompesson, the minister who held the living of Eyam at this time, was indefatigable in his endeavours to prevent the direful malady, that was sweeping his parishioners into the grave, from spreading into the surrounding country. The salutary measures that he adopted, and the readiness with which they were carried into effect, were attended with the happiest results. In this work of benevolence he was greatly assisted by the Rev. Mr. Stanley, a non-conformist minister, in whom Mr. Mompesson found a willing and able coadjutor. These excellent men were the priests, physicians, and legislators of this suffering community, and the bond of sympathy that connected them with their poorer neighbours, had a consoling effect on the minds of the whole population of Eyam. With a view to lessen, as much as possible, the influence of the contagion, Mr. Mompesson, during the hottest months of this fatal year, collected his little flock of parishioners together on the sabbath, in Cucklet Dell, for the purposes of sacred worship. Here, under the canopy of

heaven, he administered the sacramental rites of his religion, and, from the portal of the rocky cavern previously mentioned, and since called Cucklet Church, enforced the obligations of his faith—the duty of resignation to the dispensations of Providence—and, mingling the hopes and promises of the Gospel with his admonitions, “allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

Contemplating the good Mompesson in the discharge of the functions of his high office, in connexion with the place, and the occasion, how affecting and sublime is the picture! Paul preaching at Athens, as the minister of “the Unknown God,” and John the Baptist in the wilderness, seem the hallowed prototypes of this pious “legate of the skies,” when “he stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.”

The rock called Cucklet Church is now so obscured by foliage, that the arch from which Mompesson preached is scarcely observable from the dell below.

That the good priest of Eyam, in the discharge of his arduous and trying duties, should at all times preserve his fortitude unshaken, can scarcely be expected. He did his duty like a man, but he also suffered like a man—how poignantly, may be gathered from the following letters, which are too interesting to be omitted. The first is addressed to Sir George Saville, patron of the living of Eyam, and dated Sept. 1st, 1666:—

“ HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,—

“ This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write. The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed, had she

loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days; but she resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which, I think are unutterable.

“Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever, and to bring you my humble thanks for all your noble favours; and I hope you will believe a dying man, I have as much love as honour for you, and I bend my feeble knees to the God of Heaven, that you, my dear lady, and your children, may be blessed with external and eternal happiness, and that the same blessing may fall upon Lady Sunderland and her relations.

“Dear Sir, let your dying Chaplain recommend this truth to you and your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like living a pious life; and pray ever remember this rule—*never do any thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.*

“Sir, I have made bold in my will with your name as executor, and I hope that you will not take it ill. I have joined two others with you, who will take from you the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they should be great, but good: and my next request is, that they be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

“Sir, I thank God that I am contented to shake hands with all the world, and have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me on account of his Son. I find the goodness of God greater than ever I thought or imagined; and I wish from my soul that it were not so much abused and contemned.

“I desire, Sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of a humble pious man to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see you before my departure hence, I would inform you in what manner I think he may live comfortably amongst his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die.

“Dear Sir, I beg the prayers of all about you, that I may not be daunted by the powers of hell, and that I may have dying graces. With tears I beg, that when you are praying for fatherless orphans, you would remember my two pretty babes.

“Pardon the rude style of this paper, and be pleased to believe that I am, dear Sir, &c.

“WILLIAM MOMPESSEN.”

This letter, written at the time the disease was making the greatest havoc ; when it had already entered the writer's dwelling, prostrated his hopes, despoiled, and almost desolated his affections, and evidently under the apprehension of an immediate attack of the plague, is beautifully illustrative of the amiable and pious character of the author.

A short time after the date of the preceding letter the disease subsided, and in a subsequent one addressed to John Beilby, Esq., Nov. 20th, 1666, his sensations, though strong, appear to have been less acute, and the prospect of death removed farther from him. In this letter he says—

“ The condition of this place has been so sad, that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example ; I may truly say that our place has been a Golgotha, the place of a Skull ; and had there not been a small remnant of us left, ‘ we had been as Sodom, and been like unto Gomorrah.’ My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Now, blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died of the infection since the eleventh of October, and all the pest-houses have been long empty. I intend, God willing, to spend most of this week in seeing all woollen cloaths fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as the safety of the country.

“ Here has been such burning of goods that the like I think was never known, and indeed in this we have been too precise. For my part I have scarcely left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have wasted more than needed, merely for example. As for my part, I cannot say that I had ever better health than during the time of the dreadful visitation, neither can I say that I have had any symptoms of the disease. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of a tumour, I gave him several chemical antidotes, which had a very kind operation ; and with the blessing of God, kept the venom from the heart, and after the rising broke he was very well.

“ I have largely tasted the goodness of the Creator, and, blessed

be his Name, the grim looks of death did never yet affright me. I always had a firm faith that my dear babes would do well, which made me willing to shake hands with the unkind, froward world ; yet I hope that I shall esteem it a mercy if I am frustrated of the hopes of a translation to a better place ; and God grant that I may make a right use of his mercies ; as the one hath been tart, the other hath been sweet and comfortable."

The "DESOLATION OF EYAM" has already formed a subject for the poet, and it is certainly very far from being devoid of poetic interest. With this feeling, and for the purpose of closing this account of Eyam and its afflictions, the following lines have been written. The circumstances detailed in the preceding pages will sufficiently explain the allusions they contain.

CUCKLET CHURCH.

In a deep dell, with pendant ash-trees crowned,
Where wild-briar roses creep along the ground ;
Where rock and mossy verdure intervene,
And the tall elm, and hazel freshly green,
And the dark yew, their varied tints unite
Rich with the gay vicissitudes of light ;
There, a rude, arch, not formed by mortal hands,
The unconsecrated CHURCH OF CUCKLET stands ;
To this sequestered spot, where all might seem
The sweet creation of a poet's dream,
Mompesson saw his suffering flock repair,
Duly as tolled the Sabbath bell for prayer,
When through th' afflicted village, wild with dread
And lost to hope, the plague contagion spread.
There, from a rocky arch with foliage hung
Divinest precepts issue from his tongue ;
To all, his kindly aid the priest affords,
They feel his love, and live upon his words :
The soothing words, the heavenly truths he spoke,
In every breast divine emotions woke ;
He taught, that suffering was our lot below,

And how religion mitigates the blow ;
 Points the bright path, by pilgrim footsteps trod,
 That leads the pure in heart to rest with God—
 Assures the contrite soul, the feeble cheers,
 Reanimates their hopes, and calms their fears ;
 Strives to estrange the heart from earthly ties,
 And fix its hopes of bliss beyond the skies,
 Where sin ne'er enters, and where sorrows cease :—
 They hear, and to their homes return in peace.

In that word, HOME, oft heard with fond delight,
 All the sweet sympathies of life unite ;
 All that the heart can crave of earthly bliss—
 Parental joys—love's hopes—affection's kiss ;—
 Affliction's nurse—the light and balm of life,
 The tender mother, and the loving wife,
 In that endearing word are all combined,
 To soften hearts, and humanise mankind.
 But sad the *miner's home*—his cherished care,
 For all he loved in life was centred there.
 There, as returning to his cottage door,
 When the long labour of the day was o'er ;
 With artless glee his sportive “*wee things*” come,
 To greet their father to his humble home ;
 Climb on his knee—then nestling to his face,
 Taste the fond kiss, and feel his warm embrace ;
 Meanwhile, the partner of his joys and cares,
 With cheerful haste his evening meal prepares ;
 And soon the neat clean platter decks the board,
 With roots, and herbs, and frugal viands stored ;
 While close around his children press to share
 His kind caress, and lisp their nightly prayer ;
 With their's, a mother's orisons unite,
 And her loved converse wiles away the night :
 Then, on his couch his tired limbs he throws,
 And love's fond arms encircle his repose.

Are joys like these a brief delusion, given
 (The perfect foretaste of a future heaven)
 But to deceive ? A dream of happiness,
 That hopes, in sleep, but wakes to wretchedness.
 The plague-fiend comes—from home to home he roves,
 And as along with fatal step he moves,

He taints the air, loads with disease the ground,
And spreads a wasting pestilence around :
The pastor's manse—the poor man's humbler cot—
The farmer's homestead—in one common lot
Are all alike involved, and Eyam becomes
The charnel house of death—a place of tombs.

Down in the Vale, and on the steep hill-side,
Where heath and foxglove wanton in their pride ;
And where the foot of man hath rarely been,
Death's narrow house, the yawning grave was seen,
Dug to receive, ere life had scarcely fled,
Another victim to his clay-cold bed :
Behold him borne, with pensive step and slow,
Unnoticed to his dreary home below ;
O'er his uncoffined corse no pall is hung ;
No prayer is uttered, and no anthem sung ;*
The widow's silent tears, and orphan's cries
Alone attend on his sad obsequies.

High on the mountain's brow, where heath-flowers bloom
Thy inmates RILEY, found an early tomb ;
Long shall thy sculptured stones the tale disclose,
Where a whole family in death repose :
And oft the village patriarch shall guide
The traveller's step to where the dead abide ;
Or point the spot by mountain torrents riven,
Where good Mompesson taught the path to heaven.†

* When this couplet was written, the author was not aware that he had so closely parodied a passage in Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden—

“ And o'er the friendless bier no rites were read
No dirge slow chaunted, and no pall outspread.”

He, therefore, requests the reader to note it as a quotation.

† Riley gravestones and Cucklet Church are generally pointed out to strangers.

THE
DERBYSHIRE TOURIST'S GUIDE,
AND
TRAVELLING COMPANION.

SECTION IV.

BAGSHAW CAVERN—CASTLETON—ELDON HOLE—EB-
BING AND FLOWING WELL—BUXTON—CHEE TOR—
TISSINGTON—DOVE DALE.

CHAPTER I.

BRADWELL—BAGSHAW CAVERN—APPROACH TO CASTLETON—SPAR MUSEUM—PEAK CAVERN—THE CASTLE—CAVE DALE—LONG CLIFF.

FROM Eyam to Bradwell, a walk of four miles, the country round is almost totally devoid of interest. In-differently cultivated fields, not long since claimed from the moorland wastes, and everywhere intersected by stone walls, with here and there a solitary tree, to remind one of their general absence, stretch far to the left; on the right is a lofty hill, the steep sides of which are disfigured by refuse from the mines. The whole scene is sadly dreary, and the same kind of cheerless landscape continues all the way to Bradwell, with the exception only of Hazlebadge-Dale, about a mile from Great Hucklow, where there is some picturesque rocky scenery, but on a diminutive scale.

On the right of the road-side, entering Bradwell, is the residence of John Bradwell, or, as he is generally called in the Village, *John o' Bradda*, the guide to Bagshaw Cavern. This intelligent miner has lately published an elaborate and minute account of this Cavern, which, notwithstanding the peculiarity of the style in which it is written, contains much valuable information, and may be read with pleasure.

This Cavern, or rather, this series of Caverns, was discovered about thirty years ago, and extends in succession through different rocky fissures and chasms, for nearly half a mile; Mr. H. Moore says, three thousand three hundred and thirty feet.

The entrance into this place is extremely uninviting, and but few visitors venture to explore its secret labyrinths. A descent of one hundred and twenty-six rough-hewn steps leads to the first landing: from this place the Caverns are approached by low narrow passages, that hold out but little inducement even to the most adventurous, and to the timid are absolutely appalling. "Toiling through one passage," says John Bradwell, "you stand in danger and peril from the rugged roof;" and of another he remarks, that "for thirty-six feet the aperture is not more than a yard high;" and he characterises another of these fissures as "one of the *most difficult* passages of the cavern." But having surmounted these impediments, scenes of unparalleled splendour and beauty succeed. The stories that are told of the subterranean magnificence of these caverns savour too much of the romantic and the marvellous to be implicitly relied upon, and the different recesses have been so fantastically named as to throw an air of ridicule over an interesting place. Instead of caves, holes, and caverns, by which such places are generally designated, we have the *Grotto of Calypso*—the *Grotto of Paradise*—the *Music Chamber*—*Constellation Grotto*—and the *Hall of State*, &c. &c. It is impossible to pass through these caverns,—ten or eleven in number,—without meeting with many objects of great interest and singular beauty. Glover, when noticing Bradwell, and referring to Bagshaw Cavern, says:—"A correspondent observes, that were a public road to go through this place, he has no doubt it would become the most celebrated cavern in the kingdom; and that it would vie with, if not exceed, the *Grotto of Antiparos*."

The principal road from Great Hucklow to Castleton lies about half a mile west of Bradwell ; and as it passes over the hill, called Long Cliff, it commands a view of one of the finest prospects in the county. But on this occasion we pursued the lower route, through Small-Dale and Pin-Dale.

I once beheld the scene from Long Cliff under a remarkably fine effect. I had accompanied a small party on an excursion in Derbyshire ; and on our way from Cresbrook and Litton, we came to the highest point of this lofty eminence about half an hour after sunset. The mists of night were gathering thick and fast amongst the hills : *the Castle of the Peak*, by which name the dilapidated structure above Castleton is generally known,—lay in strong relief against a cloudless sky, which yet retained the last faint indications of the departed sun. Mam-Tor, involved in shadowy dimness, rose boldly from out the vale beyond ; the outline of Win-hill and Lose-hill, was distinctly seen along the horizon, and the dun medium through which these magnificent hills were beheld, invested them with additional grandeur. When we came to the brow of the hill, that overlooks the Vale of Hope, the light of day was gone, and the ‘darkness visible’ of a fine summer’s night, gradually encroached upon the scene. The depth of the valley on our right, no eye could penetrate ; all below us was involved in thickest shadow, and imagination deepened the gloom. The base of the hills was lost in darkness and obscurity, but their summits, seen through the dim twilight that hung over them, seemed to assume additional altitude. Our whole party were deeply impressed with the solemn grandeur of this

evening scene, and for some time we preserved uninterrupted silence ; each individual of the party appeared to be in mental communion with himself, and it was not until we had reached the village Inn at Castleton, that we found language to express the feelings that had been excited.

I have often travelled over this romantic country, and admired the great variety of landscape which it includes, but on no occasion have I ever felt so impressed with its scenery, or witnessed its hills and vallies under so imposing an effect. This feeling was indeed common to us all ; and over our frugal repast at the Inn, where we stopped for the night, the evening scene we had beheld, furnished the chief topic of conversation. In comparison with the loftiest eminences that distinguish the land of the Lakes, the hills of Derbyshire may certainly be called diminutive, but grandeur of effect does not always depend on dimensions. It is frequently the case, that objects in landscape, seen under some degree of obscurity or indistinctness, as powerfully affect the mind with a feeling of the sublime, as others of far greater magnitude, under a less illusive effect.

This digression is somewhat lengthy, but here it ends ; and here, at Castleton, we resume our present excursion.

CHAPTER II.

CASTLETON—PEAK CAVERN—THE CASTLE—SPEEDWELL-MINE—THE WINNATS—TRAY CLIFF—ODIN-MINE—AND MAM-TOR.

CASTLETON, twenty-six miles from Matlock, lies at the western extremity of a beautiful valley, which, in the contrary direction extends as far as Hathersage. The curious tourist will find it one of the most interesting villages in Derbyshire: the neighbourhood is every where studded with mines, and the hills are rent into fissures and caverns, some of which are rich with spars, fluors, stalactites, and various beautiful crystallizations. Mr Mawe, in the preface to his Mineralogy of Derbyshire, observes, that “for the purpose of obtaining mineralogical information, Castleton seems to be the best situation, where such a variety of strata, mines and minerals occur as perhaps no other situation in the kingdom can boast.” “The various mines and veins of ores,” he subsequently adds—“are of the first consequence, while the mountains around present a variety of strata worthy the attention of the Geologist.” Castleton is indeed an epitome of all that the Peak of Derbyshire contains—hills, rocks, caverns, mines, fossils, and minerals, are here congregated together, presenting a rich assemblage of materials for study and contemplation.

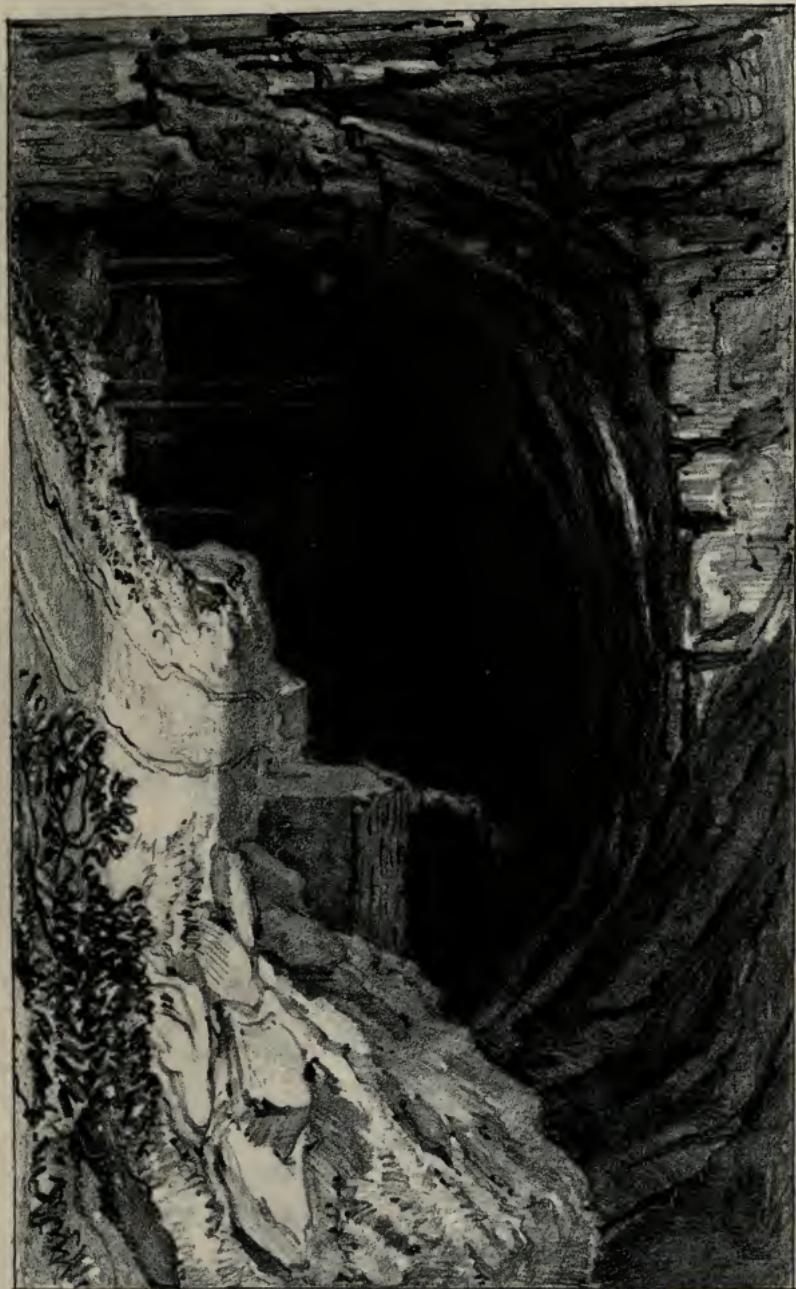
It is not necessary to enumerate the fossil productions of this district; a collection of them may be found at Needham’s Museum, which is opposite the Castle Inn, and forms a pleasant lounge for strangers. The

proprietor is a very worthy man, intimately acquainted with the neighbourhood of Castleton, and familiar with all its productions. His Museum contains many beautiful specimens of Urns, Vases, Obelisks, Candelabras, &c., manufactured of the fluors, alabasters, and stalactites of the County; French and English bronzes, sculptured figures, and richly inlaid tables, some of them formed of nearly a hundred varieties of stones and marbles. Few travellers pass through Castleton without visiting this Repository, which is open alike to all, whether purchasers or not, and is a source of information and amusement.

The village of Castleton is closely hemmed in on three sides, by lofty and precipitous hills, which, with the exception of Mam-Tor, and part of the adjoining hill, may be ascended by winding paths carried along their steep acclivities. They consist of huge masses of mountain limestone, thinly covered with verdure, through which the grey rock frequently protrudes. Close upon the village, is the steep eminence on which the Castle is situated. It stands on the extreme verge of a rocky precipice which forms the roof of Peak's Hole.

This Cavern is classed amongst the *WONDERS OF DERBYSHIRE*, and it is highly deserving the reputation it has acquired. Turning the corner of the Castle Inn, a narrow path by the side of a clear sparkling stream, leads to this celebrated place. Several cottages and Spar shops, dignified with the name of Museums, have lately been erected in this part of Castleton, and they now considerably interfere with the approach to the entrance into the Cavern. Near the last of these there is a high bank on the right, so situated as to prevent a view

W. H. Rhodes del.



FRANK CAVERN CASTLETON

1840-1870 Litho. Chester



of this singular orifice, until the traveller is near enough upon it, to be fully aware of its dimensions, and feel the power of its grandeur ; it then bursts upon him in all the vastness of its character. This mighty arch of unpillared rock

“By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,”

fills the mind with sensations of awe and terror. Here there is indeed ‘a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture’s eye hath not seen.’ We fortunately visited Peak’s Hole in the absence of the packthread spinners, who carry on their manufacture under the immense archway which forms the entrance, and we were in consequence free from the annoyance of the various discordant noises that generally disturb the solemnity of the place, and sadly impair the effect which its natural character is eminently calculated to produce.

The entrance into Peak’s Hole is formed by a depressed arch, one hundred and twenty feet wide, forty-two feet high, and two hundred and fifty feet in length. This mighty vestibule of rock leads to a succession of interior caverns, and towards its farthest extremity, the light gradually pales away, into apparently impenetrable gloom ; but when the eye has become familiarised with the darkness in which this immense vacuity is involved, the sides and roof are then sufficiently developed to be rendered intelligible in every part, and the whole effect is powerfully impressive. The guide who attended us in our subterranean excursion, was certainly not over civil ; having lighted the candles, he refused to proceed without his accustomed fee, which is usually paid on a

return to the mouth of the Cavern. He, however, stated, that 'a short time before, a party had left him unpaid altogether, and suspecting that we came from the same place, he was determined to have his money beforehand.' His demand being complied with, the party proceeded. After passing through the first Cavern, Peak's Hole suddenly contracts, and becomes, in several places, for a short distance, merely a narrow aperture, which winding through rocky fissures, leads to cells of various dimensions, extending from the entrance, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet, where a deep water appears to interdict any farther progress. Traversing this dreary pathway, the visitor arrives in succession at the different Caverns, known by the various appellations of *the Grand Saloon*,—*Roger Rain's House*—*the Devil's Cellar*—*Half-way House*—*Devil's Hall*—*Gloucester Hall*—and last of all, *the Bell House*, or *Great Tom of Lincoln*, &c.

In exploring the deep recesses of this subterranean passage, it is necessary to pass and repass a current of water twice; which is generally accomplished either by means of a boat, or on the shoulders of the guide. The stream which courses its ways through this series of Caverns, buries itself in the earth at a place called Perryfoot, about three miles west of Castleton, on the Buxton road; it afterwards passes through Speedwell-mine, and reissues into day, at the great entrance into Peak's Hole.

During one of my excursions to Castleton, I observed a party of eight or ten persons, ladies and gentlemen, enter this Cavern, and being anxious to mark the appearance which so vast a cave of unhewn rock presented, when illu-

mind by their torches, I accompanied them to a situation favourable for my purpose. They had prepared themselves with proper habiliments for the occasion; loose cloaks were thrown over their travelling dresses, and the ladies had covered their heads with shawls that came over their shoulders, and were fastened across the bosom: they looked like so many monks and nuns with cowls and hoods. They followed the guide along a narrow path in a winding direction, each carrying a lighted torch. Portions of the roofs and sides of the caverns were thus successively displayed in flitting gleams and shadows, and as they moved onwards, the spars and stalactites over their heads glittered with occasional splendour. As they receded slowly through the surrounding darkness, each individual in the procession appeared invested with a mild halo of light; the distance, and the intervening gloom softened the glare of their torches, and rendered the picture singularly impressive. The feeling awakened by this novel scene, was favoured by the silence that prevailed, which was only occasionally interrupted by a drop of water falling at intervals from the roof of the cave upon the floor beneath, with a dead and leaden sound, that was rather *felt* than *heard*. It was the hour of noon, the packthread spinners were absent, and all around was still.

The ruins of the Castle, as before observed, stand on the very verge of the rock that over-hangs Peak's Hole. This dilapidated structure, with the single exception of a part of the keep, scarcely retains one feature of its ancient consequence; it is now an object for landscape only, and when seen from the vale below, is almost altogether devoid of those picturesque

appendages on which the eye of the artist loves to dwell, and sinks into utter insignificance amongst the hills and mountains by which it is surrounded. The antiquary, however, will contemplate "THE CASTLE OF THE PEAKE" with feelings of greater interest, and its mouldering walls, rude and unshapely as they are, may be to him a source of gratification. The summit of the hill on which the Castle stands is but a very circumscribed plot of ground; nor can it at any time have been sufficiently ample to have accommodated the numerous establishment of a great feudal chieftain; yet the family of the Peverils are said to have occasionally resided here, with some degree of pomp and splendour.

Mr. King, who has minutely described this Castle, in the 6th volume of the *Archæologia*, is of opinion that "it was a place of Royal residence during the Government of the Saxons." Others maintain that "it is a Norman structure," and that it was probably built by William Peveril, the natural son of William the Conqueror, to whom the traditions of the country ascribe it, and in whose possession it certainly was at the time of the Doomsday Survey, in the records of which it is denominated "THE CASTLE OF THE PEAKE."

According to Pilkington, a splendid tournament was held at this Castle in the time of the first of the Peverils, in which *Guarine de Meez*, a branch of the House of Lorraine, and an ancestor of the Lords Fitzwarrine, vanquished his opponents and carried away the prize. It is difficult to imagine how this was at any time possible. The whole area of the Castle Hill is not, even now, sufficiently spacious for such a display, and when it was, in part, covered with the different build-

ings and offices necessary to a great establishment, the space that remained would scarcely afford room in which to manage a spirited horse. The very limited dimensions of the site of this Castle—the few remains of outbuildings, the peculiarity of its situation, and the difficulty of access to it, all concur to induce the supposition that it was merely a strong military position to flee to in case of danger, and never the established residence of a feudal Baron.

At the foot of the hill, and close to the Tideswell road, is *Cave-Dale*, into which we entered through a rocky portal scarcely six feet wide. This deep recess amongst the hills is closely hemmed in with rocks on every side, and with one solitary stunted exception, neither tree nor shrub is to be found in it. Rugged, weather-beaten crags, with occasionally a stripe of mossy verdure between, form the two sides of this unfrequented dell, which is in some places from fifty to sixty paces wide, and in others not more than ten or twenty. As we entered this wild ravine, we were attended by some boys from the Village begging half-pence—(for Castleton is one of the most mendicant places in the Kingdom.) These troublesome urchins run by your side, and annoy you with their importunity, which they always expect to be paid for. As we passed under a group of rocks at the lower end of the dale, a place was pointed out to us where a boy not many hours before, had had a serious fall, from a considerable height, into the dell below. We naturally enquired if he was hurt? “No much,” replied our informant, “but his head war so big it would no go into his neet cap.” The boys and girls of Castleton are so

accustomed to run among these rocks, that they apprehend no danger. They skip and play about them like rabbits, and seem equally fearless in all their movements. Proceeding to the upper extremity of the dell, we clambered up a rock on the right, from whence we had a fine view of Cave-Dale. The Castle, seated on the extreme verge of a narrow ridge of rock, rose high above us, borrowing importance from the situation it occupies, amongst jutting cliffs and craggy precipices, that are thrown in uncouth masses around it. From this point of view the Castle becomes an important object. Looking towards Castleton there is a picturesque wildness in the landscape, not to be met with in any other part of this rocky district; and yet where the two sides of the dell closely approach each other, a pleasing view of the tower of the Church is admitted through the rocky vista, and the remote hills and shadowy eminences beyond give a character of beauty to the scene. Proceeding still farther up the glen, another contracted pass, similar in dimensions and appearance to the first entrance, admitted us into a somewhat more open valley, where the regular basaltic column of Toadstone, mentioned by Mr. Mawe, in his Mineralogy of Derbyshire, is situated. The path, although still slippery, steep and rugged, became less precipitous, and we followed its windings until we had attained the summit of the extensive eminence called **LONG CLIFF**. Here we were richly rewarded for the toil of the ascent, by one of the most delightful landscapes in this part of the Peak. We stood on an immense sweep of hill extending on our right, beyond Highlow to the river Derwent, where it meets that portion of the East Moor

called Mill-stone Edge, in the vicinity of Hathersage, from whence another chain of hills, of still greater altitude, is continued in a westerly direction to Win-hill, Lose-hill, and Mam-Tor ; thence turning to the south and south-east by the Winnats and Long Cliff, the circuit terminates where we stood, forming altogether a continued range of more than twenty miles, within whose capacious round lie the dales of Hathersage, Brough, Hope, and Castleton, rich in woods, meadows, cottages, and winding streams.

Descending from our elevation, we re-entered Castleton by the Tideswell road, and, proceeding in the direction of Buxton, we came to SPEEDWELL MINE, a place much visited by travellers, and justly esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in the Peak of Derbyshire: it still retains the name of Mine, but Speedwell Cavern would be a more appropriate designation. The entrance into this extraordinary place, is close by the road side, at the opening into the Winnats, about one mile west of Castleton. The subterranean excavation that communicates with the immense cavern beyond was the work of a company of adventurers. The lead veins in this part of Derbyshire are known to run from east to west: it was, therefore, imagined that a drift cut from north to south would intersect them, and yield abundance of ore. The enterprise was a bold one; but, unfortunately for the parties concerned, it proved a failure. Mr. H. Moore, whose “Excursions in the Peak,” contain much minute and valuable information, in page 87, second series, says:—“Three sets of workmen were employed in this undertaking,—five to each set,—by which means the work was constantly carried on night

and day, (Sundays excepted,) for eleven years. Each man used one pound of gunpowder per day, (for the whole excavation was effected by blasting.) The quantity used amounted to 51,645lbs. The sum expended in this undertaking amounted to £14,000, about forty-five years ago ; but at the present time, it is said that such a work would not cost less than £50,000. The principal proprietor," he adds, "a Mr. Oakden, of Staffordshire, was ruined by this undertaking."

One hundred and six steps, carried down a rocky passage, lead to the inmost recesses of Speedwell Mine. On arriving at the bottom of this long descent, the visitor is ferried in a boat along a channel, hewn in the heart of the rock, for at least six hundred and fifty yards—Mr. H. Moore says, 2,250 feet—when he enters a terrific void, vast and dark as Milton's Palace of Pandemonium. Our torches, overpowered by the impervious gloom of the place, gave but a feeble light, and glimmered in distance like little stars surrounded by a world of night and blackness. Leaving the boat, we ascended a stage, or platform, erected above the level of the canal. He must have firm and well-strung nerves, who, in this situation, can contemplate the black, unmeasured space around him, and hear the reverberated sound, and mighty rushing of the caverned waters, without a feeling nearly allied to terror. Standing on the very verge of a tremendous gulph of unfathomable depth—above, an immense cavern, whose lofty recesses no light has yet been able to penetrate, a sensation of awe takes possession of the mind—and breath, and thought, and motion, are for a time nearly suspended.

Our guide clambered up a rocky projection with

lights, which gave us a partial glimpse of the horrors of Speedwell Mine,—but only served to make darkness more visible. Two gentlemen who lately visited this place, took with them some powerful rockets, which they threw up in the midst of the cavern. They rose to their highest elevation, exploded, and spread out their brilliant scintillations as uninterruptedly as if they had ascended under the canopy of heaven. The extent and grandeur of this sublime vault were thus partly exhibited, but its utmost altitude and expansion remain still unascertained. We were now one thousand and fifty feet below the surface of the mountain, and nearly the whole of the intervening space is supposed to be occupied by this magnificent cavern.

As we emerged from Speedwell Mine, the clear warm light of a beautiful sunny evening, gleamed on the sides of the mountains, and played along the valley. I never saw the fair face of nature look half so lovely, nor felt the influence of the fresh breeze so welcome and cheering as on this occasion. The sensations caused by the transition, gave an elastic buoyancy to our spirits, and prepared us for new exertions.

Close to this Mine, is the entrance into the Winnats, or Wind-gates, a deep, winding, narrow chasm, about a mile in length ; and which, till lately, was the only direct communication between Castleton and Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith. A tolerably good carriage road passed through this ravine ; but the steepness of the ascent rendered it inconvenient to travel upon, and another has, therefore, been made along the base of Tray Cliff, and forward by Mam-Tor, which has increased the distance from the top of the Winnats to Castleton,

nearly a mile and a half. The magnificent views of the country which this new line of road commands, may, perhaps, more than compensate the tourist for the additional distance ; the advantages otherwise are not very obvious. Had one half the money which this scheme has cost, been judiciously expended on the Winnats, an accessible and easy road to Castleton might have been made, without incurring the inconvenience of additional travelling.

The scenery of the Winnats is wild and dreary, but yet interesting, both on account of its peculiar character, and the many picturesque combinations which the hills that form the two sides of the pass present. Proceeding downwards from the western entrance, the rocks and hills, every where steep and precipitous, gradually assume a loftier and bolder character : generally they are crested with rugged crags, which in some places are split into fantastic pinnacles ; and from the slopes below, isolated cliffs of considerable bulk and elevation protrude. Between these interruptions, and above and below, these lofty eminences are covered with a scant verdure, on which sheep are fed and fattened, yielding some of the best mutton in the mountain districts of Derbyshire.

The hill that forms the northern boundary of this wild dell extends from the opening into Speedwell Mine, at the foot of the Winnats, to Mam-Tor, and is known by the general denomination of *Tray Cliff*. It is an immense mass of limestone rock, thinly covered with herbage, and only remarkable from its formidable appearance from the vale of Castleton, of which it forms the western termination. Midway up this acclivity are the caverns where the amethystine fluor of mineralogists,

provincially called *Blue John*, is obtained. This beautiful material is peculiar to this part of Derbyshire, and hitherto it has not been met with in any other portion of the globe. Generally it is found in detached masses, which have sometimes the appearance of having been formed on rocky substances, from whence they have been broken. Mr. Mawe says:—"It is impossible to account for the prodigious variety and singular disposition of the veins, and sudden contrasts of the finest colours, which occur in this substance. Some of the pieces of fluor," he adds, "are a foot in thickness, and have four or five distinct veins; but such large pieces are very rare. In general they are only about three or four inches thick, and some present one strong vein, while others shew many smaller. Such as display a geographical figure, like a coloured map, are most rare and valuable." A variety of elegant articles, manufactured of this fluor, may be seen in all the spar museums in the county.

At the foot of Tray Cliff, near Mam-Tor, is the celebrated *Odin Mine*, which is supposed to be the oldest in Derbyshire, and to have been first worked by the Saxons, (as its name seems to indicate,) nearly one thousand years ago. The entrance into this mine is at the base of the hill, within a few yards of the road: it is easy of access, and the interior may be visited with but little inconvenience, as the direction is nearly horizontal. Many beautiful crystallizations of blende, barytes, fluor, calcareous spar, selenite, &c. &c. are found in this extensive mine; and occasionally that curious species of galena, called slickensides. The mysterious properties of this singular mineral have not yet been

accounted for ; but its power and effects are well known to the Peak Miners.

Haycliff Mine, near Eyam, was once the grand depository of this exploding ore. When this mine was open, a man of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his *pick* in getting the ore. Unfortunately he paid but little attention to the warning of the miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that, by an apparently electrical communication, set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and, with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the rocky fragments in every direction through the whole vacuity of Haycliff Mine. Thick boards of ash, at the distance of nearly twenty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock several inches in diameter. The poor miner was dreadfully cut and lacerated, but he escaped with life. The impression made on his mind by this incident determined him, on his recovery, to relinquish the dangerous trade of mining. He now* resides at Manchester, still bearing the marks of his temerity about him.

The loudest explosion of slickensides remembered to have taken place in this mine has been noticed by Whitehurst, in his "Theory of the Formation of the Earth." It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds weight.

* This paragraph was written in 1818.

During the explosion," he adds, "the ground was observed to shake, as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned: if correct, what an idea it conveys of the power required to dis sever such an immense mass of solid rock, and move so tremendous a weight!

Mineral caoutchouc, or elastic bitumen, is another of the singular productions of Odin Mine. It is of a darkish brown colour, and is easily compressed; but the same piece is not always uniformly elastic. When lighted, it emits a beautiful white flame, similar to that of lighted gas. Mr. Mawe classes this substance amongst the inflammable ores.

Referring to Mr. Mawe's authority, where he says, that "Castleton seems to be the best situation for the purpose of obtaining mineralogical information that the kingdom can boast," it may also be observed, that the various other objects of curiosity and attraction which this district embraces, render it altogether the most interesting of any part of Derbyshire. Speedwell Mine, and Peak Cavern are alone worth a pilgrimage.

CHAPTER III.

MAM-TOR—VIEW INTO CASTLETON DALE—ELDON HOLE—EBBING AND FLOWING WELL—FAIRFIELD.

WE left Castleton some hours after mid-day, and took the route by Mam-Tor. The **SEVEN WONDERS OF DERBYSHIRE** have been celebrated both in prose and verse for more than a century and a half. **HOBBES** has sung their praises in Latin Hexameters, and **COTTON** in English Iambics. Two of these *Wonders*, Chatsworth and Peak's Hole, have already been noticed, and we were now at the base of the third. Mam-Tor, or the Shivering Mountain, by both which names it is known, rises from the level of the Vale of Castleton, to the height of one thousand three hundred feet; it may, therefore, be classed amongst the loftiest hills of the Peak. But it is not on account of its altitude that Mam-Tor has been ranked amongst the *Wonders* of the Peak; Kinder Scout and Axe-Edge are of still greater elevation, but it is said to be continually mouldering and shivering away, without any way lessening in magnitude. If this were actually the case, this extraordinary Mountain would indeed be fairly entitled to the distinction with which it has been honoured. The summit of Mam-Tor consists of a stratum of silicious Sandstone; below this a deep bed of friable Shale occurs, which on the front of the hill is naked and exposed to the action of the atmosphere; decomposition in consequence is continually going on,

and the material that constitutes the bulk of the Mountain, progressively slides down to the base where it encroaches on the Mother Tor, and forms a regularly increasing mound.

As we ascended this elevated road, we had a glorious view of Castleton Dale; not a cloud was in the sky, and the whole horizon was filled with a flood of light, which rendered every object around us clearly discernable; yet from the almost total absence of shadow, the landscape, although eminently beautiful, was less lovely than when beheld under the effect of a setting sun, when every inequality in the scene is marked by alternations of light and shade, and the forms of objects are either thrown in lengthened lines, or lie in masses along the ground.

A walk of three miles from Castleton brought us to the summit of this high hill. We were now about eight from Buxton, and a drearer eight miles of road but seldom occurs in Derbyshire. Near a little village called Sparrow-Pit, about two miles farther, on the left of the road is Peak Forest, a name which includes an extensive moorland waste, and also a small hamlet that bears the same designation. This Forest was anciently called *De alto Pecco*, and is said at one time to have included the different parishes and townships of Castleton, Hope, Chapel-en-le-Frith, and Mottram, in Longden Dale. Within half a mile of this village is ELDON HOLE, another of the reputed *Wonders of Derbyshire*. Unassisted by fable, and the legends of the credulous gossip tradition, there is nothing either vast or astonishing in this fissure; it is merely a deep yawning chasm, entirely devoid of any pleasing appendages, and altogether uninteresting.

Many and marvellous are the stories that have been told of Eldon Hole. Cotton, who may be called the Poet-Laureate of the Peak, once endeavoured to ascertain the depth of this *fathomless pit*, as it has been termed; but, according to his own account, he did not succeed: he says—

“ For I, myself, with half the Peak surrounded,
Eight hundred, four score, and four yards have sounded;
And though of these four score returned back wet,
The plummitt drew and found no bottom yet,
Though when I went to make a new essay,
I could not get the lead down half the way.”

There is nothing like a tale of wonder, and this *tremendous* gulph, which is about fourteen yards long, seven wide, and sixty deep, has often excited both astonishment and terror. So early as the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester is reported to have hired a man to go down into Eldon Hole, for the purpose of ascertaining its form and dimensions. The account of this experiment says—“ He was let down two hundred ells, and after he had remained at the length of the rope awhile, he was pulled up again, with great expectation of some discoveries, but when he came up he was senseless, and died within eight days of a phrenzy.” This circumstance has been alluded to by Cotton in the following lines:—

“ Once a mercenary fool 'tis said, exposed
His life for gold, to find what lies enclosed
In this obscure vacuity, and tell
Of stranger sights than Theseus saw in hell;
But the poor wretch paid for his thirst of gain,
For, being craned up, with a distempered brain,
A faultering tongue, and a wild staring look,
He lived eight days, and then the world forsook.”

Between fifty and sixty years ago, a Mr. Lloyd descended into this gloomy abyss; explored the depths, and the capacity of its interior recesses, and dissolved the mystery, which, until then, had hung over it. A detail of this adventure was published in "the Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxi., page 250." Mr. Lloyd descended about sixty yards, to the bottom of the chasm, where he found several cells of different dimensions, whose sides and roof were every where covered with stalactites and calcareous incrustations. In one part of the principal cavern he discovered a fissure in the rock, from which a strong current of air proceeded; this, however, he could not examine, as it was nearly filled up with large stones, that appeared to have been rolled upon it. This aperture, the miners say, communicates with a lower shaft of vast depth, with water at the bottom; if so, Cotton, whose measurement of it, to the extent of eight hundred yards, was, as he says, "witnessed by half the Peak," may still be correct; but Mr. Lloyd's statement induces the conclusion, that he actually reached the lowest extremity of Eldon Hole at sixty yards from his entrance into it.

THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL—the *fifth Wonder of Derbyshire*—lies in a field close by the road side, about six miles from Castleton, surrounded with mud and weeds, a mere watering place for cattle. The last time I passed this curious natural phenomenon, I stopped by its side for some time, but saw it neither ebb nor flow. I had, however, previously observed the rising and sinking of the water of this well twice in the space of half an hour. When I first saw it, the water was in a perfectly quiescent state, and reached to within

eight or ten inches of the top of the basin ; shortly it began to be agitated, and rising rapidly, it almost immediately overflowed its narrow boundary, and then as rapidly subsided to its former state. In less than another quarter of an hour, the flowing was repeated in the same manner. Such is the common operation of this well in rainy seasons ; but in fair weather its tranquillity is but rarely disturbed. The quantity of water discharged every time it flows, is calculated to be about twenty hogsheads per minute.

BUXTON was our next resting place, and the sun had set when we got to Fairfield, a little village within a mile of this much frequented bathing place. Fairfield is situated on the summit of a gentle eminence, which forms a part of the extensive chain of hills that surround Buxton. The Church Yard here appears to have been long the burial place for the greater part of the neighbourhood ; and several tabular monuments and sculptured stones are found within it, that record the names and deaths of individuals who had sought health at Buxton, and found a grave at Fairfield. The Church seems fitted only to adorn a landscape, and such apparently is the feeling with which it is regarded by those who are entrusted with its care. In distance it is a good object, though its exterior architecture is far from imposing ; and within it is one of the most neglected places in which man ever bent before his Maker.

On Fairfield Moor and near the village, is Buxton Race Ground. Here the Duke of Devonshire has built a commodious stand for the convenience and accommodation of the company, and the races are generally well attended.

CHAPTER IV.

BUXTON—THE CRESCENT—THE BATHS—BUXTON BATH CHARITY—
BUXTON WATER—THE INNS.

ON arriving at Buxton we took up our residence at the Shakespeare Inn, one of the best and most comfortable houses in the place, particularly for pedestrians. The following morning we visited the Crescent, a large and beautiful edifice, well contrived for the convenience of strangers, and closely connected with the baths.

The east wing of this splendid building is occupied by the **GREAT HOTEL**, one of the most magnificent establishments of the kind in Buxton. The rooms are splendidly furnished, and rendered every way suitable for the accommodation of visitors of the highest rank. The Assembly Room in this Hotel is a noble apartment. It is upwards of seventy-five feet long, thirty wide, and thirty high. The ceiling is coved, and richly ornamented; and the room is lighted by two superb chandeliers. Public Assemblies are held here twice a week during the season, which commences early in June, and continues to the end of October. The next house in succession, formerly called the Centre Hotel, is now Shaw's Boarding House, and is kept by the proprietor of the Great Hotel, for the accommodation of family parties. Adjoining this house a spacious corridor leads from the front of the Crescent to the Square behind. This is a very pleasant part of Buxton, and is nearly altogether occupied by Shops and Lodging Houses, in the front of which an open arcade

extends along the whole range of the buildings. Entering the Square, on the right, between the back part of the Great Hotel and the Church, is the George Inn, one of the best houses in Buxton. It is in a retired and quiet situation, near to the Baths, and has a beautiful Garden and pleasant Promenade immediately before it.

Returning through the central corridor, we entered the Crescent, close to the Shop of Messrs. Bright and Sons, a place which offers a splendid treat for strangers. Every description of jewellery and precious stones, silver plate, cutlery of the most exquisite workmanship, and a great variety of other elegant articles, are to be met with in this establishment ; together with a rich and choice assortment of the marbles, spars, and fluors of Derbyshire, manufactured into tables, urns, vases, and obelisks, &c. The Banking business of Buxton and the vicinity is transacted by this respectable house.

Connected with these premises is the entrance into the Promenade Rooms, where an excellent band of music is in regular attendance ; the admission is one shilling each, and the performances are select and attractive. These Rooms furnish an agreeable and elegant resort for visitors, and they are in general well attended, particularly when the weather is adverse to out-door exercises.

A little farther in the Crescent is the Post Office, kept by Mr. Moore, and immediately connected with it are his Bookselling establishment, and Circulating Library, where a variety of engravings and publications illustrative of Derbyshire, may be had. There is likewise at this place, under the management of the same

gentleman, a commodious News Room, where the London and Provincial Papers are well supplied.

In the western wing of the Crescent are St. Ann's Boarding House and Hotel, and a little farther on the right is the Hall. On this site, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and sometime about the year 1560, William, the Third Earl of Devonshire, built the first general house of entertainment for Buxton visitants. This building, long known by the name of the OLD HALL, was subsequently enlarged, and when the Crescent was erected, a part of it was allowed to remain, and it is now one of the principal Hotels. In the west wing of the Crescent, and close upon the Hall, the tepid Baths of Buxton are all comprised. They are six in number, one public and two private for gentlemen; one public, and one private for ladies; and the Charity Bath for the poor. The hot-baths are a recent establishment. The apparatus connected with them, and the manner in which the water and the rooms are heated are the work of Mr. C. Sylvester, domestic Engineer, late of Great Russell-street, London. They are opposite the Grove Inn, and have a ready communication with the Great Hotel, the only circumstance, perhaps, that induced their erection in so confined a situation.

This brief mention of the Baths naturally suggests a notice of THE BUXTON BATH CHARITY; one of the most humble and unostentatious, yet efficient institutions that benevolence ever established. This Charity is principally supported by a trifling contribution levied upon visitors to Buxton. Whenever any new comers arrive, either at the Inns or principal Lodging Houses,

immediately after dinner the Subscription Book is introduced, in which all strangers are expected to insert their names and residence, and pay one shilling each, towards the relief of those who suffer the double infliction of pain and poverty. This trifling donation “blesses him that takes and him that gives;” it purchases the privilege of recommending one poor person to the Charity, who, on his admission, is furnished with medical assistance, the use of the Baths, and five shillings a week for three weeks, towards his support. Though the policy of limiting donations to so trifling a sum may perhaps be questioned, yet the practical operation of this regulation is generally approved. When the Subscription Book is introduced there is no balancing between shillings and pounds, neither the depth of the purse nor the feelings of the heart can be ascertained, or even guessed at by the sum subscribed; and all invidious comment or illiberal surmise are therefore precluded. In aid of the funds thus raised two Sermons are usually preached during the season at the Parish Church, where collections are made. The following report of the Managers of this Charity for the year 1836, will sufficiently shew the extent of the benefit derived from this small contribution:—

STATEMENT OF
RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS,
From the 14th September, 1835, to the 5th September, 1836.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Balance due from the Treasurer on the 14th Sept., 1835.	212	19	2
Collected at the Church, Aug. 14th and Sept. 4th, 1836.	95	19	7
General Subscriptions to 5th Sept., 1836...	240	11	0
Donations to ditto	142	6	6
The Interest on Mrs. Downs' Legacy to Midsummer, 1836.	4	10	0
	£	696	6 3
DISBURSEMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Expended in allowance to 657 Patients	413	5	0
Printing, Advertisements, &c.	31	0	6
Medicines...	39	16	0
Incidental Expenses	37	7	8
Balance	174	17	1
	£	696	6 3

IT APPEARS THAT NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE PATIENTS HAVE BEEN ADMITTED WITHIN THE ABOVE-MENTIONED PERIOD, OF WHICH WERE—

Cured or much relieved	820
Relieved	40
No better	23
Remain on the Books	76
				959

Three hundred and two additional Patients received Relief in Medicine and the Baths, but no pecuniary assistance.

N.B.—Every Subscriber may recommend a Patient; and in order to do so must address a letter (post paid) to "The Secretary to the Buxton Bath Charity," stating the age, character, and circumstances of the Patient, to which letter due attention will be paid, and an answer transmitted with as little delay as possible: but, in consequence of several inappropriate cases having been sent, there must be annexed a medical certificate of the nature of the complaint, and of his or her fitness for the use of the Bath, without which certificate the Patient must necessarily be sent back. Every invalid, duly recommended, has the advantage of medical advice, medicine, and the use of the Bath; together with an allowance of five shillings per week, (if standing in need of such pecuniary aid,) for the space of three weeks.

Nearly opposite the western wing of the Crescent is St. Ann's Well, a neat little structure, surmounted with an elegantly sculptured urn. Here the water is usually taken, the attendance of the Bath women being so arranged as to suit the convenience of all who may apply.

The efficacy of the Buxton waters in cases of rheumatism is well known ; and the gout and the palsy have also sometimes yielded to their salutary influence. Dr. Denman considers the Buxton waters as more active in their effects than is commonly supposed. In inflammatory and feverish complaints he interdicts them altogether ; and even in cases where they are considered to be peculiarly efficacious, he limits the quantity to be taken to a moderate portion. "Two glasses," he observes, "each of the size of the third part of a pint, are as much as ought to be drank before breakfast, at the distance of forty minutes between each ; and one or two of the same glasses between breakfast and dinner, will," he adds, "be quite sufficient." For invalids bathing, he recommends the time between breakfast and dinner ; and he directs that "the usual exercise shall be taken before going into the bath : the water never to be drank immediately previous to bathing." From these observations, it is obvious that the Buxton waters should be resorted to with some degree of caution.

Having enumerated the various establishments included within the interior arrangements of the Crescent, the seat of these sanative waters, a few brief remarks on its exterior character, may be here permitted. This princely edifice is a fine specimen of the Doric style of architecture. The whole extent of the front is

three hundred and sixteen feet; the span of the Crescent being two hundred feet, and the wings fifty-eight feet each.

“ This splendid structure,” says Mr. H. Moore, “ consists of three stories, the lower one being a rusticated arcade, which forms an agreeable promenade. Above the arches, an elegant balustrade stretches along the whole front and ends of the fabric; over the piers of the arcade rise fifty-two fluted Doric pilasters, that support the architrave and cornice: the triglyphs of the former, and the rich plancher of the latter, have a beautiful appearance. The termination above the cornice is formed by another balustrade, that extends along the whole building, in the centre of which are the Devonshire Arms, finely sculptured. In the space between the windows runs an enriched string course.”

The stables belonging to the Crescent Hotels, constitute a fine range of buildings; they occupy a gently rising ground, and their style of architecture is in unison with the grandeur of the edifice with which they are connected. A covered ride is carried round the area which these buildings include, for the purpose of affording an opportunity to the company at Buxton to indulge in the useful exercise of riding, even in rainy weather. The cost of these two erections exceeded fourteen thousand pounds. The architect was Mr. Carr, of York.

Another of the architectural ornaments of modern Buxton is the NEW CHURCH, a very handsome stone structure, which owes its erection to the same noble family at whose expense the Crescent was built, and under whose auspices a humble village has become, not

only one of the most important towns in Derbyshire, but a place of general and fashionable resort.

The erection of the Crescent was, no doubt, dictated by a spirit of munificence, and it is executed in a style of grandeur that might well befit the residence of a Prince ; but the site has been, in some respects, injudiciously chosen. It is closely obtruded upon by a very unseemly hill ; and the space in the front of the building, instead of being broad and ample, as such a structure required, is in consequence too much contracted. To make room for this erection, the river Wye, which might have been made a delightful object in the scene, was, in this part of its course, denuded of its foliage, arched over, and completely hidden from view ; and now, instead of appearing a sparkling, pleasant feature on earth, it has to burrow its way underground, like a mole—unseen, unheard.

We see what the Crescent is at present, and can readily imagine what it might have been, had the situation been selected with better judgment. On the gentle elevation near the site of the Church, it would have had a far more splendid effect. The whole area in front of the building, to the foot of St. Ann's Cliff, might have been laid out in pleasure grounds, appropriately adorned, and would thus have furnished, not only an object of great beauty, but a series of delightful promenades. The proximity of the hotels to the baths, was, no doubt, the consideration that determined the site of the Crescent.

Within the last few years, St. Ann's Cliff has been rendered tolerable by the taste and ingenuity of Sir J. Wyatville. The form of the ground admits of but one

plan of improvement—that of being laid out in a series of terrace walks, one above another. The only question was the approach, whether by slopes or stairs? Where slopes are so steep that they cannot easily be traversed, they are evidently improper, and ought not be resorted to. Some of the slopes on this hill side, are absolutely dangerous to tread upon, and are, therefore, worse than useless. The adaptation of contrivances to uses has not been sufficiently studied in the attempt to improve St. Ann's Cliff. The walks, however, when attained, afford a very pleasant promenade, particularly towards evening, when the Duke of Devonshire's musical band are playing their favourite airs in the front of the Crescent below.

At the west end of the Crescent, nearly opposite the Hall, is Billinge's Billiard Room, a great accommodation in such a place as Buxton, where the weather sometimes urges to in-door amusements; and close behind the Billiard Room is the Theatre—a small place, but neat and convenient within, and occupied, during the season, by a very respectable company of comedians. There are races in the month of June—and grouse shooting in August: the other amusements of Buxton are hunting, fishing, riding, and walking.

Passing St. Ann's Well, Crowder's Boarding House and Museum, situated at the foot of the Hall Bank, is the first conspicuous object. This Museum contains a good selection of Derbyshire manufactured spars and fluors; and, as a boarding house for a genteel family, it is scarcely inferior to any in Buxton. The houses on Hall Bank all look upon St. Ann's Cliff: their proximity to the Crescent, united with the beauty of the prospect

they command, render them peculiarly delightful as summer residences. The top of Hall Bank opens on a wide space of unoccupied ground, which is devoted to the fairs and markets of Buxton. Here there are several respectable inns and boarding houses ; and a little farther on is the Eagle Hotel, a large establishment, and an excellent posting house. Still farther, on the left of the road, are the Rising Sun and the Cheshire Cheese, both very comfortable houses, and generally well filled during the season. From this, the old and upper part of Buxton, a good carriage road leads to the open space at the east entrance to the Crescent. Here the Grove and Angel Inns are situated, both houses of superior accommodation, and the resort of the best company. Nearly opposite the gate that leads to the Crescent, is Mr. Hall's Spar Museum, a pleasant lounge for visitors. This gentleman's manufactory and principal establishment are at Derby. He is well acquainted with the mineralogy of the county, always willing to impart information to strangers, and a safe authority to rely on. Lower down the street, in the direction of Bakewell, there are several minor Museums ; but they need not be individually or particularly noticed.

CHAPTER V.

POOLE'S HALL—DIAMOND HILL—WALKS AND RIDES ABOUT
BUXTON—CHEE-TOR, &c.

Amongst the curiosities of Buxton, POOLE'S HOLE, which has the honour of being classed amongst the *Wonders of Derbyshire*, claims precedence. This cave is situated at the foot of Grinlow Hill, about half a mile west of Buxton. The entrance into it is low, narrow, and repulsive; but within, it progressively widens, and the interior caverns are of considerable extent. I saw this place in 1818, but have never been induced to pay it a second visit. Entering, we were attended by a woman; so, at least, her garb bespoke her; but, as she preceded us with her torch, she looked more like one of the Furies than a being of this world. We followed her from cell to cell, through a succession of rocky chasms, without being much pleased with our underground excursion. Those, indeed, who have visited the Devil's Cavern, at Castleton, will derive but little gratification from exploring Poole's Hole. The roof, floor, and sides of the cave abound with stalactical formations, which are sometimes so thrown together as to bear a remote resemblance to various objects. In one place we were shewn a *petrified turtle*—a *flitch of bacon*—and a rude mass of stalagmite, called *Old Poole's Saddle*. Further on in the cavern are other calcarious incrustations—a *wool-pack*—a *chair*—a *font*—a *lady's toilette*—a *lion*—and the *pillar of Mary Queen of Scots*. That these names

have been dealt out and appropriated in a very arbitrary manner, may be easily imagined. The objects thus designated bear about as much resemblance to the realities, as the cloud that Hamlet points out to poor Polonius might to a whale or a weazole. Poole's Hole, from the entrance to the farthest extremity, is said to be two thousand and seven feet.

Mr. H. Moore, in his Excusions in Derbyshire, has very particularly and accurately described all the principal caverns in the county. I, therefore, refer my readers to his little volumes for a more elaborate and minute detail.*

About a mile beyond Poole's Hole is DIAMOND HILL, a place often visited by strangers, for the purpose of collecting those detached crystals which are here denominated *Buxton Diamonds*. These crystals are hexagonal, and their sides and angles are accurately formed; but in general they are of a bad colour, as but few of them are found perfectly transparent. They are hard, and the points, like the diamond, will cut glass; but this property soon wears off. Mr. Moore observes, "These crystals being found perfect and detached, is a singular circumstance, and perhaps *peculiar to the spot*." He may, however, be informed, that they are *not* peculiar to Buxton. They have been found in abundance on the western side of Priestcliff, on the old road from Taddington to Miller's-Dale, where they

* If this gentlemen would collect together all his various accounts of the different subterranean recesses of the Peak, and disencumber them of other subjects, he would render a service to tourists. The title—"The Caverns, Caves, and Grottos of the Peak"—would sell his work, and he has the matter already prepared.

occur in a loose, dark coloured, ferruginous earth, similar to the soil in which they are embedded at Diamond Hill. I once gathered a handful of them in less than a quarter of an hour.

Bray, in his "Tour into Derbyshire," gives a curious account of the formation of these crystals. He says:—"In the year 1756, a gentleman, in his walks, observed some little risings on the rocks, which appeared like ant-hills. He opened some, and found they consisted of a perfect arch, drawn up, as he imagined, by the exhalation of the sun: in them was first formed a thin bed of dirty coloured spar, and upon that a regular cluster or bed of these crystals." He then adds:—"Dr. Short says, all these are formed in the winter; and the more stormy and colder that is, the larger and harder are these petrifications." Our modern chemists, I apprehend, will not be altogether satisfied with this old-fashioned method of manufacturing quartz crystals.

The immediate vicinity of Buxton, so far as the rides and walks are concerned, still remains to be noticed. One of the pleasantest and most frequented is the serpentine walk, by the side of the river Wye, from the front of the George Hotel, near the back of the Crescent, and from thence to the source of the stream, where the Macclesfield road leaves Buxton. The Wye is here but a small rivulet; it has, however, been deepened in many places, and occasional barriers have been thrown across to interrupt its progress, and produce a series of sparkling cascades: it is thus rendered a busy and babbling little river. Its sides are adorned with a flourishing plantation of trees, and neat gravel walks, with seats and alcoves, placed at intervals, where the pedestrian

may rest, when he is disposed, and enjoy this sylvan and secluded scene.

The next delightful walk, or ride, (for it may be either) is along the Bakewell road, through Ashwood Dale and Wye-Dale, in the direction of Topley Pike. The scenery for three or four miles on this road is peculiarly romantic and beautiful, and the ride may be extended to Miller's-Dale, seven miles from Buxton, where the river Wye ;—the rocky avenue through which it runs, and the luxuriant foliage that adorns its banks, will amply atone for a little extra exertion. From Miller's-Dale a path by the river, for pedestrians only, leads to Chee-Tor.

The road called the Duke's Drive leaves Buxton in the same direction, but branches off to the right, about half a mile from the town, and, ascending a gentle elevation, it reaches the summit of the rocky barrier that forms one side of Wye-Dale. Approaching the chasm known by the name of the Lover's Leap, the views on the left are wildly romantic, and rich with picturesque combinations. The channel of the Wye, seen from this situation, is a narrow and deep ravine, the two sides of which are, in many places, crested with jutting crags and spiral cliffs. Farther on, this pleasant drive turns through an open valley on the right, and, after making a circuit of about three miles, joins the Ashbourn road, and re-enters Buxton near the Cheshire Cheese. The Macclesfield road, on the side of Axe Edge, and the Manchester road, over the hills from the Grove Inn, may likewise be enumerated amongst the pleasant rides about Buxton ; but the most attractive

object in the vicinity, within the reach of an hour's excursion, is CHEE-TOR.

The nearest road to this place, a distance of about five miles, is through Fairfield to Wormhill. *Our* visit was pedestrian; and a little beyond the Church at Wormhill, on the left of the road, we stopped at a respectable public house, called Chee-Tor Tavern. Here we obtained a guide to the Tor. We approached the dell, which is distinguished by the presence of this huge rock, by a small wicket gate, nearly opposite to Wormhill Hall, a neat pleasant residence, where a steep and narrow path led us into the very depths of the dale, just where two formidable springs of water rush from beneath the rocks, and, forming an impetuous current, course their way in one united stream into the river Wye below. This body of water,—called Wormhill Springs, after being engulfed in the earth, at the Water Swallows, near Fairfield, pursues its way, for about three miles, through a subterranean channel, and then emerges into day in this contracted dell.

We had now to clamber over a rock on our right, which guards the entrance into Chee-Dale. Here we paused, to gaze upon the scene which this rocky mound commands. Looking upwards, the Tor, and the deep dell around it, form a grand and splendid picture: downwards, it is a stiller, a less spirit-stirring scene, but not less beautiful. In the deepest recess of the dell below, the river Wye, fringed with trees, and spanned by a rustic bridge, runs rapidly along. The king-fisher, just flitting underneath the branches, his gay plumage touched with light, is scarcely more brilliant than the stream. The sides of the Dale are formed by steep hills

and jutting crags ; lower down, a line of thick wood, with rock above and foliage below, extends across the Dale. Here the Wye pursues its way unseen amongst the trees ; its progress is, however, distinctly defined by the forms of the hills that shape its course. Beyond this sylvan screen the broad eminence of Priestcliff rears high its mighty cone.

We now descended into Chee-Dale by a steep and slippery path, and another wicket gate admitted us into the spacious recess that spans the front of the Tor.

Sentiment, feeling, passion, and pathos, may all be expressed and enforced by words ; but in the delineation of such a scene as now lay before us, language is impotent : and yet, the tourist who undertakes to describe the features of the country in which he makes his perambulations, must not be deterred by common difficulties, even though his efforts prove unsuccessful.

Chee-Tor is an immense limestone rock, which rises with a bold and broad convex front from the level of the Dale below, to the height of at least three hundred feet ; some accounts say three hundred and sixty. It is chiefly naked, and, towards the top, indented with fissures, from which, in a few places only, branches of trees shoot forth, varying and adorning this stupendous elevation with picturesque beauty. It is nearly isolated, and protrudes its huge dimensions far into the dell. At its base, the river Wye rushes rapidly along, as sparkling and brilliant a stream as ever imparted beauty and animation to a scene in nature. A high range of perpendicular rock, in the form of a mighty crescent, rises in front of this **GIANT OF THE DELL**, on the opposite side of the stream, at the dis-

tance of perhaps seventy or eighty paces in the widest part, and regularly narrowing towards the upper and lower extremities. In some places, this semicircular rampart of rock beetles considerably over the base, leaving a spacious alcove beneath ; and everywhere the summit is fringed with trees, and the sides adorned with pendant branches. The summit of this rock forms a terrace of several yards wide ; on the farther side of which, another range of rock, of a lesser altitude than the one below, and of a wider radius, sweeps in the same direction. This second eminence is likewise crested with light and elegant foliage. The two extreme ends of this crescent rock, are of a lesser elevation than the middle : they are about one-eighth of a mile apart, and they approach so near the opposite side of the dell as to leave only a narrow channel for the river. Throughout the whole of this area, huge fragments of rock, toppled from the heights above, are scattered about : they are in many places richly coloured with lichens and mosses, and closely embedded amongst tall tufts of grass, and shrubs and flowers. It is scarcely possible to imagine a place more abundantly stored with picturesque materials and studies for the artist than this secluded dell.

After remaining a short time at Buxton, we availed ourselves of the offer of a friend's carriage, and, on the morning of September the 8th, 1834, with the prospect of a rainy day before us, we proceeded on our purposed visit to Dove-Dale, Ilam Hall, and Alton Towers.

CHAPTER VI.

TISSINGTON—ADDRESS TO FLORA—THORPE CLOUD—DOVE-DALE—SCENERY OF THE DALE—DOVE-DALE CHURCH—REYNARD'S HALL—ILAM STONE—DOVE HOLES.

FROM Buxton to Newhaven, a distance of about eleven miles, the country, although not absolutely sterile, is extremely dreary, and totally devoid of picturesque beauty. Hills and dales appear in distance on both sides of the road; some are barren, and some have the appearance of recent cultivation: here and there some stunted firs have been planted, but so "few and far between," as neither to adorn the landscape, nor afford shelter to a cottage. All around, as far as the eye can reach, the whole prospect is singularly cheerless and uninviting. Approaching Newhaven, the fields assume a pleasanter aspect, and the herbage, at the time of our excursion, was fresh, cheerful, and abundant. At this place, numerous booths were erecting for a Fair, which is held here twice a year. A public Fair, in the midst of a wild country, newly obtained from the moors, with only here and there a solitary dwelling to intimate that it is not entirely deserted by man, seems somewhat of an anomalous establishment; and yet, we understood that these Fairs are generally well attended, and much business in the sale and purchase of cattle transacted. Proceeding a few miles farther, along the Buxton and Ashbourn road, we came to the vicinity of Tissington. Here the fields and dales on our left began to look very picturesque and beautiful, and the hedge-rows were

studded with trees. We had left the region of stone wall fences behind us, and had come once more amongst more cheerful and pleasing objects. Nearer Tissington, the fields, the fences that enclose them, and the fine foliage of the trees, began to assume somewhat of an aristocratic character, and we felt that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of a good, if not a splendid mansion. Tissington Hall, the residence of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, was close upon our left, but so thickly surrounded with trees, that we could only get a glimpse of it as we passed. Immediately connected with this baronial mansion is the small but pleasant village of Tissington. This retired place, insignificant as it is in size, and scant in population, is, in some respects, of too much importance to be passed without remark. It is the seat of a custom that once extensively prevailed in many parts of the kingdom, but which is now nearly confined to Tissington. The practice of dressing wells with flowers, and appropriating a particular day in the year to the grateful expression of feeling, for one of the best boons of nature, is a custom which we cannot but regret should ever have been suffered to fall into decay. Holy Thursday is annually devoted to the observance of this rural festival. On this occasion, the village wells, five in number, are fancifully, and often tastefully decorated, with the richest and choicest flowers peculiar to the season. There is a sermon at the Church, from whence the inhabitants go in procession, preceded by a band of music to the different wells, where the collects for the day are read in succession, and psalms and hymns are sung. Afterwards, the villagers entertain their friends

in the good old fashioned style of English hospitality, and spend the remainder of the day in cheerful amusements. Who but a gloomy, cold-hearted ascetic, that cannot bear to see his fellow creatures happy, would wish to blot out such a day as this from the calendar of village holidays? No! let it be preserved as a record of grateful feeling; and should the goddess Flora ever visit this part of Derbyshire on Holy Thursday, let her pause here, and give her choicest flowers to decorate the wells of Tissington, ere she proceed to her own peculiar domain at Alton Abbey. The following stanzas were the result of my musings on this interesting village festival:—

ADDRESS TO FLORA.

Blythe Goddess! leave thy throne of flowers,
 Opening their bright eyes to the sun
 'Mid the gay groves of Alton Towers,
 And wend thy way to Tissington.

There, as the gurgling streamlets flow,
 Or bubble in their native well;
 Flora! thy choicest wreaths bestow,
 To grace the village festival,

Gem the green fields with fairest flowers;
 But, oh! keep LOVE* and PRIDE* apart;
 FORGET-ME-NOT twine round their bowers,
 And banish thence the BLEEDING HEART.*

The nymphs that mingle in thy train,
 With roseate cheek and sparkling eye,
 Shall shoot from out their gay domain,
 Love's wily shafts, when thou art by.

* Provincial names of some of the pansies, &c.

Should they reclaim one roving youth,
 Won from the error of his ways,
 To the fair paths of love and truth,
 The Feast of Wells shall share the praise.

If history tell her truths aright,
 In mead, or waste, or barren mountain,
 Where'er a streamlet sprang to light,
 Man bow'd, and blessed the hallowed fountain.

And there he rear'd the verdant mound,
 Decked its green sides with duteous care ;
 And as the passing year came round,
 He paid his annual homage there.

Flora ! in this sequestered spot,
 A relic, stolen from time, shall be,
 Like thine own flower, **FORGET-ME-NOT**,
 A record, and a memory.

Water ! thou richest boon that heaven
 Has e'er vouchsafed to earth below ;
 Whether in love or mercy given,
 In endless streams thy blessings flow.

When through the desert Israel hied,
 By wilds interminable bound,
SPRING UP, O WELL!* the prophet cried,
 And Princes dug the trenches round.

The perils of the Red Sea passed,
 A wilderness before them lay ;
 A guide mov'd o'er the mighty vast,
 A fire by night, a cloud by day.

Hungered, athirst, of hope bereft,
 They follow'd the mysterious flame ;
 The rock was struck, and from the cleft
 A stream of living water came.

* Numbers, chap. 21, verses 16, 17, 18.

Cradled in wells, or runlets playing,
Water ! where'er thy bright stream flows,
'Mongst rocks, or wastes, or wild woods straying,
" The desert blossoms like the rose."

Directly opposite the entrance to Sir Henry Fitzherbert's Park, we left the Ashbourn road, and turned into Spen-lane, just where the guide-post announces, "four miles to Ilam." Two miles farther, shortly after leaving that well known public house, the Dog and Partridge, on our left, we came to Thorpe, through which there is a carriage road to Cheadle. Our path now lay along some open pastures, until, winding round the northern base of Thorpe Cloud, we first beheld the translucent stream of the Dove, playing and sparkling in the deep hollow of the Dale below.

The first part of Dove-Dale is an open dell, nearly half a mile in length. The hills on both sides of the river are steep, but not precipitous. Bunster Hill, on the left, is a fine eminence. From the base to the summit, the surface, though everywhere rugged and uneven, is not marked by any striking peculiarity: occasionally a fragment of rock, or here and there a stunted tree standing alone, varies the general monotony of this side of the Dale. The right is more diversified; dwarf ash, and aged thorn trees cover the slopes down to the very brink of the stream. There is a character of wilderness, rather than of beauty, about the scene; and yet the river, in its whole progress, is as delightful a stream as ever enlivened a mountain recess. At the upper extremity of this division of the Dale, a high rocky mound, stretching to the very verge of the river, interposes—a rugged, but not an impassable barrier. On

attaining this eminence, Dove-Dale displays all the grandeur of its character. Opposite the base of this hill, the views from the Staffordshire side of the river are peculiarly fine. The foreground is broken, and singularly rich with picturesque materials; the stream as it rushes over the rocky fragments that impede its course, is a brilliant feature in the scene. The crags and cliffs above rise grandly out of the foliage; and the remoter eminences, beautifully varied in outline, surface, and colour, unite happily with the composition, and present altogether one of the finest landscapes in the Dale.

It is now about twenty years since I first visited this place: every feature was then new to me, and every object delightful. Charmed with the scene, I sat down on a fragment of rock to describe the picture before me, for I then trusted nothing to recollection. The delineation, if at that time correct, has not yet lost any material portion of its fidelity. "The river Dove," I then observed, "is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and while passing along the first, and least picturesque division of the Dale, the ear is soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the play and brilliancy of the water. In some places it flows smoothly and tranquilly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazle, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honey suckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beautiful ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love

the water, divide the stream into many currents ; round these it bubbles in limpid rills, that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a great variety of aquatic plants and flowers, that grow in the bed of the river : these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them, like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the richest and most vivid colouring. Occasionally, large stones are thrown across the stream ; over, and amongst these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming, in frequent falls of this description, a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river."

The second division of Dove-Dale now lay in the hollow before us. It was a transition from one species of beauty in scenery to another—from the simple to the grand, and we felt and admired the change. The rocks in this part of Dove-Dale, although singular, and, in some places, rather fantastic in form, are strikingly picturesque in combination and effect ; and the foliage, particularly on the left of the dell, is rich and beautifully varied.

Honest Isaac Walton, and his friend Cotton, have both paid due homage to the river Dove ; and near "Beresford's enchanting glen," the old fishing house, a memorial of their friendship, still exists upon its banks. Since the time of these two worthies, other bards have made this river the theme of their song. Dr. Darwin has hymned its praises in splendid versification ; and Mr. J. Edwards, of Derby, has made it the subject of two long, and pleasing cantos. His "Tour of the Dove"

commences at its confluence with the Trent, and he pursues the stream upwards to its source, amongst the Peak Mountains, above Buxton. He has treated his subject, throughout all the sinuosities and windings of the stream, with considerable talent and skill, and has made it the medium of many beautiful poetic illustrations, and much local information. His poem, indeed, with the notes appended, are “a brief and abstract chronicle” of this brilliant, busy river.

We were now in the richest part of the scenery of Dove-Dale—the part most frequented and most admired by artists. Glover has made it the subject of one of his best pictures : he has given an accurate transcript of the scene in all its parts ; his colouring is true to nature, and he has imparted to his representation an appearance of magnitude, and a character of grandeur, which give all but reality to the scene his pencil has pourtrayed.

The graphic illustrations that have hitherto been published of Dove-Dale, give but a very imperfect idea of the place. Gilpin’s, it may be presumed, were made from recollection : rocks, woods, and a river, he remembered to have seen, and when at leisure in his study, he seems to have combined them as best suited his fancy : the fact is, Gilpin always painted much better with his pen than with his pencil. Dayes was more accurate : the view which he has given, in his “Northern Excursion,” of the first entrance into the Dale, is correctly delineated ; but the effect is far from imposing : the whole, indeed, is muddy, and excites an idea of littleness, rather than magnitude. Farringdon, in his “Derbyshire Depicta,” is still more faulty : he has not given the character accu-

rately of any one scene or object in the Dale: and yet, Farringdon was a Royal Academecian! This is taking a liberty with nature on the one hand, and with the public on the other, which is utterly unwarrantable, both in art and morals. Sir Francis Chantrey, R. A., is perhaps the only artist who has done full justice to the picturesque scenery of this romantic Dale. His drawings, made for the quarto edition of "Peak Scenery," and engraved by the late George Cooke, are faithful representations of the various scenes that he selected for the exercise of his pencil, and their beauty and brilliance are equal to their fidelity. The view from the Staffordshire side of the river is a peculiarly fine combination of forms and objects, pourtrayed with so much truth and character as to render description useless.

On the left bank of the river in this division of the Dale, a curious assemblage of rocks, called **DOVE-DALE CHURCH**, forms a peculiar and imposing feature. They are closely united at the base; shooting upwards, they are split and rent into separate parts, that terminate in cones and pinnacles. Edwards, in his poem, already mentioned, has beautifully alluded to this singular spot:—

Thou venerable fane! thy walls were reared,
Thy ivied arches springing roofed the void,
Thy fretted spires above the trees appeared,
Ere science one fair order had employed—
One metal, gold or silver unalloyed,
To shape and ornament her piles with grace:
And yet, the high emotions here enjoyed,
The humbling thoughts that human pride abase,
Might well befit the service of a holier place.

I glance around the dale from right to left—
It seems as paradise were passing by,
And I beheld it from this secret cleft,
Flowers yield their fragrance ; trees, luxuriant, high,
Climb the rude rocks ; and in the orient sky,
O'er yonder peak, the sun reveals his fires ;
The sparkling stream of Dove has caught his eye ;
His glory lightens all the cliffs and spires ;
I see, I feel, my spirit glows with rapt desires.

O hither bring the harp from Judah's palms,
With psaltery, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute ;
The music tuned of old to golden psalms,
This crag-built Church, these rocky aisles will suit :
They come—the wilderness no more is mute ;
The winds have brought the harpings of the sky ;
Dove breathes her dulcet tones, the lark his flute ;
The psaltry, trees, the sackbut, caves supply,
And one harmonious voice of praise ascends on high.

Nearly opposite to Dove-Dale Church, on the side of a steep hill, is Reynard's Hall, a magnificent rocky arch of considerable dimensions. This archway forms the entrance to an open space beyond, at the farther end of which a smaller portal is seen, at the base of an interior rock ; and one side of it communicates with a spacious cavern, from whence a fine view of this part of Dove-Dale is obtained.

Near this cavern, (some accounts say lower down in the dale,) a Reverend Gentleman, the Dean of Clogher, rode his horse amongst the rocks high up the side of the hill, with a lady (Miss la Roche) mounted by him. The horse and the riders fell into the hollow below. The Dean was killed, and a tombstone in Ashbourn Church-yard records his fate. Miss

la Roche escaped with some slight bruises, and lived to repent the enterprise.

The third division of Dove-Dale succeeds. This is a narrow cleft between the rocks, affording just space enough for the river, and a contracted pathway along one side of it; on the other, the stream washes the base of the rocks. Proceeding forward, this channel, narrow as it is, becomes still more contracted, and, for a short distance, the only means of advancing is by stepping from one stone to another in the bed of the river. Here the rocks on the right tower perpendicularly to a fearful height, and seem almost ready to topple on your head. On the opposite side, they are almost covered with luxuriant trees, that dip their pendant branches in the stream. A little beyond this narrow pass, the third section of Dove-Dale terminates. On the left, an immense isolated pillar of rock, called Ilam Stone, disrupted, as it were, from the mighty mass with which it appears to have been once connected, stands half way in the stream on the right, and narrows the chasm, through which a pleasant but remote prospect appears. This portal forms the entrance into a fourth division of the Dale, where the scenery assumes a widely different character. On the right is a steep rocky bank, nearly covered with hazle, ash, and dwarf foliage, amongst which a few jutting crags are occasionally seen. This range of hill continues for about half a mile, and terminates at the narrow entrance into Mill-Dale, a wild and cheerless recess amongst the mountains. At a considerable height above the level of the river, we entered a magnificent rocky cavern,

from the portals of which we had a fine view of the vale below. Near this cavern is a second of the same character, but of less dimensions. They are both included within one wide expanded arch, and are called Dove Holes. From this place we retraced our steps to Thorpe Cloud, where we crossed the river, over a rude bridge of stones, into Staffordshire, at the foot of Bunter Hill. A pleasant walk along the margin of the Dove brought us to the road from Thorpe to Ilam, just at the entrance into a meadow, through which there is a carriage road to the Isaac Walton Hotel, a very convenient inn, for all who visit Dove-Dale.

THE
DERBYSHIRE TOURIST'S GUIDE,
AND
TRAVELLING COMPANION.

SECTION V.

ILAM HALL—ALTON TOWERS.

CHAPTER I.

ILAM HALL—VIEW FROM BUNSTER HILL—THE CHURCH—MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF D. P. WATTS, ESQ.—PARSONAGE HOUSE—ARRIVE AT FARLEY.

ILAM HALL, the delightful residence of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. was one of the objects of our excursion, and we included it in our route to Alton Towers. It is situated in one of the most romantic nooks imaginable, surrounded by hills and woods of great magnitude and beauty. The banks of the river Manifold, which here courses its way rapidly through the valley, are covered with the most luxuriant trees. The house, erected only a few years ago, is a castellated structure, of considerable extent, with a very imposing exterior, and is admirably adapted to the site it occupies. This fine mansion, and the lovely scenery around, seem in unison with each other ; and when beheld from the road, along the side of Bunster Hill, within about a mile of the Hall, the view is peculiarly rich in picturesque and romantic beauty. From this situation, the towers, and turrets, and embattled parapets of Ilam are seen rising proudly above the intervening foliage, amongst which the stream of the Manifold occasionally appears coursing its busy way beneath the spreading branches of the trees, and sparkling brilliantly as it winds along. An amphitheatre of thick lofty wood closes in the scene beyond. The individual features that constitute this delightful landscape unite, both in form and colour, in

one broad, harmonious composition. Turner would delight in depicting such a scene: the soft aerial tint and visionary light with which this artist, particularly in his water-colour drawings, invests the productions of his pencil, would make Ilam look almost as lovely on canvass as it does embosomed in its woody domain.

From the terrace walk at the front of Ilam Hall, the grounds slope gently toward the river and the village Church-yard, from which they are divided by an *invisible fence*. The Church, which is a structure of by-gone days, has a tower at the west end, a nave, and a chancel. The tower, and the pinnacles at the angles, are entirely covered with ivy; not a fragment of stone-work is to be seen, and the clock lies like a bird's nest amongst the branches. No boundary wall separates the Church-yard from the adjoining grounds; but an ornamental border of shrubs and flowers marks the extent of this place of village sepulture.

On the north side of the chancel of the Church, a family vault has been recently built, and a modern gothic Chapel erected over it. This Chapel contains one of the masterly productions of Sir Francis Chantrey, a monumental group in marble, to the memory of the late Pike Watts, Esq. the father of Mrs. Watts Russell. I had noticed this fine work of art previously to its erection at Ilam, but I shall here take the liberty of repeating my remarks: "Monumental sculpture, generally, is of a very common-place character, consisting of groups, dignified by the word classical, where the cardinal virtues, as they are called, unmeaning personifications, allegorical allusions, and winged figures, representing angels, &c. commonly occupy the most conspi-

euous situations ; but Chantrey's designs, in this department of his art, have a far more simple, more affecting, and sublimer character : they appeal to the heart, by a representation of natural and probable occurrences, or what the mind and feelings naturally associate with the disruption of all earthly ties. Human beings are his only agents, and he employs them in those offices in which human beings alone can bear a part. This monument in the new Chapel at Ilam is strikingly illustrative of these observations. In this fine work, the venerable Pike Watts is represented on his bed of death, from which he has half raised himself by a final effort of expiring nature, to perform the last solemn act of a long and virtuous life. His only daughter, and her children, all that were dearest to him in life, surround his couch, and bend at his side, as they receive from his lips the blessings and benedictions of a dying parent. Nothing can be more affecting than this family group : the figures have the semblance of beings like ourselves, with passions, feelings, and affections similar to our own ; we can, therefore, sympathize in their affliction, and mingle our tears with theirs. Fame, justice, wisdom, fortitude, charity, faith, religion, are all represented by certain understood modifications of the human form, and they may be bodied forth in marble with great skill and felicity of execution. But in comparison with the work now referred to, how cold and feeble are the effects they produce ! As specimens of beautiful workmanship, they may excite admiration, but they cannot reach the heart, nor call its finer and more touching sympathies into action.”*

* Peak Scenery.

The Chapel in which this monument is placed is entered by a door from the chancel of the Church, and is lighted by windows of painted glass ; but unless the sky be clear and bright without, the light is somewhat too feeble and sombre. Ilam has other attractions than the splendid monument just mentioned : there is, indeed, a degree of romantic beauty about this quiet and secluded spot that no description can convey an adequate idea of. The gardens and grounds, although but on a limited scale, are laid out with the greatest taste and judgment, and the surrounding woods are unrivalled in grandeur and beauty. In a sequestered spot, amongst the trees on the right of the valley, there is a grotto, in which Congreve is said to have written his comedy of “*The Old Bachelor*,” and a part of his “*Mourning Bride*.” At the foot of the rock near this place, the HAMPS and the MANIFOLD, two of the principal rivers in the north of Staffordshire, after pursuing their course for several miles through subterranean channels, burst instantaneously into day, about twenty yards apart from each other. They almost immediately unite, and, running rapidly along through the grounds and village of Ilam, and the meadows below, join the river Dove, a mile, or a mile and a half above Mapleton.

At Ilam Hall, an elegant conservatory and picture gallery are connected with the house. During the last three years, I have paid four visits to Ilam ; but owing to some cause or other,—probably the absence of the family,—I have never gained admittance to the new picture gallery, a circumstance I much regret, as it was my wish to have noticed the pictures in this volume. Hilton’s “*Una among the Satyrs*,” I have before men-

tioned, as one of the choicest gems of this collection. Howard's "Solar System" is another masterly production of the modern school: beautiful drawing, splendid colouring, and high poetic feeling are all combined in this fine picture. The portrait of Mrs. Watts Russell, by Owen, is a clear, well painted picture, and a good likeness of the mistress of this delightful mansion. Of the dead masters, there is a fine landscape, by Gainsborough. With the other pictures in this collection I am unacquainted.

The parsonage house at Ilam is a very handsome modern structure; and the few groups of houses that constitute the village, although humble in appearance, are distinguished by more than ordinary neatness. They have each a small flower garden in front, and many of them are adorned with roses, jasmines, and ivy. Ilam is, indeed, a delightful little village; a bright sylvan oasis amidst a wilderness of hills: but the roads that lead to it are so bad and inconvenient, as to render this lovely spot almost unapproachable. The existence of such a place, without any thing like a tolerable approach to it, strikes one as an unseemly anomaly. From the new bridge over the Manifold, a good and pleasant road might easily be made along the valley to Mappleton, and from thence continued to Ashbourn.

Leaving Ilam, we laboured up a steep rugged hill, in the direction of Blore, from which, at the first turn that presented itself, we diverged to the right, and pursued our way directly onward, until we entered the high road to Cheadle. Five more, uninteresting miles brought us to the Star public house, where we turned sharply to the left, and in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards

we were comfortably seated in a good supper-room, at Orrell's Hotel, in the pleasant village of Farley—an excellent inn, where we passed the night, highly gratified with the attention of our host, and the good cheer his house afforded.

The scenery around Farley is of a highly romantic character, and well stored with picturesque objects. The bold inequalities of the ground on the right, and the masses of dark wood with which they are covered, together with the towers and turrets of Alton Abbey, directly opposed to the horizon, and rising out of a forest of sombre foliage, so extensive as to appear almost interminable, present a scene of more than ordinary beauty, which the dubious and indistinct atmosphere, at the time we first saw it, during the twilight of a summer's evening, elevated into grandeur.

CHAPTER II.

ALTON ABBEY—THE PROSPECT TOWER—THE GARDENS—MOONLIGHT SCENE—EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S DRIVE.

ON the morning after our arrival, the sun at intervals shone forth with unwonted splendour, and the rain which had fallen during the night gave a hue of freshness to the scene around.

From the inn at Farley, a five minutes' walk across some pleasant fields brought us to the entrance into the plantation grounds that environ the noble mansion of Alton Towers. A smooth carriage road, bordered with turf and flowering shrubs, and thickly fenced beyond

with dark gloomy pines, that form an impenetrable screen, leads to the front of the house, which is situated on a smooth verdant lawn of moderate dimensions, that slopes gently to the verge of a small lake, on the opposite side of which there is an extensive farm house, with a castellated front, so situated and arranged as to form an harmonious feature in the scene. The lawn and the lake are separated from the principal gardens, by a magnificent gothic bridge, and a high embankment, on which its foundations rest. The battlements of the bridge are surmounted with open balusters, that have a fine ornamental effect, particularly when seen from within the gardens, the access to which is through one of the principal arches.

Alton Abbey is a fine specimen of castellated architecture, and admirably adapted for a picturesque display of light and shadow. The parts are simple, broad, and massy, and nowhere loaded with ornament ; though the large cathedral-like window of the dining hall, and the tall tower of the Chapel beyond, are in a richly decorative style. The tower is light and elegant in proportion, of a commanding height, and beautiful in workmanship. Alton Abbey is indeed a magnificent edifice, and a fitting residence for the noble family of the Talbots.

This fine structure occupies a situation on a plain of considerable extent, surrounded by a highly picturesque country of hills and dales ; streams, rocky precipices, deep ravines, and woods of almost impenetrable foliage. Thus situated by nature, art has rendered it a paradise of loveliness.

At a short distance west of the mansion, a prospect tower has been erected, the top of which commands a

panoramic view that comprises within its vast horizon an assemblage of objects, so rare and interesting, as to have but few parallels in any part of the kingdom. The tower itself is not a paltry narrow building, placed on a hill as a landmark merely, but of great altitude and broad dimensions—fine in its proportions, simple and beautiful in design, and excellent in execution. This isolated structure, rising with majestic grandeur from out a forest of thickest foliage, from whatever part of the grounds it is beheld, is a remarkably noble feature in the scene. It gives dignity and consequence to the place where it stands, and the very woods that wave around it seem ennobled by its presence.

I have enumerated a few only of the principal objects of attraction at Alton Abbey, and must confine my future observations to the gardens, which have obtained a celebrity not to be affected by any praise or censure of mine. These we saw in all their splendour. The sun shone brightly in the heavens, and the richest foliage “just washed with a shower,” enlivened the earth. Under an arch of the bridge near the lake, at the north front of the house, we entered this elysian scene—this fairy ground of delight. A temple, almost as beautiful as that of the Sybils at Tivoli, occupies a prominent place near the entrance into the gardens. In the middle of this elegant structure, a marble pedestal, inscribed, “HE MADE THE DESERT SMILE,” sustains a bust of the late Earl of Shrewsbury—a masterly production, by Campbell. “He made the desert smile.” The words struck forcibly on the mind: thirty years ago, this delightful spot was a mere rabbit warren, overgrown with gorse and fern, and a few stunted

bushes. Near the temple, we turned round, at the suggestion of our attendant, to look at the gate by which we had entered, and the walls that bound this part of the gardens. They are very high, and their topmost copings present a succession of arches of considerable dimensions. From the ground to the top they are entirely covered with most luxuriant ivy; vases, richly sculptured, are placed on the planes between the arches, and niches, surrounded with ivy, intermixed with flowers, and occupied by marble busts, adorn the sides of the entrance. This is a dull and dry description of a mere garden wall; but let the reader imagine it surmounted with the open balustrades of a beautiful bridge, so situated as to appear, from this point of view, connected with it; trail creeping flowers amongst the ivy; adorn its base with an ample border of the most magnificent hollyhocks, dahlias, roses, and every variety of flower that wealth can procure, or art and culture produce; he may then figure to himself how very beautiful such an object may become: and such is the garden wall at Alton Towers. Advancing about fifty paces farther, we came upon a broad walk carried along a rocky knoll on our right; from this elevation, the whole of the gardens burst upon us in all their extent and splendour; and I was ready to exclaim, in the poetic language of the author of "The Bard":—

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!"

Hills, woods, and water—temples, grottos, pagodas, urns, busts, groups, and statues—richly sculptured vases

and classic columns—terrace walks and gay parterres—with shrubs and flowers of every hue, in some places harmoniously combined, like the tints of the rainbow—in others, varied, sparkling, and brilliant as the figures in a kaleidoscope—composed the rich picture set before us. In the midst of this bright and fanciful scene, midway up the hill on the left, stands the conservatory, the glory and boast of the gardens, with its seven glass domes, coroneted around with ornaments of burnished gold, and looking like a fairy palace amidst a scene of enchantment.

The view from this elevated terrace walk, comprehends nearly the whole of this splendid vale of flowers; which Loudon, in his “Observations on Cottage and Villa Architecture,” characterises as “one of the most extraordinary combinations of garden building, with garden scenery, any where existing in Europe.” In the lower part of the valley, on an island in the midst of a pond of water, stands an unfinished pagoda, which is approached by a richly ornamented Chinese bridge. This structure was originally intended to have been one of the most wonderful things in this wonderful place; but one story only has been erected. It was designed by Mr. Abraham, the principal architect employed in these gardens; and, according to Loudon, was to have been “one hundred feet high, and to have spouted water from one hundred dragons.” This height was to have been divided into six several stories, each diminishing in dimensions; and forty highly enriched Chinese lamps, lighted by a gasometer in the lower story, were to have been suspended from the separate stages of the structure. Numerous dragons, gorgons

and “chimeras dire,” spouting out water from their mouths, eyes, fins, tails, and nostrils, were to have ornamented the different angles. It was likewise intended to have projected a perpendicular column of water, seventy or eighty feet, from the topmost point of the pagoda: but the death of the late Earl of Shrewsbury prevented the accomplishment of this superb contrivance.*

From the situation we now occupied, a fragment of Stonehenge is seen near one extremity of the view; and the other, looking towards the north-east, is distinguished by a bold craggy eminence, called Thomson’s Rock, which is the site of an elegant gothic temple, consisting of several tiers or balconies, rich with architectural ornament and splendid gilding.

Pursuing the usual route of strangers, and passing along the gardens on the south side of the valley, we came to an elevated situation near the SWISS COTTAGE, a building large enough for a farm house, which is nestled amongst the most luxuriant foliage, and ornamented with honeysuckles, jasmines, and roses. It is a delightful spot, and a fit abode for a mountain minstrel. The view from this retired walk is extremely rich in architectural splendour. The different conservatories are conspicuous objects, and all the magnificent adornments of this enchanting scene are finely displayed. Following our guide and leader, we descended to the pagoda in the valley, and from thence wound our way amongst a labyrinth of sweets and flowers, to a broad and lofty terrace, where the principal conservatory

* This account of what the pagoda was intended to be, is chiefly abridged from Loudon.

stands. Richly sculptured urns, vases, columns, busts, groups, and statues unite their various attractions in this favoured spot, and invest it with a character of classic elegance.

When we first entered these gardens, I took out my Sketch-book, intending to store it with observations, to be afterwards referred to ; but I soon abandoned my design, and pocketed both book and pencil. Detail and description are useless in such a scene : it cannot be depicted in words. Those who have read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," (and who, indeed, has not ?) and been blinded with the splendour of the scenes in that popular romance, have only to imagine a series of gardens, and grottos, and temples, almost equal in magnificence, and the visionary picture their fancy creates may, perhaps, shadow forth a faint resemblance of the gardens at Alton Abbey. They are, in fact, more like a vision than a reality—an ideal creation, that seems "not of earth," and yet "is on it."

The site of these gardens is a deep narrow valley, that, gradually widening, extends from the house nearly a mile and a half, where it opens into a wider vale, watered by the river Churnet, which in many places is an object of beauty. This place, originally, was far from rich in natural advantages ; on the contrary, it must have presented many formidable obstacles to the various improvements that have been made, and which nothing but the most determined perseverance could possibly have accomplished. The late Earl of Shrewsbury was one of the boldest men that ever waged war with nature, and "MADE A DESERT SMILE." It was only about the year 1814 that he first began to orna-

ment this place with garden architecture, and intersect the vale with pleasant walks. From this time to the day of his death, a period of thirteen years, hundreds of labourers, mechanics, and artizans were regularly employed by the Noble Earl, to convert this wilderness into a paradise ; and yet, although a signal triumph has been here obtained over many great and obstinate impediments, any one disposed to be fastidious, may find food enough, even in this delightful place, for the gratification of his cynical propensities ; but our object was to extract pleasure from every thing around us, and we were not inclined to be too critical. I cannot, however, refrain from remarking, that the cheerless monotony of form and colour of the dark pine woods that cover the hills around, unite, not only abruptly, but inharmoniously, with the picture below. The gay parterres of flowers, that constitute the principal part of the gardens, look like a piece of splendid mosaic work set in a frame of the darkest hue. Gradation, the great charm in landscape, near or remote, has been here not sufficiently attended to ; and violent opposition and strong contrast substituted in its place. The back ground consists of a dark, gloomy forest of pines, and there is no connecting link in form and colour between the splendour of the gayest garden that can possibly be imagined, and the sombre screen of wood by which it is surrounded. Landscape painting teaches another lesson ; and landscape gardening either is, or ought to be, regulated by the same or similar principles. But, anomalies and contradictions apart, we were highly gratified with the grounds and gardens at Alton Towers, even though we were excluded from the house—a disappointment we

should have more forcibly felt, had we not been previously informed, that during the absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was at this time on the Continent, the interior of Alton Abbey is invariably inaccessible to strangers.

A very intelligent gentleman from London, with whom I have conversed since my visit to this place, told me that he once passed a few hours here by moonlight, in the early part of autumn. After perambulating the grounds for some time, he took up his station on the bridge that separates the lawn from the gardens. He leaned upon the balustrades, contemplating the subdued glories of this enchanting place. The minutia of detail was lost in bold and imposing masses. The dark pines, which cover the hills that form the two sides of the valley, marked the extent of the scene. The glassy domes of the conservatories, and the golden ornaments with which they were enwreathed, glittered in the silvery light. Statues, busts, urns, columns, vases, and temples were dimly seen in the various walks, and the bright lake, with its picturesque water tower, filled up the hollow of the vale. The temple on the highest hill on the left, and the Swiss Cottage, the residence of the Welsh harper, nestled amongst the pines on the right, were touched with the mild light of the broad harvest moon, and the whole scene was delicious. The owl was heard occasionally hooting amongst the trees; but the song of the nightingale, which, but a few months before, was heard in every recess of the valley, was now silent. The evening was singularly beautiful and tranquil; not a cloud was in the heavens, and every thing around seemed hushed and

soothed into the deepest repose. Such was the night scene which my friend enjoyed at Alton Towers.

Leaving this delightful place, we returned to Farley; ordered our carriage, and from thence proceeded, along the Earl of Shrewsbury's ride, to the Uttoxeter road. This ride is carried through groves of pine, near the top of the hill that forms the northern boundary of the gardens; but, for the first mile and a half, it is so closely beset with trees, that scarcely a glimpse can be obtained of the lovely scenery beyond. Where the pine plantations terminate, the foliage on the road side becomes less impervious, and we had, for the first time, an uninterrupted view of the deep vale of the Churnet. The river here flows smoothly and slowly along, a powerful but tranquil stream, without even the semblance of a ripple. Such, indeed, is the general character of the Churnet; but directly opposite to the elevated situation we occupied, its quiet current is interrupted by a wear, thrown across for the purpose of working a mill which is here situated amidst the surf and foam, and circling eddies of the stream: it then becomes rapid and sparkling; an object of beauty, life, and motion. Looking across the valley and the river, to the hills beyond, and taking a retrospective glance at the scenery we had left, the ground is finely diversified in form, and almost entirely covered with woods, composed chiefly of lofty pines, from whose dark coverts the towers and turrets of Alton Abbey rise with peculiar grandeur. About half a mile further, we left the Earl of Shrewsbury's drive by a splendid lodge and gateway, and proceeded onward for about half a mile, when we came to the Uttoxeter road, near the fifth mile-stone

from Ashbourn; shortly after, we passed through Ellastone and Mayfield, crossed the river Dove, and proceeded to Ashbourn, where we stopped for a mid-day lunch.

CHAPTER III.

ASHBOURN—THE CHURCH—MONUMENT OF SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY'S DAUGHTER—MONUMENT OF THE TWO CHILDREN AT LICHFIELD, BY SIR F. CHANTREY—VIA GELLIA—CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST EXCURSION.

ASHBOURN, twelve miles from Matlock, is a neat, clean, and respectable looking town, pleasantly situated in a very beautiful part of the country. High hills shelter it from the cold winds of the north, and, towards the south, it looks upon a fine open valley, richly cultivated, along which the river Dove meanders through some of the most fertile meadows in the kingdom. The Church, a pleasing specimen of gothic architecture, was built about the middle of the thirteenth century. It is in the form of a cross, with a square tower rising from the centre, which is surmounted by a lofty and elegantly ornamented spire. The interior is light and spacious, and the pillars that support the roof are strong and massy. These pillars have in several places been strangely defaced and cut away, in order that some unmeaning monumental tablets, might be more conveniently put against them. It is a pity that the Church-wardens who allowed such a mutilation to take place

were not made to do penance for such an instance of bad taste. There is a beautiful little monument in this Church, from the chisel of Banks, which, for design, feeling, and execution, would do credit to the talents of any artist of the day. It is to the memory of the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, a daughter, who died at the age of five years and eleven months. On a marble pedestal, a mattress, sculptured from the same material, is laid; on this the child reposes, but apparently not in quiet. Her head reclines upon a pillow, but the disposition of the whole figure indicates restlessness. The little sufferer, indeed, appears as if she had just changed her position, by one of those frequent turnings to which illness often in vain resorts for relief from pain. The inscription on the tablet below enforces this feeling:—

“I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came.”

The pedestal below is inscribed—

“TO PENELOPE,

“Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, and Dame Susannah Boothby.
Born April 11, 1785; died March 13, 1791.

“She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.”

It is impossible to hang over the beautiful image which the artist has here sculptured forth, and peruse the simple but affecting inscriptions around it, without sympathising with the afflicted parents, who “had ventured their all of happiness on this frail bark,” and found “the wreck was total.” This monumental design, which is exquisitely finished, and full of pathos

and tender feeling, probably suggested to Sir F. Chantrey the execution of that masterpiece of art, the group of the two children, which is now the grace and ornament of Lichfield Cathedral, and the boast of modern sculpture.

A visit to the monument in Ashbourn Church, after a lapse of twenty years, together with the coincidence of being seated in the same room, and probably at the same table, where the design of Sir F. Chantrey's masterly production at Lichfield was first committed to paper, afford me an opportunity of correcting some misrepresentations that have been circulated on the subject. I may, therefore, I hope, be indulged with a page or two of digression, previously to proceeding on my way to Matlock.

It has been repeatedly said, and extensively bruited about, particularly amongst artists, that Sir F. Chantrey, the sculptor of this monumental group, having but little imagination, and not being capable of making a good design himself, was at one time in the constant practice of employing others in this department of his art, and that Stothard was the highly gifted man of whose talent he regularly availed himself. It has, indeed, been confidently stated, that the monument to Miss Johnes, of Hafod, and the group of the two children at Lichfield, were both designed and drawn by Stothard.

It is equally as unjust to rob a person of his reputation as of his purse ; and it is equally a duty we owe to one another to defend a man's fair fame from injury, as to protect his money from the robber. My acquaintance with the origin of the two monuments just mentioned would have enabled me to have done this long

ago ; but Sir F. Chantrey's indifference on the subject has always interfered with an intention which, without his knowledge, I now fulfil.

The *Eclectic Review* for November, 1828, in an article on "Smith's Nollekins and his Times," after detailing the several stages through which productions in sculpture regularly pass, observes, "Here is obviously no necessity for the intervention of the master, excepting in the design and the model ; nor is it, as we have understood, by any means unusual for the first of these to be furnished by artists of readier invention than some sculptors are supposed to possess. We have heard, in particular, that one of our ablest men, and another of very inferior eminence, have been *altogether* indebted, the one to Smirke, and the other to Stothard, for their original sketches. Of course, we do not vouch for the correctness of these reports, though we repeat them on high authority." The reviewer, in this passage, evidently alludes to Sir F. Chantrey. He does not, as he says, "vouch for the correctness of these reports," but he adds, "we repeat them on high authority." I am not uninformed of what has been often said on this subject, nor am I ignorant of the fact that Mr. Stothard's private Sketch-book contains drawings of the two monuments in question ; a circumstance that has been frequently adduced to establish "the correctness of the report," representing Mr. Stothard to have been employed by Sir F. Chantrey as the designer "*altogether*" of his monumental sculpture. That he at one time received many useful suggestions from this veteran artist, is extremely probable ; they were in the habit of frequently seeing and conversing with each other, and such a man as Sto-

thard could scarcely talk five minutes on subjects of art, without making some observation or other which a tyro in the profession might turn to account, and sometimes advantageously use ; but I cannot imagine that he ever countenanced the report that the monument of the two children at Lichfield was designed by himself. He ought, indeed, to have said that *it was not*, because his Sketch-book had led, in many instances, to false conclusions. The origin of this design was briefly as follows. Sir F. Chantrey had received a commission for this monumental group from Mrs. Robinson, of Lichfield, the widowed mother of the two children, whose untimely fate it was intended thus to commemorate. A request accompanied the commission, that he would see the monument to the memory of Sir Brooke Boothby's daughter, in Ashbourn Church, previously to making his design, as she wished to have *something like it*. About this time, Sir F. Chantrey was on a visit in Derbyshire, and I accompanied him to Ashbourn, where we arrived late in the evening from Bakewell. The following morning we visited the Church ; he there saw the monument recommended to his notice, and made a slight outline drawing of it in his Sketch-book. It was now between nine and ten o'clock, and, leaving the Church, we proceeded by a pleasant route to Dove-Dale. Amongst the romantic scenery of this delightful spot, we spent a long summer's day, and returned to Ashbourn to a late dinner. It was our intention to have proceeded to London on the following morning at one o'clock, by the coach from Manchester : we had, of course, several hours of waiting on our hands, which might prove tedious or otherwise, as we employed them. About ten o'clock, Chantrey took out

his Sketch-book. A few specimens of ferns, brought from Dove-Dale, occupied his attention for the first half-hour; he then told me not to disturb him, but to amuse myself in my own way, as he intended to make a drawing for the Lichfield monument before the coach arrived. This was done, and the design he at this time made, with scarcely any variation whatever, was subsequently executed in marble, and shortly afterwards submitted to public inspection, in the model-room of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House. The sensation which this exquisite production created has had no parallel in the annals of modern art. Three of Canova's fine works were in the same exhibition: his beautiful figure of Hebe, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth; his Terpsichore, and a bust of Peace: yet, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of these masterly productions, and the novelty of their exhibition in London, the group of the two children robbed the great Italian sculptor of his laurels. His statues were seen, and, of course, highly admired; but Chantrey's "children" excited a far more intense degree of interest. The crowd that hung over them in silent abstraction was, for many successive days, so dense, that the monument was approached with difficulty, and by many but imperfectly seen. The sculptor, after the close of the exhibition, wished to have a painting of this group; and, from a desire to serve Stothard, he gave him a commission for the picture. For *this* purpose, the drawing which appeared in his private Sketch-book was made. This circumstance came under my own observation; and the drawing for Miss Johnes' monument was also, to my certain knowledge, made in

the same way, and precisely for the same purpose. I saw the drawings of both these works of art in Stothard's book, and observed at the time, that they ought not to have been inserted there. "And why not?" was Chantrey's question. "Because," I replied, "when hereafter they are seen in that book, in company with Stothard's original drawings, it will most assuredly be supposed that they are his designs, and not yours." This anticipation has been verified, and the talents of this eminent sculptor unjustly impugned in consequence.

Being, perhaps, the only individual living, with the exception of Sir F. Chantrey and his Lady, capable of setting this matter to rest, and considering the above statement not only due to the reputation of my friend, but an act of common justice, I have availed myself of the opportunity this publication affords me of doing, although late, what it was certainly my wish to have done many years ago.

The first six miles of road from Ashbourn to Matlock is extremely uninteresting ; but on approaching Hopton, it greatly improves : and at Carsington, a little village with which Hopton is closely connected, the scenery is sylvan and pleasingly picturesque. From this place there is a good carriage road to Wirksworth and Matlock, by the way of Middleton and Cromford ; but Via Gellia is by far the best route for a stranger to take. Immediately on leaving Carsington, turn up the steep hill on the left. A thick, leafy screen skirts the road for some distance ; but occasionally some beautiful *bits* of landscape are descried through the openings amongst the branches. Having attained the top of the hill, a level road of nearly a mile succeeds ; the descent is

then rapid, but the road is good, and the steep slopes on each side present a succession of very interesting and novel scenery. Abrupt acclivities, chiefly covered with hazels, mingled with dwarf oak, ash, and elm, interspersed with jutting crags, mark each side of the road. Descending towards Matlock, the prospect is continually varying, and full of beauty: the different eminences amongst which the road winds are seen rising behind each other in succession, and gradually developing their mighty forms; others still more remote, appear beyond, their shadowy outlines receding into farthest distance, and blending with the heavens, that seem to rest upon them. Such are the views from the upper part of Via Gellia: lower down in the dale, the distance is hidden from view, and the prospect is limited to a narrower range of vision. At a public house, known by the sign of the Pig of Lead, where a road branches off to Bonsal, Via Gellia, properly so called, terminates in Cromford-Dale. The hills here are still lofty and precipitous. Those on the right are well covered with wood; but on the left, they are naked and scant, even of herbage, with the exception of the higher eminences, which are crested with trees. Entering Cromford, the scene changes, and still nobler prospects succeed. At Matlock Bath we terminated our first excursion to Alton Towers.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND EXCURSION TO ALTON TOWERS—BONSAL MILL—VIA GELLIA—
GRIFFE-DALE—BRASSINGTON MOOR—ASHBOURN—ELLASTONE—
WOTTON HALL—ROUSSEAU—THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S DRIVE,
AND FARLEY.

THE necessary arrangements having been made for a second visit to Alton Towers, in the month of May, 1837, we once more proceeded there, by the way of Ashbourn, for the purpose of seeing the interior of the house, from which, in consequence of the absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, we had been previously excluded.

Leaving Matlock, our way lay through Cromford, and immediately on passing the front of the Greyhound Inn, we left the Wirksworth road by a sharp turn to the right, which leads through a deep dale to Via Gellia. The scenery along this dale is very beautiful. High precipitous hills rise on the left, every where covered from the base to the topmost cliffs, with luxuriant foliage and jutting crags. A small and busy rivulet, occasionally spread out into a series of little reservoirs, or dams, divided from each other by brilliant cascades and miniature waterfalls, courses its way by the road side. It was early in the month of May : the trees had on their gayest foliage, and a brisk wind, always favourable to picturesque effect, played amongst the branches ; the water sparkled amidst the long grasses and flowers that were imbedded in the stream, or nurtured on its margin ; and hundreds of birds, straining

their little throats as if mad with joy, were chaunting forth a merry madrigal to welcome in their favourite month. It was a delightful scene, and we were not insensible to its influence.

At Bonsal Mill we entered Via Gellia, another deep and romantic dell, along which we pursued our way for about a mile, when we came to the road from Wirksworth to Buxton, where we turned into Griffé-Dale on the right, and proceeded to Grange Mill. This turn in the road must be particularly attended to by travellers who are inclined to take the same route; if not, they may continue along Via Gellia to Hopton Hall, and from thence through Carsington to Ashbourn. The dale we had entered is deep and narrow, and about two miles in length; and at the time we passed through it was peculiarly beautiful. The trees were of the freshest green—oak, elm, ash, and hazel, amongst which the bird cherry, with its brilliant white blossoms, was so profusely scattered, that nearly the whole of the left side of the dale appeared one continued bed of flowers. The ground beneath was rich in lichens and mosses, interspersed with the sweet violet, and thickly adorned with tufts of primroses. A small clear brook babbled along by the road side, and the scene was altogether eminently beautiful. This little dell terminates at Grange Mill. Here we passed through the toll-gate on the left, and proceeded along the road from Winster to Ashbourn.

For the first mile and a half of this road, the prospect is confined, and uninviting to the eye; but, approaching the western verge of Brassington Moor, the scenery becomes highly interesting. The road here takes a broad sweep to the left, under a rugged acclivity, composed of

fragments of rock, amongst which the fresh green larch, not long since planted, appears to flourish. The crags that crown the summit of this eminence are split into countless pieces, and have a singular and curious effect: taken in connexion with each other, they look like the huge teeth of some enormous monster, placed here to guard the lovely scene below. On the right of the road, situated in a capacious natural basin, partly surrounded by shattered crags of considerable elevation, lies a small but delightful farming establishment, not long ago claimed from the rude wastes that hem it in on every side. The hand of taste and industry has evidently been here at work, and this little spot is so peculiarly situated amongst the rocks and hills, as to derive additional loveliness from the very sterility by which it is surrounded.

At the lower extremity of this secluded vale, the road passes through a narrow cleft amongst the rocks, from whence it shortly emerges into a more open, but yet hilly country. The broad square tower of Bradburn Church is seen on the hill on the left, and on the right lie Tissington Pastures. The remaining part of the road to Ashbourn is through a succession of pleasing scenery, enlivened by the little rivulet Schoo. Approaching the road to Buxton, Thorpe Cloud, the bold eminence that guards the entrance into Dove-Dale appears in shadowy majesty in the distance.

An hour's rest at Ashbourn refreshed our horses, and, resuming our journey, we passed, two miles farther, through the village of Mayfield, where Moore, the poet, long resided, and from which many of his delightful productions are dated. Another two miles brought us

to Ellastone ; from which place a road to the right leads to Wotton Park and Farley. Wotton Hall, a singular looking old edifice, was built by Inigo Jones. The valley in which it is situated is well wooded ; and in the immediate vicinity of the house, we noticed several beautiful combinations of sylvan and meadow scenery. About a mile from the Hall, under the huge hill of Weever, is the village of Wotton, a place which the old topographer, Camden, has noted as proverbially sterile. "The people in this neighbourhood," he remarks, "describe the climate of this moorland district in the following distich." The first line is the common name of the village :—

"Wotton under Weever,
Where God comes never."

The park grounds, however, that immediately environ Wotton Hall, do not deserve this character ; they are fertile and beautiful. This mansion was, for nearly one year, the residence of that selfish, capricious, and (notwithstanding all his affectation of sensibility,) heartless Frenchman, Jean Jacques Rousseau ; who, even in France, and surrounded by friends, lived in continual agitation and alarm. He was possessed with the idea that plots and conspiracies against his personal safety and happiness were carrying on in every country in Europe, and he sought an asylum in England from the imagined persecutions of his imaginary enemies. At this time, advised by his friend, the historian, Hume, he fixed on Wotton Hall as a place of retreat from his troubles. In April, 1766, he first settled here. "I

have," says he, "arrived at last, at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, where I hope to breathe freely and at peace." But "at peace" he did not long remain: he soon found some cause of dissension with those who were endeavouring to serve him, and in the month of April following, he quitted his "agreeable and sequestered asylum," and returned to the continent, heaping reproaches on his friends. He was an unamiable and petulant character. The rent of Wotton Hall had been greatly reduced, to allure him into the country: his spirit revolted at this circumstance, and as soon as he became aware of it, he indignantly left the place. On one occasion, whilst here, he received a present of some bottles of choice foreign wine; but being a gift, his pride would not permit him to taste it, and he left the wine in the house untouched, for the next comer. For some reason or other,—or more probably for none,—he had formed a determination not to see Dr. Darwin. The Doctor, aware of his objections, placed himself on a terrace which Rousseau had to pass, and occupied himself apparently in examining a plant. "Rousseau," said he "are you a botanist?" They entered into conversation and were intimate at once; but Rousseau, on reflection, imagined that this meeting was the result of design, and he discontinued the intimacy. It was, indeed, no easy matter for any one to be long on terms of friendship with the eccentric and ill-humoured Jean Jacques Rousseau. Madame de Staël, in her observation on his character, says:—"Sometimes he would part with you with all his former affection; but if an expression has escaped you which might bear an unfavourable construction, he would re-

collect it, examine it, and perhaps dwell upon it for a month, and conclude with a total breach with you."

We had been induced to take Wotton Hall in our way to Farley for the purpose of varying the route; we should not, however, recommend others to follow our example. Alton Abbey, for effect, should always be approached by the Earl of Shrewsbury's private carriage road. Pass through Ellastone, and pursue the Uttoxeter road one mile farther, where a turn to the right leads to the park gates, the entrance into this privileged drive. Here the beautiful scenery of this noble demesne commences. On passing along, several openings occur amongst the trees on the left, that let in some delightful views of the scenery about Alton. Within about half a mile of the house, on the right, is a conservatory, ornamented with statues, busts, and vases; and on the left, a lake of water. Visitors should here stop their carriage, and, for a short time, enjoy the scenery before them. A little farther on, there is a gothic temple, close to the road side. At this point, Alton Towers and the intervening gardens burst upon the eye in all their beauty and magnificence. It is a peep into a terrestrial paradise. Proceeding onwards another quarter of a mile, through a plantation of pines, this noble mansion stands before you in all the fulness of its splendour. The lake, the lawn, the arcade bridge, the embattled terrace, the towers, and the surrounding foliage, come broadly and instantaneously upon the view—a splendid and imposing picture—a place to be gazed on and wondered at. This approach to Alton Towers is decidedly the best; the house and grounds are seen increasing in effect at every step, until they open upon the spectator

in one magnificent combination of architectural grandeur and sylvan beauty.

Arriving at Orrell's Hotel, at Farley, leave your carriage, and obtain tickets of admission to the house and gardens ; an indispensable introduction to the place.

CHAPTER V.

APPROACH TO ALTON TOWERS—THE ENTRANCE HALL—THE ARMOURY—THE PICTURE GALLERY—THE SALOON—THE HOUSE CONSERVATORY—NEW SUITE OF APARTMENTS—COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY'S BOUDOIR—DINING ROOM—THE CHAPEL—THE EAST TERRACE—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS—CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.

ALTON ABBEY is about half a mile from Farley. A footpath, through a few pleasant fields, leads to an entrance into the plantations immediately connected with the house.

Strangers generally visit the gardens first ; an account of which is given in the preceding excursion. Supposing this to have been done, a broad flight of steps leads through massy folding doors to the Hall of Entrance, a lofty but not very large apartment, hung round with swords, spears, helmets, shields, and various other implements of war. Here, seated in an ancient gothic chair, may generally be found an old Welch bard, the minstrel of the mansion, habited in a picturesque costume, striking his harp to songs of other days. This is a pleasing incident in the arrangements of the place, and prepares the mind for the scene that

immediately follows. This Hall communicates with the Armoury. The numerous and rare assemblage of objects which are here displayed, in one continued range of about three hundred feet, (including the long perspective of the Saloon and Picture Gallery,) is, perhaps, unrivalled in effect in any mansion in the kingdom. The first compartment, the Armoury, is divided from the Picture Gallery, by a pierced-work ornamental bronze screen, which extends across the whole width of the apartment, and is composed of halberds, spears, lances, and other implements of war, so arranged as to form but little obstruction to the view. The figures of fifty knights, placed on pedestals, and armed cap-a-pie, in polished suits of mail, are disposed along the walls, and on the floors; and hung on the sides of the room are sundry specimens of bows and arrows, ordnance, musketry, &c. of various fashions, and belonging to different periods of time. The broad battle-axe of ancient warfare, the richly ornamented Turkish yhatagan, and polished stiletto,—

“ Helmet and hauberk, targe and spear,
Cuirass, and sword, and culverin,
In dread array are gleaming here.”

This apartment is perfect in its kind: seats of dark carved oak are placed at intervals; and the roof, in style, ornament, and colour, is in perfect consistency with all below. The light, which is admitted through stained glass windows only, is of that dubious kind which throws over every object a half defined, unreal, and visionary effect. Nothing is palpably and distinctly seen, but sufficient is developed to fill the mind with

images of days, and scenes, and customs long since departed.

The next apartment, the Picture Gallery, in form and dimensions, is similar to the Armoury. The ceiling, which is flat, is divided, by richly ornamented gothic tracery, into different compartments of ground glass, so disposed as to admit of an equal distribution of light ; and, therefore, admirably calculated to give effect to an exhibition of pictures. I should not envy the feelings of any man who could enter such a place as this, and gaze upon the splendid works before him with indifference. They are not the emanations of common minds. An accurate knowledge of character, through all its varieties and inflexions—a nice perception of beauty of form and colour—a sovereign power of expression to excite and sway the sympathies of the heart—an entire mastery in the use of his materials, and much previous study—all these, and more than these, are requisite to form a painter in the higher classes of the art : and here these qualities are all combined. Sentiment, passion, pathos, grace, and beauty, speak from the living canvass that adorns these walls.

The busy grouping and luxuriant colouring of the Venetian and Flemish style of painting, are here contrasted with the still, sober, and more dignified character of the schools of Rome, Florence, and Bologna. Some of the finest pictures here, however, are by Spanish masters, particularly those by Murillo and Velasquez. Others of the first note, belonging to the same high class of art, liberally contribute to the splendour of this collection. These schools have each their peculiar excellencies. The first, lively, bright, and sunny as a summer's

day ; the latter, quiet, unobtrusive, still and matronly as autumn. The works of art with which the Earl of Shrewsbury has enriched Alton Towers are now so numerous, that a mere catalogue of them, with brief notices only, would fill a volume. A selection of even a small portion of the best, would occupy more space than can be here afforded. A list, however, unaccompanied by critical observations, will be appended to this detail. In this rich depository of art, there are pictures of such rare excellence as scarcely to admit of competition. The Adoration of the Shepherds, by Giacomo Bassano ; and the Adoration of the Magi, by Garofalo, are wonderful productions. The Madonna, and St. Francis, by Alonzo Cano, is, if possible, of a still higher character of excellence : the figure of the Saint, in drawing, colouring, and expression, is the perfection of art. The Madonna is feminine and graceful ; and the infant Jesus is the most beautiful, the most heavenly, and yet the most natural nude form that ever painter imagined. In this masterly production, the realities and sympathies of life are so successfully pourtrayed on canvass as to wear the very semblance of nature. Amongst the many other fine pictures that we particularly noticed, the following are, perhaps, the best :—A Madonna by Fra Bartolomeo, a lovely production ; a Holy Family, by Giorgione ; a Magdalen, by Guido Reni ; a Magdalen, by Guercino, very fine ; two pictures by Wouverman, Hawking, and Hunting, the latter masterly ; and the portrait of Philip the Fourth, by Velasquez. The number and value of this fine collection of works of art have lately been greatly increased by the Earl of

Shrewsbury's purchase of nearly the whole of Madame Lætitia Buonaparte's picture gallery at Rome.

To this splendid apartment the Saloon, or Sculpture Gallery, succeeds: it is a noble room, of an octagonal form, and in structure and ornament has altogether the character of a gothic Chapel, or Cathedral Chapter-house. A clustered column rises in the centre, from the foliaged capital of which the ribs that sustain the roof ramify, and form different compartments along the ceiling. It is lighted by tall lancet-shaped windows of painted glass, rich in colour, and beautiful in design and execution. The finest work in this apartment is a statue of Raffaelle, by Cecarini, a Roman sculptor, and a pupil of Canova's. The countenance is intelligent, imaginative, and expressive; the position graceful, and the drapery is free, easy, and natural. The figure is seated, and the left hand supports a tablet, on which Raffaelle's famous picture of the Transfiguration is pourtrayed. The artist, in this beautiful work, has successfully imitated the style and excellence of his master; but it is to be regretted that so much skill and labour should have been expended on so indifferent a piece of marble: it is sadly disfigured by the intervention of pyrites. It is one of the misfortunes of a sculptor to find, perhaps, his finest and most elaborate productions sometimes blurred over and stained by this unwelcome intruder, which, lurking beneath the surface of the marble, lies hid from observation until his work is nearly finished—and then, probably, the more he labours to obliterate the blemish, the more distinct and obvious it becomes.

The sculptures in this room are not numerous: there are, however, some busts in this collection which any one might be proud to call his own. Two colossal heads, a Juno and a Jupiter, from the antique, are worthy a distinguished place in any gallery of art, however exalted its reputation. In the countenance of Juno, dignity and grandeur are tempered with the milder and more fascinating graces of feminine beauty. Jupiter seems formed to govern and keep a world in awe:—

“ The stamp of fate and fiat of a God”

seem enthroned upon his brow. Between these noble works is placed a bust of the late Premier, Wm. Pitt—a head doubly colossal; a bad subject, certainly, for a bust, and only worthy of notice on account of its size. Nearer the entrance into the conservatory are two masterly busts, by Campbell, of the present Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury: they are eminently beautiful, and, in style and manner, strongly resemble some of Sir F. Chantrey’s most successful efforts. Cardinal Gonsalvo, by the same admirable sculptor, is a finely executed head, and so like Thorwaldsen’s bust of this amiable prelate, in the gallery at Chatsworth, as to be mistaken for a copy. The style of this head is peculiarly chaste and simple, and the expression of the countenance bland and benevolent in the highest degree. It is a pleasure to look on such a face, even in marble.

The next room, the House Conservatory, is one of the glories of the place. This apartment, one hundred and fifteen feet in length, is, in general character, not

unlike the aisle of a Cathedral: it is lighted by tall ornamented windows, with light and tasteful mullions on both sides; and, midway, it is divided into two sections, by the intervention of an octagonal compartment of greater altitude and broader dimensions. In this elegant and delightful retreat, the refinements of art are skilfully blended with the loveliest productions of nature. The various shrubs and plants; the tender germs of Spring, the flowers of Summer, and the fruitage of Autumn, expand their beauties and breathe their fragrance amongst some of the choicest and finest works of art. Busts and statues, of the purest marble and the most exquisite workmanship—urns and vases, elegant in form and rich in ornament, are associated with a variety of other tasteful and beautiful objects: nothing, indeed, seems to have been omitted which could add to the splendour of the scene. Glass globes, with gold and silver fish in continual motion—magnificent gilt cages, with birds of the finest song and the richest plumage, hung amongst the leaves and branches of the choicest exotics, all combine to produce and perfect one of the most brilliant pictures ever realized within the narrow confines of an earthly abode. The chief attraction, however, of this splendid place is the exquisite sculpture with which it is enriched: these productions are a lasting and invaluable treasure, which neither “the churlish chidings of the wintry wind,” nor the hot suns of summer can affect for ages. A bust of Napoleon, and another of Cicero, both masterly works, are the first objects that present themselves on the right and left of the entrance from the Saloon. Near these, a statue of Ceres, a beautiful copy of the celebrated

Greek original in the Vatican, occupies a pedestal on one hand ; and a figure of Winter, finely draped and exquisitely sculptured, is placed on the other. These are succeeded by two other statues of decided excellence : the first is a figure of Plenty ; the next, Minerva Medica ; and, a little farther, are the Flora of the Capitol, and Mnemosyne, the Mother of the Muses. These four statues are copies from the celebrated Greek originals, now in Rome : the first, second, and fourth are in the Vatican, and the third in the Capitoline Gallery. They are by Trentanova, an Italian sculptor, lately dead. These masterly productions, although but copies of a small portion of those sublime works of ancient art, which have been consecrated by the admiration of ages, are faithful evidences of the high state of excellence which the sculpture of Greece had attained in her days of glory. Beauty of form, grace of attitude and action, and a natural grandeur of expression, united with elaborate workmanship and exquisite finish, are the prominent characteristics of Grecian art. These fine figures were, no doubt, modelled and executed by different sculptors, but they evidently belong to the same school. Nearer the drawing room transept, placed amongst flowers and foliage, are isolated statues of the Nine Muses, and a fine copy of Canova's Flora.

On the left of the Conservatory is a court, or garden, well stored with hardy shrubs and flowers, that seem scarcely divided from the more favoured tribe within. The right looks, almost uninterruptedly, upon what may be termed the *pet* garden of the establishment, which contains the rarest and most beautiful flowers, so arranged as to produce a singularly beautiful effect.

These two gardens, connected with the Conservatory, form one continued and united picture—each is a portion of the same design.

Both the entrance and the exit from this delightful spot is through folding doors, which have the semblance of Cathedral windows ; the frame-work is ornamented in the gothic style, and the pannels are stained glass. It struck us, that the wood-work of these doors was somewhat too heavy ; a slight objection, and perhaps, after all, not well founded.

From the Conservatory we entered the Transcept Gallery, a noble apartment, spacious, lofty, light, and cheerful. The furniture is uncommonly splendid ; the pictures numerous, and of the first class of art : the Vandykes are admirable. There are in this gallery twelve ivory chairs, elaborately carved : they were a present from Warren Hastings, Governor General of India, to the late Queen Charlotte, and probably were intended to smooth the asperities of his impeachment. How they found their way here we did not learn.

From this “splendid gallery” we passed through Lady Shrewsbury’s Library into the Music Room, the first of the new suite of apartments that form the western wing of Alton Abbey. The Northern Library succeeds, and, at the farther extremity, a door on the right opens into the Square Tower Library, a small, but very elegant apartment : it is lighted by stained glass windows, and the sides and ceilings are richly embellished. The ceiling is divided into numerous compartments ; the ground is a delicate pale blue, the rosettes and mouldings are of burnished gold, and the extremities of the border of each division are relieved by what painters

call *pickings out*, in bright crimson. The effect is peculiarly beautiful. Immediately on the left of this room are the Western Library, the principal Staircase, and the State Bed Room, with Dressing Rooms annexed, one of which occupies a lower story of the Octagonal Tower, at the South-west extremity of the house. The style and finish of this fine suite of apartments are not exactly uniform ; the details are tastefully varied, especially in the ceilings, but the same general character, both in colour and ornament, prevails throughout the whole ; and all are novel in design, and chaste and beautiful in decoration. The walls are coated over with a composition, to imitate richly variegated wood ; and being covered with French polish, the figure or flower vividly appears beneath the varnish. These rooms were not entirely finished at the time we passed through them : they have since been most magnificently furnished.

From a digression to this new part of Alton Abbey, we returned into the Transept Gallery, and from thence passed into the Drawing Room, a long and beautiful apartment, which extends to the Northern extremity of the building, and is so connected with the Transept as to appear to be a part of it, although distinguished by another name. It is furnished in the same superb style, and contains many choice and valuable pictures. The porcelain scent-jars and vases, which are placed in these apartments, are magnificent specimens of this beautiful ware. England, France, Saxony, and China have all contributed to enrich this collection ; but in drawing, pencilling, and artist-like execution, France may justly claim the pre-eminence. We particularly noticed, in

this room, a tea service, from the celebrated manufacture of Sevres, of rare and exquisite beauty. The designs with which the different pieces are embellished are by some of the first artists in France; the gold ornaments are of the most brilliant polish, and the paintings, to which they form a kind of frame, are wrought to the highest perfection of the art. They include a series of portraits of some of the most distinguished personages in the records of French history, and are so elaborately and exquisitely finished as almost to rival some of Bone's finest enamels. As specimens of miniature painting, they are decided gems. This last apartment is lighted by large stained glass windows, in one of which is a whole length figure of Edward the Black Prince, in armour, painted in a very masterly style.

We were next conducted along a corridor, gay with brilliant lights from variously coloured glass, to the Old Dining Room, and from thence, down a singularly elegant flight of stairs, into the new one—a spacious and lofty apartment, upwards of forty feet high, lighted by a grand Cathedral-like window, of fine proportions and beautiful workmanship. This magnificent room contains some admirable pictures, one of which is remarkable for its dimensions, being above twenty-three feet by fourteen, exclusive of the frame. The subject is, the Coronation of Barbarossa, by Rippenhausen. It is a splendid composition, and well painted; the figures, both men and horses, are as large as life. The frame for this picture cost nearly two hundred and sixty pounds, and was made by Moseley, of Derby. The ornaments are beautifully designed, and the carving is in the first style of the art. The magnificent pier

glasses in the Music Room, and throughout the whole of the new suite of apartments, were designed and executed by the same gentleman. A very clever picture, by Davis, occupies the opposite side of the room. It represents the Earl and the Countess of Shrewsbury, with their daughters, Princess Mary Talbot and the Princess Sulmona, receiving the Papal benediction. The ceremony took place at Rome, and all the personages introduced into the picture were present. On the right, the principal figures are the Pope, Gregory XVI., Cardinal Consalvo, Gibson the sculptor, and Canova, in the princely costume which he wore on State occasions. The left of the picture is occupied by the Shrewsbury family. The likenesses are all considered excellent. There are several other pictures in this apartment, of considerable merit, particularly the portraits of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, by an artist of the name of Flore. The stairs that lead into this apartment, when seen from the opposite end of the room, have a very novel and elegant effect. They were, we understood, designed by the present Earl, and executed under his particular direction. But it is not in this instance only that Alton Abbey is indebted to his Lordship's fine taste in architecture: many of the recent additions and improvements, from the superstructure to the details and decorations, have been executed from designs prepared by the Earl himself.

Reascending the stairs, we passed through another corridor, to Lady Shrewsbury's *Boudoir*, which is by far the pleasantest apartment in the whole establishment, and commands an uninterrupted view of the most beautiful scenery about the place. The lawn, the

lake, the arcade bridge, the gardens, the conservatories, the gothic temple on Thomson's Rock, and the abundant foliage around, are all included in the prospect.

From Lady Shrewsbury's room we proceeded to the Chapel, a fine Abbey-like structure of magnificent dimensions, and surmounted by a lofty square tower. It is ninety feet long, thirty wide, and fifty-six feet high ; well pewed with carved oak below, and has a very handsome gallery. This spacious Chapel is chiefly lighted by a large stained window at the east end, under which is the altar, surmounted by a sculptured image of our Saviour on the Cross, and surrounded with the usual accompaniments of Catholic worship. The subdued, yet rich light that pervades this sanctuary—the tranquillity, stillness, and sacred character of the place, all contribute to impress the mind with sentiments of reverence and awe. The sculpture and paintings with which Catholic places of worship are usually adorned, together with the different services and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, notwithstanding all that has been urged against them, are admirably calculated, not only to have an imposing effect upon the senses, but to prepare the heart for serious and religious impressions. At the time of the Reformation, works of art were excluded from the Churches of the new establishment, it being then alleged that they were calculated to promote idolatry. That such was their effect, may reasonably be doubted. The subjects chosen are generally of a religious character ; their design and object are to illustrate some portion of the history of Jesus Christ and his Apostles, and excite compassion for his sufferings. With this view, the Crucifixion is sculptured in marble,

and brass, and in precious metals, and placed upon their altars ; not, we would presume, as many have represented, to be worshipped, but as an object to be always present to the mind during the hours of religious devotion.

The pictures in the Chapel at Alton Towers are not numerous. The largest and most important is a copy, but a masterly one, by Durantini, of Raffaelle's Transfiguration. All the elements essential to the composition of a fine picture—breadth of tone and colour, disposition of light and shade, grace and grandeur of form, feeling, expression, pathos, and power—are all most skilfully united in this grand achievement of art—this glorious conception of a mighty mind, and work of a mighty hand. Fuseli, noticing the Resurrection of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo, now in the National Gallery, emphatically terms it, “the triumph of art, and the despair of artists ;” a strain of eulogium that may, with equal propriety, be applied to Raffaelle's sublime picture of the Transfiguration. St. Jerome receiving the Sacrament, which is also a copy, by Durantini, of a masterly original, and nearly of the same size as the Transfiguration, occupies another part of the walls. Others, of less note, but yet good pictures, must be more briefly noticed. Of these, Christ healing the Blind, a production of the Bolognese school ; Monks receiving a Mantle ; the Head of a Female Saint, surrounded by a wreath ; and two subjects, the Fathers of the Church, from Pietro Perugino, are amongst the most important.

At the back of the gallery, fronting the altar, we noticed a very extraordinary achievement of the pencil.

The subject represents the interior of a Church, with Monks at devotion. The only light in this picture is from a window at the farther end ; the figures on which it falls are so strongly relieved, that they absolutely appear to stand out from the canvass, and the effect is complete deception. The original of this picture is by Granet.

From the gallery of the Chapel, a narrow corridor leads to a long and lofty terrace, with embattled parapets, at the East end of the building, along which, at short intervals, there are gothic towers, or keeps, with their portals guarded by figures of armed men in complete suits of mail. I know not whether it is the custom of the place to admit casual visitors to this terrace ; but unless this be allowed, it is scarcely possible fully to appreciate the surpassing beauty of the gardens at Alton Abbey. The floral richness of the view from this elevation, combined with the splendid architectural objects scattered about the grounds, present altogether a scene of enchantment. The Swiss Cottage, the residence of the minstrel of the mansion, embosomed in foliage, is the nearest prominent object ; a deep valley, with a bright lake, from which rises a sparkling fountain, lies below. The other side of the valley, from the very margin of the water to the topmost boundary line of the gardens, is covered with flowers of every variety and every hue. Terraces, temples, grottos, arbours, urns, vases, columns, busts, and statues—splendid conservatories, and bright parterres, constitute altogether an assemblage of objects, as cheerful, as brilliant, and as gay as ever the eye beheld.

We had now nearly finished our perambulations. In

hastily passing through such a place as Alton Towers, though much is seen, little comparatively can be remembered. Many objects worthy of notice will escape observation altogether: and others, perhaps, which ought to have fixed attention and excited admiration, be only briefly glanced at, or superficially observed. There is no compressing a year into a day, nor can all that is deserving of notice at this magnificent place be either fully seen or adequately estimated in the short space of four or five hours. Alton Abbey is, indeed, altogether one of the most splendid and interesting places in the kingdom. All the most important improvements in this noble mansion have been made by the present Earl; and yet there is an unity of design in the interior arrangements that might induce the supposition that the whole had been erected at one period of time. The same prevailing idea is evident throughout the whole; and to carry this similarity of style and unity of design into effect, other considerations may, perhaps, in some instances, have been sacrificed. The principal rooms are long and lofty, like the aisles of a gothic edifice, and succeed each other in a straight line; the doors by which they are separated have generally more the character of open screens than doors; they form mere stages, or resting places for the eye, without materially interrupting the view. From East to West, one continued vista of apartments extends in long perspective, to the distance of more than three hundred feet; and another division of one hundred and sixty feet is now in progress. In the direction from South to North, the line of apartments extends upwards of two hundred and sixty feet, the whole width of

the present structure. Of this latter range, the House Conservatory forms a part.

One of the finest features in a large mansion, when properly managed, is a noble staircase ; and I confess I was disappointed in not finding one of this description at Alton Abbey. There wants that general communication between the lower and higher apartments which should exist in such a place. On looking at the lithographic ground plan of the principal floor, it occurred to me, that the Northern end of the Drawing Room, marked M, would be a fine situation for such a purpose. Corresponding in form and dimensions with the Saloon, Z, and the Conservatory, X, it might be united with them in design, by the introduction of busts, statues, vases, plants, and flowers, without, perhaps, materially affecting the picturesque exterior of the place. The staircase connected with the suite of apartments lately built, may probably render this suggestion useless.

The following Catalogue of Pictures at Alton Towers is here subjoined :—

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Portrait of a Lady	<i>Paul Moreelze.</i>
St. Mary of Egypt	<i>Venetian School.</i>
Madonna	<i>Pontormo.</i>
Still Life	<i>Peter Boel.</i>
Madonna	<i>Raffaellino del Garbo.</i>
Annunciation	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
Portrait	<i>Elliger.</i>
St. Peter	<i>Spagnoletto.</i>
Sketch	<i>Salvator Rosa.</i>
St. Jerome	<i>Albert Durer.</i>
Portrait	<i>Guido.</i>
Portrait	<i>Gennari.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
St. Francis	<i>Sal. Rosa.</i>
Portrait	<i>Domenichino.</i>
Descent from the Cross	<i>Le Sueun.</i>
St. Sebastian	<i>Loir.</i>
Madonna	<i>Penni.</i>
Portrait	<i>School of Bologna.</i>
Portrait	<i>Ditto.</i>
Belisarius*	<i>David.</i>
Holy Family	<i>A. Caracci, aft. Garofalo</i>
Magdalen*	<i>Carlo Dolci.</i>
St. Catharine	<i>Ditto.</i>
Madonna	<i>Fra Bartolomeo.</i>
St. Jerom	<i>N. Loir.</i>
Portrait	<i>Unknown.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Tinelli.</i>
Erminia	<i>Il Prete Genovese.</i>
Ecce Homo	<i>School of Carlo Dolci.</i>
Portrait	<i>Garofalo.</i>
Adoration of the Magi	<i>Sebast. Ricci.</i>
Portrait	<i>Gherardo della Notte.</i>
A Doge	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
Holy Family	<i>Paris Bordone.</i>
Pius V.	<i>L. Bassano.</i>
Historical Group.....	<i>Giorgione.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Unknown.</i>
Prodigal Son*.....	{ <i>Bonifacio, called " Il Veneziano."</i>
A Bambochade	<i>Seb. Bourdon.</i>
View of Rome.....	<i>Van Lint.</i>
Birth and Death of Adonis	<i>Giorgione.</i>
View of Rome.....	<i>Van Lint.</i>
Landscape	<i>Ditto.</i>
The Eternal Father	<i>Guercino.</i>
Madonna, &c.*	<i>Andrea del Sarto.</i>
Adoration of the Magi	<i>Girolamo da Carpi.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Tigers, &c.	<i>Snyders.</i>
Our Saviour in the House of the Pharisee	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
Portrait	<i>Giorgione.</i>
Madonna	<i>Carlo Maratta.</i>
Ecce Homo*	<i>Guido.</i>
A Pope.....	<i>Unknown.</i>
Frank Hals	<i> Himself.</i>
Annunciation	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
Madonna*	<i>Sasso. Ferrato.</i>
Portrait of Raffaelle	<i>Paris Bordone.</i>
Portrait	<i>School of Bologna.</i>
Portrait	<i>Ditto.</i>
St. John the Baptist*.....	<i>Guercino.</i>
Portrait	<i>Paris Bordone.</i>
Angels appearing to Shepherds....	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
Moonlight*	<i>Vanderneer.</i>
The Prodigal Son	<i>T. Rombauts.</i>
Family Group.....	<i>Palamedes.</i>
Interior of a Church	<i>Steinwyck.</i>
Rembrandt's Daughter	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
A Lady.....	<i>Cranach.</i>
Peasants, &c.	<i>Zuccherelli.</i>
Tancred and Erminia.....	<i>Tiarini.</i>
Guercino	<i> Himself.</i>
St. John	<i>Masaccio.</i>
St. Jerom.....	<i>Albert Durer.</i>
Landscape*.....	<i>Berghem.</i>
St. Mary of Egypt*.....	<i>Guercino.</i>
Flowers	<i>Mignon.</i>
A Duke of Burgundy.....	<i>Govaert Flink.</i>
Pope Paul Third.....	<i>Titian.</i>
Child and Dog	<i>Gaspar Netscher.</i>
Ecce Homo.....	<i>Guercino.</i>
A White Deer.....	<i>Flemish School.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Still Life	<i>J. Weeninx, younger.</i>
Flowers*	<i>Rachel Ruisch.</i>
Lion Hunt	<i>Snyders.</i>
Spagnoletto	<i> Himself.</i>
Holy Family	<i>Vandyck.</i>
Landscape	<i>Ruysdael.</i>
Landscape, with Cattle*	<i>A. Cuyp.</i>
Family group	<i>Quellinus.</i>
Prodigal Son	<i>Franks.</i>
Landscape*	<i>J. B. Weeninx, elder.</i>
Fruit and Flowers	<i>David de Heem.</i>
Landscape, with Figures, &c.	<i>Cuyp.</i>
Ecce Homo.....	<i>Gherard della Notte.</i>
Abraham entertaining the Angels...	<i>Vandyck.</i>
Judith, with the head of Holofer- nes	{ <i>Cristofaro Alloni, called</i> "Bronzino."
Interior of the Church Il Reden- tore, Venice.....	{ <i>J. P. Pannini.</i>
Exterior of ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Portrait	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
Finished Sketch of one of the An- gels for the Dome of the Ca- thedral at Parma*	{ <i>Correggio.</i>
Family Portraits.....	<i>John Mabuse.</i>
Madonna and Infant	<i>Pietro Perugino.</i>
Madonna*	<i>Raffaelle.</i>
Madonna	<i>Ber. Butinone.</i>
Holy Family, &c.	<i>Beccafumi.</i>
Madonna, &c.....	<i>Dion Calvart.</i>
Romulus and Remus	<i>Vandyck.</i>
Magdalen*	<i>Guido.</i>
Cupid	<i>Eliz. Sirani.</i>
Engagement at Sea.....	<i>Josh. Vernet.</i>
St. Augustine*	<i>Guido.</i>
St. Joseph and Infant.....	<i>Ditto.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Original Sketch of the Martyrdom of St. Cecilia	<i>Domenichino.</i>
Portrait	<i>Gonsala Coques.</i>
Holy Family	<i>D. Puligo.</i>
Martyrdom of St. Sebastian	<i>Lanfranco.</i>
A Page, with the head of St. John the Baptist	<i>Guido.</i>
Artemisia	<i>Ditto.</i>
Madonna	<i>Domenichino.</i>
Jacob's Dream*	<i>Domenica Feti.</i>
David, with the head of Goliah.....	<i>Tobar.</i>
Christina of Sweden	<i>Mola.</i>
Madonna	<i>Baroccis.</i>
Agar in the Desert	<i>Guido.</i>
Holy Family	<i>Agostino Carracci.</i>
Portrait	<i>Slingelandt.</i>
Last Supper.....	<i>C. Coello.</i>
Madonna	<i>Murillo.</i>
Madonna and St. Francis*.....	<i>Alonzo Cano.</i>
Columbus	<i>Pandits.</i>
Holy Family	<i>Annibal Carracci.</i>
Ditto	<i>Giacomo Francia.</i>
Portrait of Mengs	<i>Himself.</i>
Portrait	<i>Mayno.</i>
The Angel releasing Peter	<i>Pereda.</i>
Portrait	<i>Giorgione.</i>
A Martyr.....	<i>J. C. Procaccini.</i>
Entombment of our Saviour	<i>Ludovico Carracci.</i>
Martyrdom of St. Stephen	<i>Ditto.</i>
Madonna	<i>John Mabuse.</i>
Holy Family	<i>Lagrini.</i>
Card Players	<i>Moya.</i>
Madonna and Infant	<i>Murillo.</i>
Spagnoletto looking in a Glass	<i>Himself.</i>
Death of Mary Magdalen*	<i>Schidone.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Philip the Fourth of Spain*	<i>Velasquez.</i>
Birth of St. Catharine of Sienna ...	<i>Ludovico Carracci.</i>
Animals and Fruit*	<i>Snyders & D. de Heem.</i>
Portrait of a Boy.....	<i>Pessey.</i>
Christ at the Pillar*	<i>Divino Morales.</i>
Descent from the Cross	<i>Unknown.</i>
A Caravan	<i>Castiglione.</i>
A Fox seized by Dogs	<i>Snyders.</i>
Portrait	<i>Lucini.</i>
The Annunciation	<i>Lanfranc.</i>
Cattle*.....	<i>P. Potter.</i>
Magdalen	<i>Luca Cambiaso.</i>
Holy Family	<i>Angelo Bron. Allori.</i>
Portrait	<i>Alex. Bron. Allori.</i>
Adoration of the Magi*.....	<i>Garofalo.</i>
Madonna.....	<i>Innocenza d'Imola.</i>
Archimedes	<i>Spagnoletto.</i>
St. John the Baptist	<i>Vicenza Catena.</i>
Passage of the Red Sea*	<i>Polidore da Caravaggio.</i>
Adoration of the Shepherds*.....	<i>Giacomo Bassano.</i>
St. Mark	<i>Schidone.</i>
Peter Martyr	<i>Titian.</i>
St. Mark	<i>Vicenza Catena.</i>
St. George and Dragon*	<i>Razzi.</i>
Children and Fruit.....	<i>Gobbodei Frutti.</i>
Pope Paul the Fifth	<i>Alex. Bron. Allori.</i>
Pope Pius the Fourth.....	<i>Titian.</i>
Tintoretto.....	<i> Himself.</i>
Old Man spinning	<i>Annibal Carracci.</i>
Poultry	<i>Hondecooter.</i>
Ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Lot and his Daughters	<i>Guercino.</i>
Eliazar presenting Jewels to Rebecca	<i>Mocyart.</i>
Dogs fighting	<i>Snyders.</i>
Martyrdom of St. Erasmus.....	<i>Gasper Crayer.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Vandyck's Marriage	<i>Legers.</i>
A Fruit Woman	<i>Spanish School.</i>
Holy Family and Saints*	<i>Seb. Bourdon.</i>
Fall of Simon Magus*...	<i>Subleyras.</i>
Sketch for Portrait of Pope Julius II.*	<i>Giulio Romano.</i>
Holy Family*	<i>Titian.</i>
Sixtus Fifth.....	
Madonna and Saints	<i>Vandergoes.</i>
Portrait	<i>Amberger.</i>
Sea Port	<i>Sal. Rosa.</i>
Grotto	<i>Hoock.</i>
View in Holland.....	<i>Berkheyden.</i>
Sea Port	<i>Beerestraten.</i>
Dead Game.....	<i>Biltius.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Ballad Singers.....	<i>Molenser.</i>
Triumph of Love	<i>Rottenhammer.</i>
Olindo and Sophronia.....	<i>Houbreken.</i>
Interior of a Church	<i>Morgenstern.</i>
Portrait	<i>Denner.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Madonna and Saints*	<i>Van Eyck.</i>
Crucifixion and Twelve Apostles ...	<i>Goltius.</i>
Interior of Church, with Figures	<i>Neefs and Franks.</i>
Ditto ditto	<i>Ditto ditto.</i>
Ditto ditto	<i>School of Neefs.</i>
Ditto ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Solomon adoring an Idol*....	<i>Franks, younger.</i>
Tailor's Shop*.....	<i>Slingelandt.</i>
Gaming	<i>Jan Stein.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Animals	<i>Rondhard.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Landscape	<i>Herrlein de Fulda.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Sea Piece.....	<i>Von Antem.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Five Senses*	<i>Lubienetski.</i>
Ditto.....	<i>Peter Breughel.</i>
Plundering a Convent	<i>Schellinks.</i>
Flight into Egypt	<i>Snellinks.</i>
Holy Family reposing.....	<i>Ditto.</i>
Pasticcio	<i>Teniers.</i>
Battle Piece.....	<i>Flugtenburg.</i>
Ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Hunting Piece*	<i>Wouvermans.</i>
Hawking ditto*	<i>Ditto.</i>
A man disgraced by Assuerus*	<i>Gerard Lairesse.</i>
The disobedient Prophet.....	<i>Breemburg.</i>
Cattle*	<i>Ommaganch.</i>
Landscape and Figures*	<i>Salvator Rosa.</i>
Landscape	<i>Herman Swanfeld.</i>
The Prodigal Son	<i>Luke of Leyden.</i>
Dutch Boors	<i>D. Teniers, younger.</i>
A Garden.....	<i>Van Artois.</i>
Pastoral Scene.....	<i>Gaubau.</i>
Interior of a Cabin	<i>Dusart.</i>
Boy and Owl*.....	<i>Mieris.</i>
Siege by Moonlight*	<i>Thielle.</i>
Flowers	<i>Trechsler.</i>
Boy and Girl	<i>Hoet.</i>
Landscape*	<i>Claude Lorraine.</i>
Cattle	<i>Teniers, father.</i>
Sunset*	<i>Both.</i>
View of the Rhine	<i>Shultz.</i>
Burning of Troy.....	<i>Breuzel d'Enfer.</i>
Cattle*.....	<i>P. Potter.</i>
Landscape*.....	<i>Berghem.</i>
Head of St. Sebastian.....	<i>Razzi.</i>
Winter Scene	<i>Vollerht.</i>

SUBJECT.	PAINTER.
Portrait of a Boy.....	<i>Titian.</i>
St. Teresa*	<i>Murillo.</i>
Landscape	<i>Lint, ("Studio.")</i>
Children Playing with Cards	<i>Coypel.</i>
Landscape	<i>Lint, ("Studio.")</i>
Landscape and Cattle.....	<i>Koninck.</i>
Religion trampling on a Dragon	
The Virgin	<i>Goltzius.</i>
St. Catherine	
Landscape	<i>Milè.</i>
Dead Birds.....	<i>Hamilton.</i>
Shells	<i>Kobell.</i>
Flowers, with Medallion.....	<i>Segers.</i>
Landscape*	<i>Both.</i>
Dead Game.....	<i>Biltius.</i>
Ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Moonlight	<i>Dorfmeister.</i>
Sea Port	<i>J. Vernet.</i>
Sea Coast in a Mist	<i>Ditto.</i>
Sea Storm	<i>Ditto.</i>
Landscape	<i>Ditto.</i>
Ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Landscape and Figures	<i>Glauber and Lairesse.</i>
Ruins	<i>P. Brill.</i>
Landscape*	<i>Brinkmann.</i>
Ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Sea Piece*	<i>J. Vandervelde.</i>
Ferry over the Rhine	<i>Van Goyen.</i>
Hawking	<i>Singelbach.</i>
Landscape and Figures	<i>Michau.</i>
Ditto ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
View in Venice	<i>Canaletti.</i>
Ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Interior of a Stable.....	<i>Wouvermans.</i>
Ditto	<i>Peter de Laar.</i>

SUBJECT.	PINTER.
Landscape and Cattle.....	<i>Ruysdael.</i>
Landscape and Cupids	<i>Guido.</i>
Sunset	<i>Hue.</i>
Landscape	<i>Domenichino.</i>
Ditto	<i>Swanfeld.</i>
Ditto	<i>Peter Breughel, father.</i>
Ecce Homo.....	<i>A. Durer.</i>
Portrait	<i>Ferburg.</i>
St. Jerome	<i>Schalcken.</i>
Portrait of one of the Medici Family	<i>C. Bron. Allori.</i>
Circumcision	<i>J. Bellini.</i>
St. Agnes	<i>Guercino.</i>
Children of Charles the First*	<i>Vandyck.</i>

☞ Those Pictures marked * are of the very first class of art.

N. B. The pictures in the Transcept Gallery, the Dining Room and the Chapel, and a number of others, are not included in this Catalogue.

On bidding adieu to Alton Abbey, I cannot refrain from acknowledging my obligations to the Rev. Dr. Rock, domestic chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury. To this gentleman's kindness and politeness, during our visit to this delightful place, we were indebted for many advantages, which might not otherwise have been attainable ; and I feel happy in the opportunity of thus expressing my thanks for his obliging attention to my friends and myself on this occasion.

In concluding this excursion, it may be observed, that the best time of the year for a visit to Alton Towers is either in August or early in September, as the gardens, which may certainly be regarded as the glory of the place, are then in full beauty. It should be farther remarked, that tickets of admission are issued only to persons *coming in private carriages*. All others, in consequence of the frequent injuries formerly committed in the house and gardens, it has been thought necessary to exclude.*

We left Alton Abbey with regret, and as we passed along the road called the Earl's Drive, on our way to Ellastone, we several times stopped to take a lingering glance, and felt strongly tempted to return, and spend another day in its romantic præcincts. He who either loves the scenery of nature, or can derive enjoyment from the achievements of industry and art, may ramble for hours, with unceasing delight, in this rich domain, where every hill and valley are full of beauty, and enriched with all the adventitious aids that the hand of taste can bestow. The river Churnet, seen in the vale

* Perhaps the Earl of Shrewsbury may be induced to reconsider this subject. The terms of admission to this princely place are at present too aristocratic and exclusive. Many persons, who live in a remote part of the kingdom, and have their carriages when at home, travel in a post chaise, or other hired vehicle; and they must undoubtedly feel the restriction, on visiting such a place as Alton, to be unusual, if not unnecessary. The owner of a noble mansion has certainly an indisputable right to make his own regulations but, supposing the issuing of tickets to be confined to the Inn at Farley, or to some other respectable and competent authority, without stipulations as to carriages, or modes of travelling, might not any abuse be then guarded against, or easily remedied, should one occur?

below, although generally but a sluggish stream, is here busy, bright, and sparkling. Its course is through a series of deep sequestered dales that surround this splendid mansion, and its margin is every where begirt with dark umbrageous woods, impending rocks, and slopes of sunny verdure.

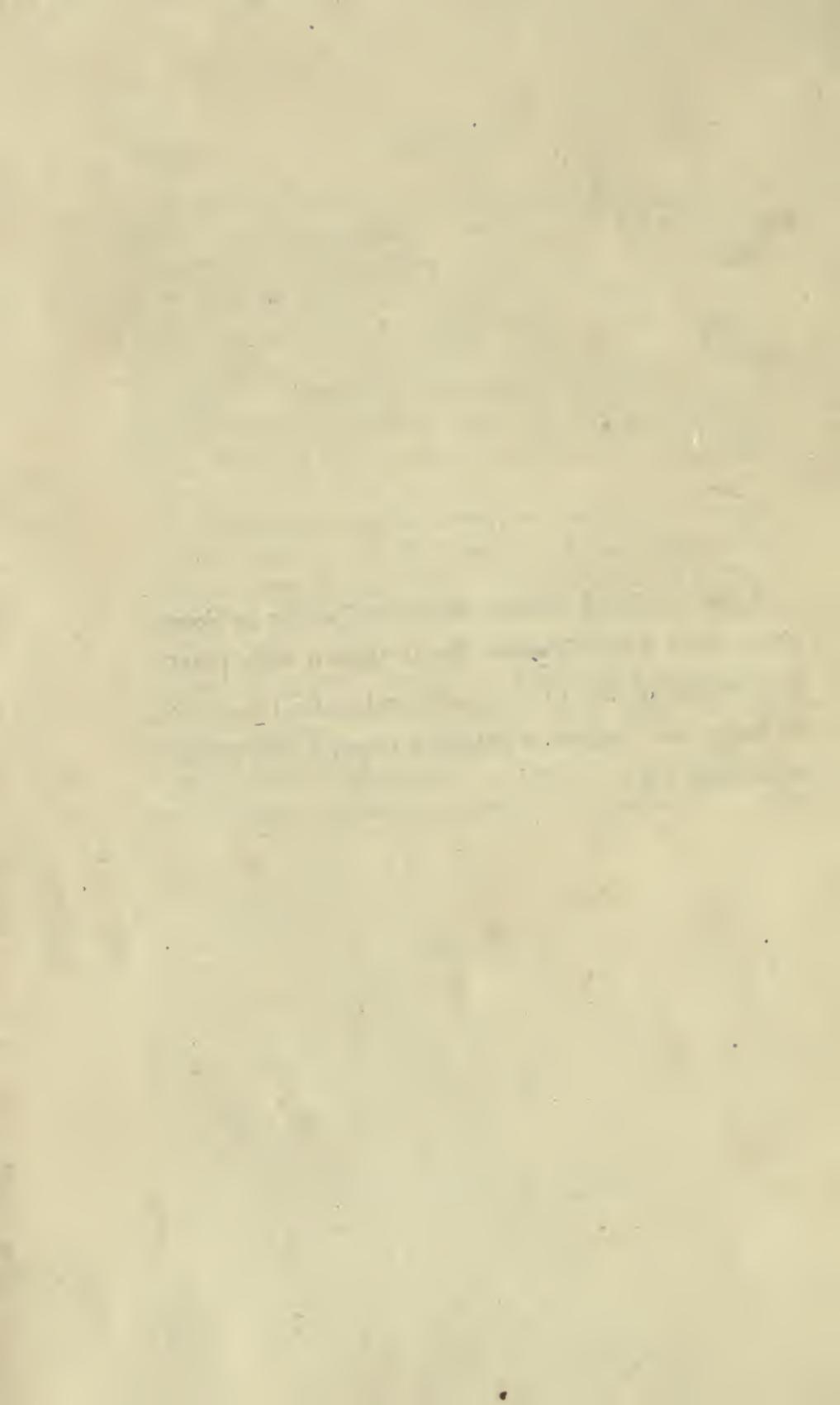
From Ellastone we proceeded to the pleasant village of Mayfield, about two miles from Ashbourn. Here we turned into the Leek road, and, through a toll-gate on our right, to Oakover Hall, one mile farther, which we visited, chiefly for the purpose of seeing Raffaelle's celebrated picture of the Holy Family, a work of the highest reputation in art, and the gem of this part of Staffordshire. It is certainly a very fine production; but, perhaps from the effect of overwrought expectation, I imagined that I had previously seen pictures of more decided excellence. It consists of a group of five figures—Jesus on the lap of the Virgin; St. Ann looking intently at the holy infant; St. John behind; and Joseph still farther in the back ground. It is powerfully coloured, the handling free, and the grouping and expression excellent. On the right and left of this picture are two of Vandervelde's finest productions—a Storm, and a Calm, both well known, from having been repeatedly engraved. Near the entrance into this apartment, there is a middle-sized picture, by Titian—Christ bearing the Cross, attended by a group of figures, the most conspicuous of which is St. Veronica with the sacred handkerchief; and a little farther, on the same side of the room, hangs a Rubens; the subject is Christ meeting the women in the garden, clearly and beautifully coloured. In the same apartment are several other pictures of less note and more equivocal merit.

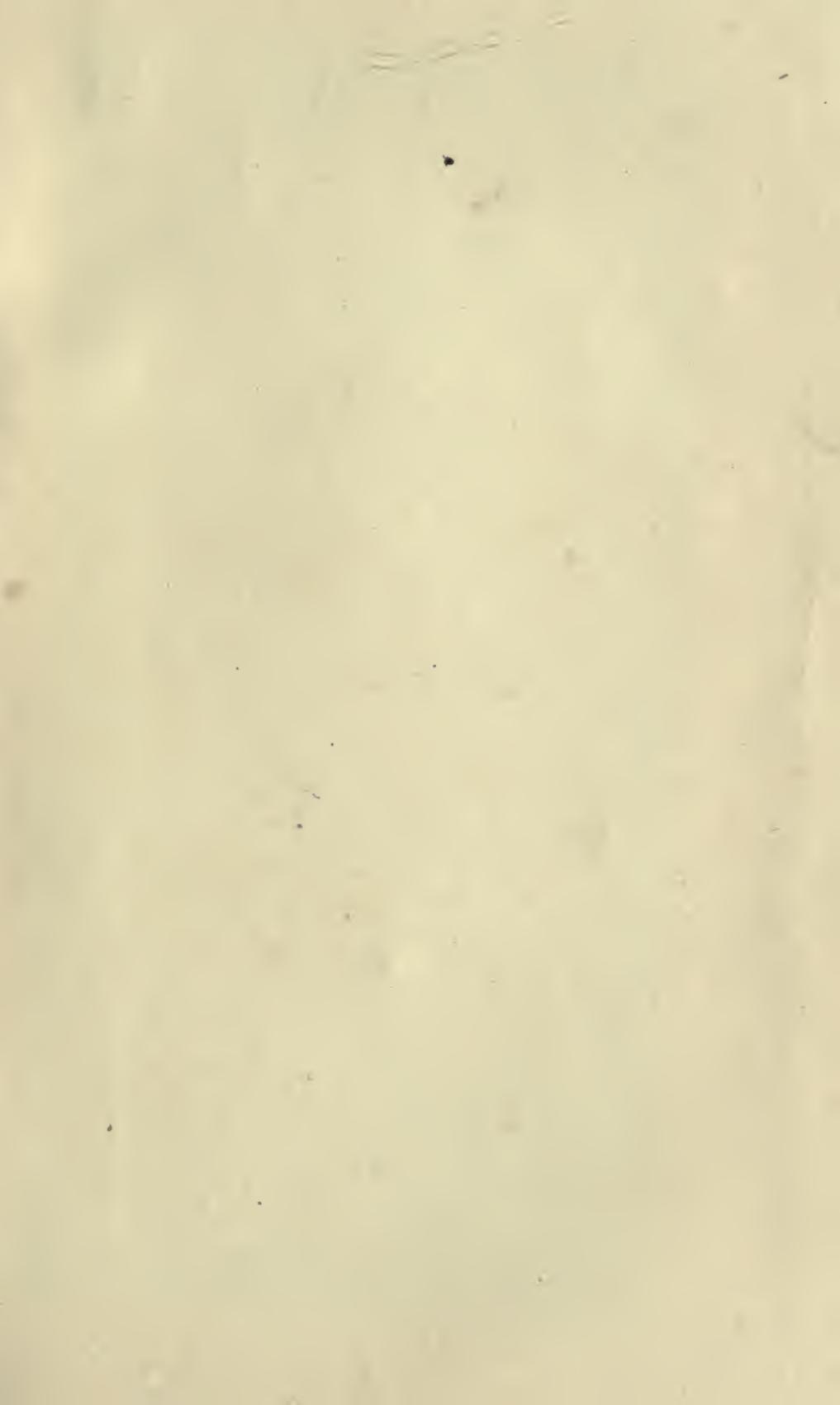
Oakover Hall is an old mansion, built chiefly of brick, and very pleasantly situated on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove ; but it seems never to have been a favourite residence with the present proprietor. It is now rented by a stranger ; and within the last twenty or thirty years it has had a succession of tenants. Around the house, the grounds are spread out into upland lawns and pleasant meadows, interspersed with forest trees and copse wood, and enlivened with groups of deer.

In less than two miles farther, we came to the village of Blore, which we passed on our left ; and then, after crossing some open meadows, down a steep hill to Ilam Hall, we went forward to Dove-Dale, which we entered at the upper extremity of Bunster-Dale. Here, in fording the river, one of the traces of our carriage broke, and we narrowly escaped being upset into the Dove. Regaining the Ashbourne road, near Tissington, we proceeded by Newhaven to Buxton, at which place we terminated a pleasant three days' excursion.

THE END.

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